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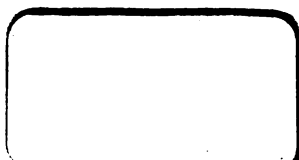
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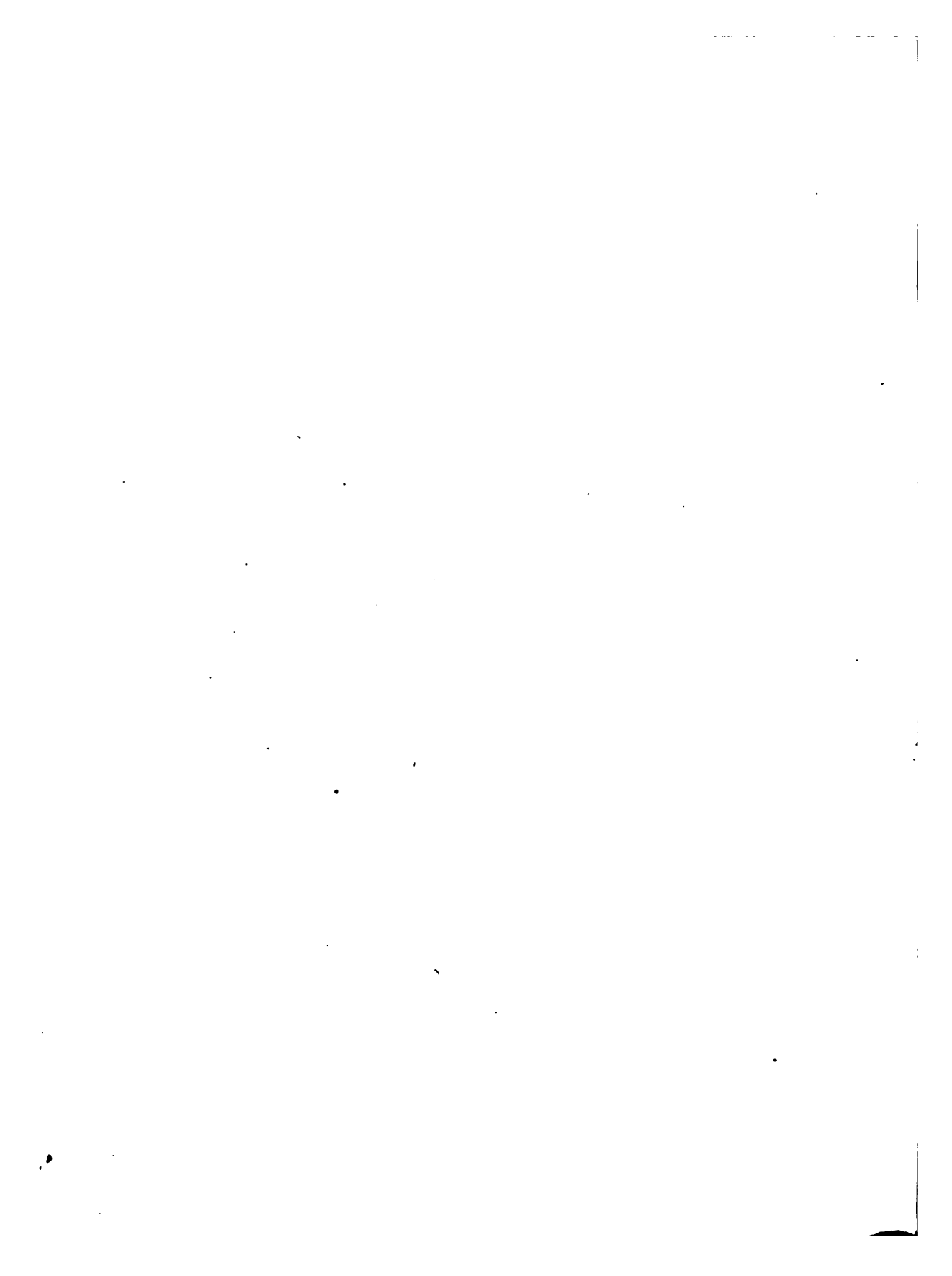
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A REVIEW AND RECORD
OF CURRENT LITERATURE

VOLUME XXIV

[NEW SERIES]

FEBRUARY-JULY, 1902

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 1

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THE RAMBLER

The admirers of Miss Maude Adams, who enjoyed her appearance as "Phœbe of the Ringlets" in Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street" a few weeks ago, may be glad to have Mr. King's sketch of her in that part, which seemed entirely suited to Miss Adams's graceful personality.



Somebody has coined a word to describe Mr. Kipling's use of words in "The Islanders"—he calls it "Kiplinglish." It is the same dialect that is used in the "White Man's Burden" and in "Tomlinson"; it appears here and there in "McAndrew's Hymn," and throughout all Mr. Kipling's verse. It is the accent of the prophet deliberately, even solemnly, assumed; the style reminiscent of the Old Testament adorned with such flowers of idiom as Omar Khayyam or Mulvaney himself might grow; the ostentatious investing himself with the high priest's breast-plate in preparation for standing up in sight of the people to proclaim the laws of the Lord Who is God.



In "The Islanders," as was the case with us when the "White Man's Burden"

was chanted for our behoof, it is the voice of the preacher which bores the listeners almost as much as the bluntness of the phrases. Besides, where did Mr. Kipling get his warrant and authority to teach the nations of the earth? As for that, he has arrogated that authority so successfully that he does, in sober fact, command the attention of the world when he preaches. One may not agree with him; one may scoff at his sermon and deride his right to claim attention, but one is bound to listen, for he speaks a universal language, and—if we may use the phrase—not as the scribes. Nobody is ever quite ready to receive good advice administered with a shillelah any more than everybody is ever quite ready to have it rain on any particular day. The English people may be willing enough to admit, in the abstract, that the conduct of the Boer War has been sadly bungled—it has been a much longer time a-dying than the French king. But to be told so flatly that their own hide-bound and inert self-complacency is directly and positively to blame for the whole miserable work, and that nothing else is to blame for it, brings out the involuntary reaction of the flesh smarting under the whip.



HORACE E. SCUDDER.

In this instance—as people used to say of Mr. Godkin when he flayed somebody in the *Evening Post* and hurt many a reader's feelings—the sharpest sting of the whole matter seems to be that Mr. Kipling is right. Right in the main, right in his clear sight of the onward march of other peoples beside the English, and of the shifting of those responsibilities which are the ballast of England's keel. He is right in his text:

“ . . . Life so long untroubled that ye who
inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains; it is not
one with the deep.
Men, not God, devised it. Men, not God, must
keep.”

Of course, the relentless sequence which the preacher makes:

“ Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk called
from afar,
But each man born in the island broke to the
matter of war . . .
As it were almost cricket—as it were even your
play—
Weighed and pondered and worshipped and
practised day on day ”



AZARIAH SMITH.

—this is the bitter drop, that an Englishman needs to do more than look at a man of another race, in the intervals of his own sport, to command his submission. To have such an idea broken over their heads in Mr. Kipling's verses is enough to raise piteous outcry among Englishmen, and Mr. Kipling has raised it. But for all his dithyrambic manner and rough address he has made his countrymen hear the truth which they need to heed, and again we see that it is the poet, and not the general or the politician, who has sounded the charge before it is too late for the ranks to respond.

Horace Elisha Scudder, who died in Cambridge a few weeks ago, was a notable example of the type of literary man who is master of his art and is content to know much more than he ever tells. His “*Life of Lowell*” is undoubtedly his crowning work; as a literary performance it is dignified and polished, and as biography complementary to the volumes of Lowell's “*Letters*” published some years ago, it leaves nothing to be

desired. Mr. Scudder was born in Boston in 1838, and began his life-work as a literary adviser to the old firm of Hurd & Houghton in 1861. The forty years since that time made a long period of literary activity, diversified by editorial work on the *Atlantic*. He wrote some thirty books, ranging from biographies of Noah Webster and Bayard Taylor to the famous Bodley books. His charm as a writer for the young was no less than his scholarship as an essayist and his faithfulness as a biographer. For so many years the literary conscience of the firm of publishers with whom he was identified, his loss will be most deeply felt, and his death will add another to the array of literary memories which fill the pleasant rooms on Park Street, in which all the great writers of Lowell's period were at home.



Another missing figure, familiar through many years in the same house, is that of Azariah Smith, who died on January 15th after an association of more than thirty-five years with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and with that firm's predecessors. Mr. Smith was born in 1833, and graduated from New York Central College in 1855, afterward becoming Professor of Greek in that institution. During the Civil War he served in the Department of Military Telegraph. In 1866 Mr. Smith went to Boston, where he died "in harness" on the way to his desk. Mr. Smith had more friends than most people because he made many new ones and never, we think, lost an old one.



Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, author and editor, died on January 7th at his home in Somerville, Mass. More than forty books came from his busy pen, most of them historical and patriotic in character. He was exceptionally successful as a writer for young people. Mr. Brooks



ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

was born in Lowell in 1846, and in 1859 came to New York and received his academic education at the old Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York. After leaving college he was connected with several publishing houses in this city, and had some journalistic experience on the staff of the *Brooklyn Times*, of the *Publishers' Weekly*, and of *St. Nicholas*. In 1887 Mr. Brooks moved to Somerville, and since that time had been associated with the Lothrop Publishing Company as editor and literary adviser.



The late Cosmo Monkhouse prepared a book on "Chinese Porcelain," of which a limited edition is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in England and by the A. Wessels Company in this country. The matter is classified under two heads—Historical and Descriptive—and Dr. W. S. Bushnell, the author of "Oriental Ceramic Art," contributes a preface and notes. The book is illustrated with twenty-four colored plates and many photographs, and a glossary and bibliography are appended.



SKETCH BY JOHN LEECH.

[Lord Brougham attacking the City of London Corporation, 1845. *Punch*, Vol. VIII., page 148.]



DRAWING BY CHARLES KEENE.

AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

Mistress (Low Church), to Follower discovered in the kitchen on a Sunday: "Now it's getting late, Sir, and you must leave the house at once unless you'd both like to come upstairs with me, and I'll read you a sermon!"



SKETCH BY CHARLES KEENE.

OBLIVIOUS.

Stingy Uncle (to Impecunious Nephew): "Pay as you go, my boy! Pay as you go!"

Nephew (s suggestively): "But suppose I haven't any money to pay with, Uncle?"

Uncle: "Eh?—Well, then, don't go, you know—don't go!"
(Exit hastily.)

Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography," soon to be issued in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., is said (by the *Author*) to be a book singularly free from personal references. It does not contain long extracts from Sir Walter's diary; it says nothing of the pecuniary side of his career, and is silent about his domestic life. It tells of the circumstances which led him to be a novelist and an antiquarian, and of the circumstances which conduced to his success. Dr. S. Squire Sprigge, of the London *Lancet* (one of Sir Walter's oldest friends), has written a prefatory note and revised the proof. The same publishers announce a new volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck, and two short plays from the same hand.



An interesting exhibition of drawings by Leech, Charles Keene, Du Maurier, Phil May, W. S. Gilbert, H. K. Browne, and A. B. Frost has been prepared by

Messrs. F. Keppel & Co., to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce several of the sketches. It may be well to remember, as Mr. Keppel suggests in the note prefixed to his catalogue of the drawings, that at the time when most of these sketches were made the artist drew his picture directly on the wood-block, upon which the "wood-cutter"—to use Mr. Whistler's phrase—wreaked his will, almost always to the detriment of the artist's idea. Thus all that remains now of those men's work are the preliminary studies which the artist sketched on paper as a guide for his definitive picture to be drawn on the engraver's block of boxwood. Specially interesting in a way are the drawings made for one of Lewis Carroll's books by Mr. A. B. Frost, of which we reproduce an example. The two drawings by Keene are highly characteristic, and the Leech shows his favorite square-nosed Lord Brougham.



DRAWING BY A. B. FROST.

Illustrating Lewis Carroll's "Poeta fit, non nascitur:"

"How shall I be a poet—
How shall I write in rhyme?"



FREDERICK T. HILL.



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A new novel by Mr. Henry Harland, called "The Lady Paramount," is announced by Mr. John Lane. The new story is longer than "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," and is the first book Mr. Harland has published since that charming story. Mr. Lane also announces a two-volume edition of the "Poems" of Mr. Arthur Symonds; a new edition of Mr. Le Gallienne's "Omar," with fifty additional quatrains (for luck, presumably); and a play called "A Long Duel," by Mrs. W. Kingdon Clifford, based upon a short story by this accomplished author. In the Vale Press series, Mr. Lane will publish Shelley's poems in three octavo volumes, uniform with the handsome "Keats," already issued with this imprint.

Readers of "The Descendant" will be glad to see Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Battleground," which

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for immediate publication. The same publishers will soon issue the "Variorum Fitzgerald" in seven volumes, printed in "several limited editions," and a book of essays by Mr. Francis W. Halsey, entitled "A Retrospect of Some Literary Immortals."

Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill, whose first book, a collection of clever stories of the law courts in New York, called "The Case and Exceptions," was published a year or two ago, has written another tale of life in this city called "The Minority," which the F. A. Stokes Company will publish within a few weeks. Mr. Hill is a practising lawyer in New York whose professional work has included a manual of questions and answers for the guidance of executors and administrators, which has sold as widely as his adventures in fiction.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, the author of "Mistress Barbara," recently published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., is one of the youngest of the successful British story-tellers. He is a Yorkshireman who stayed in Cambridge from 1889 to 1893, and took honors in mathematics. After a few years in London he came back to his birthplace, Haworth, where he has listened to the old tales of the countryside, he says, until he has soaked up quantities of the local "color" and "feeling." Incidentally, Mr. Sutcliffe says he can walk forty-five miles across country in a day, though he confesses that he does not do it often.

This portrait of Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood, from a new photograph, shows the author of "Colonial Furniture in America" seated in the old Windsor chair on whose broad right arm the greater part of his book was written.

As a result of the immediate success of the volume of "American Authors and Their Homes," by Mr. Francis W. Halsey, which they brought out last fall, Messrs. James Pott & Co., the publishers, have made arrangements for another volume from the same source, which is to be called "Authors of Our Day in Their Homes," and will include the articles about the following writers which have appeared in the *New York Saturday Times Review* since the publication of Mr. Halsey's former volume: Mark Twain, George W. Warner, S. Weir-Mitchell, Gilbert Parker, Winston Churchill. The introduction to this new series will deal with the general subject of authorship in America, and some

interesting figures are given as to the States from which our authors come, and the immense preponderance of native-born over foreign authors in America.

A volume of brilliant stories by Mr. James Huneker will be published immediately by the Scribners. The themes are all musical, or have to do with musicians of varying idiosyncrasies; and the heroes of modern culture—Wagner, Ibsen, Chopin, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Richard Strauss—are made to dance with small regard for their dignity. The book is a series of satires upon music make-believe of all kinds, and the author of the "Life of Chopin" and "Mezzotints in Modern Music" scatters his "purple phrases" profusely.



LUKE VINCENT LOCKWOOD.



DANIEL HUNTINGTON.



EASTMAN JOHNSON.



H. P. GRAY.



ASHER B. DURAND.

The portrait of Dr. Eastman, illustrating Miss Cary's article on "Writings by American Indians," is reproduced by permission of *St. Nicholas*, in which it first appeared, together with Dr. Eastman's contributions.

A pretty valentine-book is announced by Mr. R. H. Russell. Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to His Love," together with "The Nymph's Reply," by Sir Walter Raleigh, are printed in a handsome old-style type, and the pages have elaborate borders and rubricated initials. The cover is of vellum stamped with a Morris design in gilt.

Probably more women would break the tenth commandment if tempted by fine lace than under any other influence. Nothing else is quite so exquisite or is so intrinsically desirable. Mrs. Bury Palliser's famous "History of Lace" has just been issued in a new edition entirely revised, rewritten, and enlarged under the editorship of M. Jourdain and Alice Dryden, and is one of the most notable books of the early spring.

Another English book of great importance is a new edition of the Banister Fletchers's "History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," in which appear new notes on "Prehistoric Architecture," "Gothic Architecture in Europe," "Scottish and Irish Architecture," and a chapter upon what are known as the

"Non-Historical Styles." There are now 256 illustrative plates and a full index.

The four portraits furnished this month by Mr. Coster include a specially interesting picture of Mr. Eastman Johnson in an attitude so characteristic that one might recognize him by the pose rather than in any other way.

Mrs. Wharton's forthcoming story, "The Valley of Decision," is a long novel which will be published by the Scribners in two volumes early this month. In this elaborated tale, which is close-grained as all Mrs. Wharton's work, compact of erudition and character-study, and polished with infinite care and skill, Mrs. Wharton has written a scene in the human comedy as it was played in Italy on the eve of the French Revolution. The intrigues and involuted policies and counter-plots of a little Italian court are described with such intimacy of knowledge as distinguish "Romola," for instance. Alfieri is one of her characters, and a man who is of Cagliostro's type, if not that accomplished person himself, is another; and a small multitude of characters run to and fro in their valley of decision during those last years before the outbreak in France and the Napoleonic wars. Mrs. Wharton's mastery of scholarship and style gives this sustained effort of her pen a greater importance than any of her shorter tales, impressed as they are with the stamp of the artist.

The Rambler.



ZITKALA-SÄ.

From a photograph by Gertrude Kasebier.

RECENT WRITINGS BY AMERICAN INDIANS

OF late years we who call ourselves Americans, but, after all, are only foreigners "changed by the climate," have had opportunities to read a small amount of purely American literature in the writings of some of the educated American Indians. Three authors in particular—Dr. Eastman, Mr. LaFlesche, and the Indian girl Zitkala-Ša—have notably enriched our records of the characters and customs of their people. It is interesting to observe that each of them has emphasized the finer aspects of the old order—which, for them, has changed forever—with a pride that cannot fail to be recognized by the casual reader, even where it is accompanied by the most courteous acknowledgment of the merits and advantages of civilization.

Dr. Eastman's little book is a collection of papers originally written for the *St. Nicholas* under the title, "Recollections of the Wild Life." In a simple, narrative style he tells the story of a Sioux boy's life among his kindred before he has come into contact with any of the influences of civilization. The training of the boy begins, he says—or, to make a necessary discrimination, it did begin, according to the customs of forty years ago—with lullabies of war, of the chase, and of the "Great Mystery," and very early was added the task of preserving and transmitting ancestral legends. "Almost every evening a myth or a legend of some deed done in the past was narrated by one of the parents or grandparents, and to it the boy listened with parted mouth and shining eyes. On the following evening he was usually required to repeat it. If he was not an apt scholar he struggled long with his task; but, as a rule, the Indian boy is a good listener and has a good memory, so that the stories were tolerably well mas-

tered. The household became his audience, by whom he was alternately criticised and applauded." The habit of observation was as carefully cultivated as the faculty of memory. Whenever the little fellow left the "teepee," or tent, for his day of wandering in the forest, he was told to "watch everything closely, and observe its characteristics," and, upon his return at night, he was subjected to a catechising that lasted an hour or so. He was asked on which side of the trees he had found the lighter bark, on which side were the branches most regular, where he found the fish-eating birds, and how he could tell whether or not fish were in the lake, and a hundred other questions by which his care in studying nature might be tested. "Follow the example of the wolf," his wise teacher would say. "Even when he is surprised and runs for his life he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything that you may see." Nor were the moral qualities neglected. To acquire courage the boy went after water through the woods in the dark, to bring back his pail full, empty it, and start again. Sometimes he would be wakened in the morning and challenged to fast all day, as a warrior at any time must be prepared to do. Sometimes he was awakened by war-whoops, and expected to leap up with perfect presence of mind, ready to grasp his weapon. Always he was expected to control his temper. He was taught generosity to the poor and respect for age. The code of etiquette must be perfectly observed, and it contained many a precept worthy of the white man's acceptance. "Much has been said," says Dr. Eastman, "about Indian children's 'instincts.' To be sure, we inherited some of the characteristics of our ancestors, but

the greater part of our faculties we had to acquire by practice. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits." Some of the acquired traits he also found, upon entering the civilized life, astonishingly easy to shed. For example, severe training had made him as able as his companions to endure cold and hunger; but "now, if I miss one meal," he writes, "or accidentally wet my feet, I suffer as much as if I had never lived in the manner I have described, when it was a matter of course to get myself soaking wet many a time."

Concerning the white people, with whom he was later to hold such close relations, Dr. Eastman as a boy heard most unflattering reports. At the time of the Sioux massacre in Minnesota he was about four years old, and was among those who took flight into British Columbia. A couple of years later his father was betrayed by a half-breed to the United States authorities, and was separated from his son for ten years. The boy believed him to have been killed by the whites, and was taught to count upon avenging his death as soon as he was old enough to go on the war-path. It turned out that the father was only imprisoned, together with his two elder sons, for four years, and then pardoned by President Lincoln. While in prison he was taught by missionaries, and, upon coming out, was convinced that life on a government reservation meant only physical and moral degradation, and he determined to try the white man's way of gaining a livelihood. With a number of others he took land, under the United States Homestead Law, on the Big Sioux River, and then, at the risk of his life, set out to seek his son. He found him, and brought him back to live among the white people and to exchange his traditions for theirs. A fair impression of the clear idea of the white men which the boy brought with him is



CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.
[Copyright, 1894, by the Century Co.]

gained from a conversation he had with his uncle prior to leaving the wild life:

"Certainly they are a heartless nation," said the uncle. "They have made some of their people servants—yes, slaves! * We never believed in slaves, but it seems that these Washichu do. It is our belief that they painted their servants black a long time ago to tell them from the rest, and now the slaves have children born to them of the same color!

"The greatest object of their lives seems to be to acquire possessions—to be rich. They are desirous to possess the whole world. For thirty years they were trying to entice us to sell our land to them. Finally the 'Outbreak' gave them all, and we have been driven away from our beautiful country. They are a wonderful people. They have divided the day into hours, like the moons of the year. In fact, they measure everything. Not one of them would let even a turnip go from his field unless he received equal value for it. I understand that their great men make a feast and invite many, but when the feast is over the guests are required to

* This was in the sixties.

pay for what they have eaten before leaving the house."

Dr. Eastman, it will be remembered by many, married Elaine Goodale, the Berkshire poetess, and has contributed to a number of periodicals. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the Boston University School of Medicine, and now Government physician at Crow Creek, S. D.

An interesting pendant to his "Recollections of the Wild Life" is a little book, published a couple of years ago by Francis La Flesche, son of the former head chief of the Omaha tribe, giving his experiences at the Presbyterian Mission School, where he was educated. In the main it is an account of this school-life, but in its references to the author's pre-civilized existence it tallies with the impression given by Dr. Eastman. The Omaha tribe, like the Sioux, apparently take the greatest interest and pride in the up-bringing of their boys. "Among my earliest recollections," says Mr. La Flesche, "are the instructions wherein we were taught respect and courtesy toward our elders: to say 'thank you' when receiving a gift or returning a borrowed article; to use the proper and conventional term of relationship when speaking to another, and never to address anyone by his personal name. We were also forbidden to pass in front of persons sitting in the tent without first asking permission, and we were strictly enjoined never to stare at visitors, particularly at strangers. To us there seemed no end to the things we were obliged to do and to the things we were to refrain from doing." The Omaha child was also strictly trained in the grammatical use of his native tongue. No slip was allowed to pass uncorrected, and children soon spoke as accurately as their elders. There was nothing corresponding to slang, to localisms, or to profanity, and the boys and girls who have been set to learn our language have found it difficult to realize



FRANCIS LA FLESCHÉ.

that there can be both good and bad English. Mr. La Flesche translates the speech of the older Indians in his story into excellent and idiomatic English, but he declares it impossible to reproduce the beauty and picturesqueness, the gravity and playfulness, and euphony of diction which he has heard among his own people, and among other tribes as well. "No native American can cease to regret," he says, "that the utterances of his fathers have been continually belittled when put into English, that their thoughts have frequently been travestied, and their native dignity obscured."

In the narrative, the character of the boys rather than the character of the school is dwelt upon; but the life seems not to have been an unhappy one, and the manly little fellows undergoing the very radical transformation are not indifferent to their advantages—certainly not rebellious or bitterly opposed to their surroundings. When, however, we read the biographical papers of Zitkala-Sa, contributed to the *Atlantic* a year or so ago, a very different note arrests our at-

tention, a poignant and utterly despairing note of revolt against what Stevenson calls "the dingy, ungentlemanly business of civilization." "She was always that way," said one of her school-mates, in speaking of these papers. "She was born to be melancholy." But it is a kind of melancholy that forces sympathy, even where it is not admitted to be rational. Many of the grievances, set forth with truly compelling eloquence, are those which only an intensely sensitive nature would nurse and remember, and, after many years, record. The troubles of the poor little Indian girl began with her first car ride from the free Dakota plains to the "Red Apple Country," where she was to be educated according to English ideas. Pale-faces stared at her as she had never been allowed to stare at others. Arrived at her destination, she was frightened and insulted by being tossed in someone's arms by way of a rather boisterous welcome; her long hair was shingled "like a coward's;" not a soul reasoned quietly with her as her mother had been used to do; misunderstandings brought unjustifiable punishments into her life; every morning, "from happy dreams of Western rolling lands and unlassoed freedom," she "tumbled out upon chilly bare floors back again into a pale-face day." "It was next to impossible," she writes, "to leave the iron routine after the civilizing machine had once begun its day's buzzing, and as it was inbred in me to suffer in silence rather than to appeal to the ears of one whose open eyes could not see my pain, I have many times trudged in the day's harness heavy-footed, like a dumb, sick brute." After three years of this Zitkala-Sa went back to her home, "neither a wee girl nor a tall one; neither a wild Indian nor a tame one." Four years of spiritual turmoil and strife between old and new influences drove her again to an Eastern school, and thence, against her mother's will, to college. At college she

distinguished herself, and won oratorical honors "among a cold race, whose hearts were frozen hard with prejudice." From college she went to teach in an Indian school in the East, and here again she was in no mood to strain her eyes in searching for latent good in her white co-workers. She found an opium-eater holding a position as teacher of Indians because he had a feeble mother to support, "an inebriate pale-face" sitting stupid in a doctor's chair, "while Indian patients carried their ailments to untimely graves because his fair wife was dependent on him for her daily food," and other instances as shameful. Visitors came and gaped at the industry and skill of the Indian children, asked shallow questions, and walked out of the school-house "well satisfied: they were educating the children of the red man!" Finally a new way of solving her problem occurred to her. What it was she does not say, but we may hope it brought her peace in place of the temper of mind in which she wails: "For the white man's papers I had given up my faith in the Great Spirit. For these same papers I had forgotten the healing in trees and brooks. On account of my mother's simple view of life, and my lack of any, I gave her up also. I made no friends among the race of people I loathed. Like a slender tree, I had been uprooted from my mother, nature, and God. I was shorn of my branches, which had waved in sympathy and love for home and friends. The natural coat of bark which had protected my over-sensitive nature was scraped off to the very quick." To express what civilization did for Zitkala-Sa, judging from her own account, we must turn again to Stevenson, the unrivalled interpreter of the aboriginal heart, who says: "You cannot change ancestral feelings of right and wrong without what is practically soul-murder."

One cannot, however, pass over her contribution to our literature without a com-

ment upon its literary value. Strange, pathetic, and caustic, her phrases burn themselves into the reader's consciousness. Speaking of her first "pale-face" teacher, she says: "Her words fell from her lips like crackling embers, and her inflection ran up like the small end of a switch." Of a race over the prairies, she writes: "Within this vast wigwam of blue and green I rode reckless and insignificant. It satisfied my small consciousness to see the white foam fly from the pony's mouth." Of her studies, she says: "By daylight and lamp-light I spun with reeds and thistles until my hands were tired from their weaving the magic design which promised me the white man's respect." And not alone by isolated metaphors does she attest the richness of her style. Whole descriptions, such as that of her mother calling down curses upon the white man's lodge, are instinct with

passion and significance, and curbed by a fine restraint. Her emotions, concentrated and violent, strike us with an electric shock; the form in which she wraps them is luminous and highly synthetic. She gives even to the absurd episode of the mashed turnips, the broken bowl, the childish revenge, an element of tragedy that must have been destroyed by the slightest deviation from the standard of brevity, emphasis, and incisiveness set for the adequate rendering of a dramatic situation. Zitkala-Sa is not only an educated Indian, but a writer of unusual quality. Her work is nine times heated by the cruelty of her mental and moral experience. If she continues it she can hardly fail to make an impression in a field where differences of race count for nothing and greatness of achievement counts for everything.

Elisabeth Luther Cary.

THE LADY POVERTY.

The Lady Poverty was fair:
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah, slattern, she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes. She keeps no state
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—
She scolds in parlors; dusts and trims,
Watches and counts; Oh, is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who, with Obedience carolled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here;
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear;
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

—From "Later Poems," by Alice Meynell. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

EUGENE FIELD, THE MANY-SIDED

SLASON THOMPSON has done well in sharing with the world the great deal that he knew about Eugene Field. Reading these recollections has affected me as I was affected by a sudden unexpected view of a most faithful painted portrait of Field in the Arts Club in this city. The sense of personal loss shot to my heart, and for a moment unnerved me. And such a torrent of sweet memories of the man rushed to my mind that, even more than when I read of his death, I moaned the misfortune of the world in going on without him.

To those who did not know the man, or who knew him slightly, Mr. Thompson's book will seem the full record and the last word. To those who knew him intimately, not all that has been written about him will call back in full the manifold sides of his character. He was to his wife a tender lover, with his children almost a child, in one Chicago circle a working journalist, to the world at large a poet, minstrel, and story-teller; to some acquaintances a clever mimic and raconteur, to others a scholar, a book-lover, a collector; to everyone a practical joker, and to very many a sympathetic, kindly, hearty friend. Once I even heard him called a worshipper of success, with no heart left for the humble and the unfortunate. It may be so, but I never noted any trace of this in his talk or his conduct.

His friend Mr. Thompson has most to say of him as a journalist, but of all the parts he played that would have been the least in keeping with his nature had he really performed it. But he was

rather a literary man on a journal; a wit, an essayist, a rhymester upon a newspaper, if you please, but not a journalist. He always talked to me about the work of practical and genuine journalists as if what they did was partially incomprehensible to him—and wholly strange and wonderful. Charles A. Dana was in his eyes an almost superhuman personage, and his acquaintance with him—as well as Mr. Dana's office-shears that he begged from Mr. Paul Dana—were his proudest possessions. Gladstone ranked second in his estimation, and below those two came ordinary men who had been kind to him or whose companionship he loved.

Mr. Thompson leads us to infer that Field's newspaper work, being lightly and even gayly performed, was wholly agreeable to him. We must not take the hasty words of a dreamer like Field too seriously; therefore I may be wrong in thinking that in later years he begrudged the time which newspaper work and necessity conjointly forced from him. Nevertheless, he once said to me that his contract with his employer was almost as hard as the sale of his soul would have been. "I must do it, to live," said he, "and yet if I do it I cannot produce the better and greater work which I long to be at. I can do nothing but trifling work in literature so long as I am forced to go down to that office every day and grind out my column." He spoke seriously, and if he felt bitterly he only did as hundreds of other bright newspaper attachés have done and are doing to-day under similar circumstances. While he was actually engaged in writing for the newspaper he enjoyed his work. All life was so much fun to Eugene Field, as it was to Charles A. Dana, and while he held a pen in his hand he was sure to be happy, no matter for whom or for what

EUGENE FIELD: A STUDY IN HEREDITY AND CONTRADICTIONS. By Slason Thompson. With many portraits, views, and reproductions in black-and-white and in colors of MSS. and drawings by Eugene Field. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 volumes 8vo, \$3.00 net.

he was writing. I believe that is true of all who are born to write, as it also is, in a great degree, of all who entertain the public by any means, whether we are actors, preachers, lecturers, or literary men, we can never make the public feel unless we are moved, or hold it unless we are in earnest, or make it fancy our work unless we love the work ourselves.

Eugene Field is quoted as having said to me that he would not live in New York or write for the East because there was more liberty and there were fewer competitors out West, where a man was certain of being judged on his merits and could "grow up with the country." That is true, and I remember, also, that he added, half jocularly, "I'd rather be a big toad in a little puddle than a little toad in a big one." Back of this desire to remain where he was there lay a consciousness, I think, that he was, as to his exterior and his unconventional ways, a rough diamond. Whatever of insincerity and affectation there is in older communities repelled him. How much he detested sham and artificiality in life the undertone of much that he put in his "Sharps and Flats" column strongly attested. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, he despised those who lionized him merely because he was a writer. Perhaps it was because of this that the world lost the delight of hearing him as a lecturer. He occasionally gave recitations from his own works—sufficiently often to assure himself that



[From Thompson's "Eugene Field." Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.]

"FIELD AT WORK."

The caricature from a drawing by Sclanders.

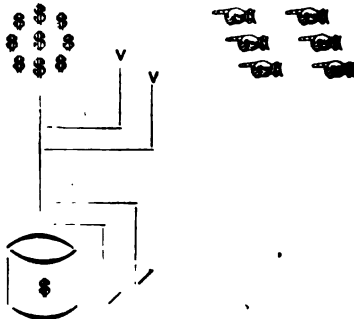
it could never be an important avocation. Had he not needed the money I think one experience of the sort would have satisfied him. And yet he loved to recite in the homes of his friends, and they know that no one in recent times—except possibly Artemus Ward—was so captivating an entertainer. Leaning upon the back of a chair, interspersing his recitations

SHARPS AND FLATS

Senator Dawes has been out among the Sioux Indians too. They call him Ne-Ha-Wo-Ne-To—which, according to our office dictionary, is the Indian for Go-To-Sleep-Standing-Up.

Sol Smith Russell, the comedian, is reported to have contributed \$5,000 to the National Prohibition campaign fund.

The suspicion is still rife that when the Democratic party wakes up on Christmas morning it will find S. J. Tilden in its stocking.



See the Flower. It is sitting on its Barrel derisively Mocking the Eager hands that strive to Pluck it. Oh, beautiful but cruel Flower.

If the mild weather continues Secretary Chandler will be able to get the American Navy out of its winter quarters and on to roller skates by the first of April.

Mr. Charles A. Dana has appeared as the third witch in "Macbeth." He says Roosevelt cannot be Mayor, but may go to Congress, to the Senate, or be elected President.

It is believed that a horizontal reduction in the Democratic statesmen of the time would leave nothing of the Hon. William R. Morrison but a pair of spindle legs, three bunions, and seven corns.

Russia, always a menace to civilization, is prepared to aid China in her resistance against modern progress, and will not hesitate to fly to the succor of the unspeakable Turk when the opportune moment comes.

We do not entirely believe the story that El Mahdi is dead. On the contrary, we confidently expect that this enterprising false prophet will turn up in a reconstructed condition at Washington after the 4th of next March, howling for a post-office.

BLUE CUT, TENN., May 2, 1885.—The second section of the train bearing the Illinois legislature to New Orleans was stopped near this station by bandits last night. After relieving the bandits of their watches and money, the excursionists proceeded on their journey with increased enthusiasm.

Hamlin Garland has finally crawled out of the populist party and has reappeared in Chicago fiercer than ever for the predominance of realism in literature and art. He regrets to find that during his absence Franklin H. Head has relapsed into romanticism and that the verist's fences generally in these parts are in bad condition.

"As for me, Daniel, I declined the tickets on the ground that, as President of this great nation, it was beneath my dignity to accept free passes to a show." "You did quite right, Grover; I, too, declined the passes in my capacity as a cabinet officer." "Good, good!" "But I accepted them in my capacity as editor of the Albany Argus. I owe it to my profession, Grover, not to surrender any of its rights to a strained sense of the dignity of an employment which is only temporary." "Ah, yes; I see." "There must be a dividing line between the Honorable Daniel Manning, cabinet minister, and plain Dan Manning, editor. I draw that line at free show-tickets."

The Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is to be the leader of the Republican minority in Congress this winter. He is a smart, fat, brilliant, lazy man, with a Shakespearian head and face and clean-cut record. He is a great improvement on the Hon. J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, who was the Republican leader (so-called) last winter. It would be hard to imagine a more imbecile leader than Keifer was, and it would be hard to find an abler leader than Reed will be, provided his natural physical indolence does not get the better of his splendid intellectual vigor.

Marcus A. Hanna has just been elected a delegate to the National Republican Convention in the Tenth Ohio district. He has also just been appointed to a government position by President Cleveland. The National Republican Convention ought to determine, immediately upon assembling, whether its platform and its nominations shall be dictated, even remotely, by a beneficiary of a Democratic administration. Hanna was in 1884 a loud-mouthed Blaine follower. He has a happy faculty of always lighting on his feet—after the fashion of the singed cat.

We've come from Indiany, five hundred miles or more,

Supposin' we wuz goin' to git the nominaashin shore;

For Colonel New assured us (in that noospaper o' his)

That we cud hev the airth, if we'd only tend to biz. But here we've been slavin' more like hosses than like men

To diskliver that the people do not hanker after Ben; It is for Jeemes G. Blaine an' not for Harrison they shout

And the gobble-uns 'el git us

If we

Don't

Watch

Out!

A SPECIMEN OF FIELD'S POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

This is how they looked in the *Morning News*. The first one has the interest of being the initial paragraph in "Sharps and Flats." In point of time they run from 1883 toward the 'nineties.

with sallies of wit and comic allusions to his listeners, he could keep the attention of a company riveted upon himself. He had both mimetic and theatrical ability in great measure, and his strong, rugged, but very mobile face was made to fortify an actor's gifts. Those who knew him well can never read one of his poems without calling back to mind the picture of the author as he recited it, without recollecting the "telling" manner in which he brought out its strength and its tenderness with face and voice and action. When I think of what England would have paid to hear Field recite his verses—what it would have spent upon both his lectures and his books had he given the English and their colonists the chance to know him, I see that his earnings at his "grind" in Chicago would have been a bagatelle by comparison.

But he would say to-day that he was better off as he was. He was at home and happy in Denver and Chicago, and knew that he would not be in New York or London. Where he was well known he had the liberty he prized, and he was so familiar to Chicago—great as the city is—that I have repeatedly heard bystanders and passers-by in the street say to one another as he passed, "There goes Eugene Field." In such a friendly environment he could do as he pleased;

he could even, as I once saw him, walk to an imposing house, to which he was invited for dinner, in his shirt-sleeves with his coat over one arm. This he did not because the afternoon was warm, but because of the fun he found in that unusual mode of paying a visit. He would go to very great trouble to carry off a joke, and he was immensely satisfied with his own enjoyment of it, regardless of whether others were able to perceive in it the humor that he discovered. The first day that I met him he called upon me in my hotel



From Thompson's "Eugene Field."

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EUGENE FIELD WITH HIS DUTCH RING.

in Chicago, bursting in and carrying me and his plans for the day with him precisely as if I had known him intimately and had come to the city to be his guest.

"Now, I must go," said he, after ten minutes of high-pressure, almost explosive greeting, "and you are to come to my house in two hours."

He spent those hours in buying half a dozen of my books, and, when I entered his parlor, I saw one of my books wherever I looked or turned.

"Your works are always the most conspicuous things in my house," said he. "The place would not be home without them." Presently, after a pause, he added: "Lord, what a trouble I had to get them this afternoon!"

His joking was incessant, and was carried on with the utmost gravity and earnestness when those qualities were essential to the success of his conceits. Upon introducing me to a parlor-full of ladies at a little lake resort in Wisconsin he had hardly announced my name when he saw a beautiful child upon its mother's knee, and, striding over to the lady, said: "Ralph hates children. He saw your dear little girl through the window as we came up the stoop, and he said 'the mere sight of a child enrages me.' Come here, little one; come right to me. He shall not hurt you, you poor little innocent." On another occasion in a wooden summer-resort hotel, he called me out of bed at midnight, and, bidding me stand in the hall, said, "Now, all you have got to do is to stamp your feet when I tell you to." Then he began a breathless monologue, as if a man had discovered flames in the hallway and was endeavoring to extinguish them without alarming the others in the house.

 Ξη Πεαρ.
 *

Α λιττελε πεαρ εν α γαρδεν γρνε -
 Α λιττελε πεαρ οφ εμεραλδ 'νε -
 Κισσιδ βι Ξη συν αρδ βαυιδ βι Ξη δυε,
 Ιε γρνε.

Ορε δα, γοιγγ Ξατ γαρδεν Ξρο,
 Ξατ λιττελε πεαρ καμε το Ξη φνε
 Οφ Ξεμας Σινδ ανδ'ις οιστερ Σνε -
 Ξοσε τον!

Υη ατ Ξη πεαρ α κλυβ Ξα Ξρνε -
 Δονν φρομ Ξη τεσμ ον 'νιχ' ιε γρνε
 Φελλ Ξη λιττελε πεαρ οφ εμεραλδ 'νε -
 Πεεκ-α-βου!

"THE LITTLE PEACH" TRANS-

"By Jove! what shall we do! It's gaining headway. Sh-h-h-h! don't wake up the boarders. They will be frightened. We can manage it. There's a new blaze. Stamp it out—never mind your feet—stamp, stamp. Man alive! this is terrible. I know what I'll do. I'll pour water on it." He rushed into my room and slowly poured all the water out of my pitcher into the slop-jar, and then out of the slop-jar into the wash-bowl. "Stamp! stamp while I pour," he commanded in a hoarse whisper which sounded over two stories of the house. We heard the thud, thud of bare-footed women leaping from their beds and the turning of the keys in two doors. Field pushed me into my bedroom, followed quickly, closed the door without a sound, and crept into my bed. "They'll talk about this at breakfast," said he, "and we will tell them stories of an incendiary who is going around burning up hotels." He neither laughed nor smiled. You might have thought he was salaried to perpetrate many of his jokes.

Τομ τσοκ ωβίτε ανδ Σνε τσοκ ονι τσο,
 Ανδ δον δη τρουβλε βεγαρ το βρνε-
 Τρουβλε δη δακτορς κονλδντ ουβδνε-
 Το τρνε! [Παρεγορικ, τσο. (?)

Ανδερ δη τρφ φαρν δη δαισις γρνε
 Σε πλαττεδ Τομ ανδ ις οιοτερ Σνε,
 Ανδ δειρ λιτλε σουλς το δη ουγελς φλνε-
 Βοο-βοο!

Βνε ας το δη πεαρ οφ εμεραλδ ινε,
 Κιουδ βι δη οντ ανδ βαδεδ βι δη δνε,
 Ι'λλ αδδ δατ ιεγ μισοιον ον ταρδ ις θρο'-
 Αδιν!

#

1887.

LATED INTO GREEK CHARACTERS.

Once, with me, he visited a house where half a dozen young girls were waiting for us.

"Such news!" he said, as he entered the parlor. "Have you heard about the scrape that ——'s got in?" He mentioned the name of a well-known man where I have put a dash.

"No, what is it?" the girls all demanded.

Then Field put on an expression of hesitation, doubt, and inquiry, and looked over all the company. Suddenly his face brightened up. "Well," said he, "as I see we are all married folks, I'll tell you the story." Alarm seized the company, but he rattled on, telling a ridiculous impromptu story in which there was not the slightest indelicacy or questionable incident. He was a born entertainer of children, and if I were a Carnegie, with a desire to celebrate the memory of one who was a personification of sunshine, I would build a monument to him across whose pedestal should be carved the legend: "He loved children, and they returned his love." He was equally skilful and delightful in enter-

taining young girls and adult women, but over all his virtues, and more than redeeming his few and trifling faults, should be written that verdict upon his life:

HE AND THE CHILDREN LOVED ONE
 ANOTHER.

Julian Ralph.

THE MERCIFUL LAD.

Through all my life the poor shall find
 In me a constant friend,
 And on the weak of every kind
 My mercy shall attend.

The dumb shall never call on me
 In vain for kindly aid,
 And in my hands the blind shall see
 A bounteous alms display'd.

In all their walks the lame shall know
 And feel my goodness near,
 And on the deaf will I bestow
 My gentlest words of cheer.

'Tis by such pious works as these—
 Which I delight to do—
 That men their fellow-creatures please,
 And please their Maker, too.

—From Thompson's "Eugene Field," collated from "Culture's Garland." By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEW BEACON BIOGRAPHIES

THE success of the earlier issues of the "Beacon Biographies" has not, as is sometimes the case, beguiled the editor of the series, Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, into carelessness. His hand is still just as firmly on the helm as it was in the beginning; the undertaking is not merely living on a reputation won in the past, but continues to deserve success by continued merit. The four volumes here under discussion must draw renewed attention to this scholarly undertaking, a true example of the *multum in parvo*. The editor knows how to select his biographers, and, what is more, he knows how to induce them to find the time, in their busy careers, to do the work he asks of them. These new volumes cannot fail to bring new readers to the "Beacon Biographies." They are a fresh promise of the continued excellence, reliability, and serviceableness of the series, of adherence to the original plan.

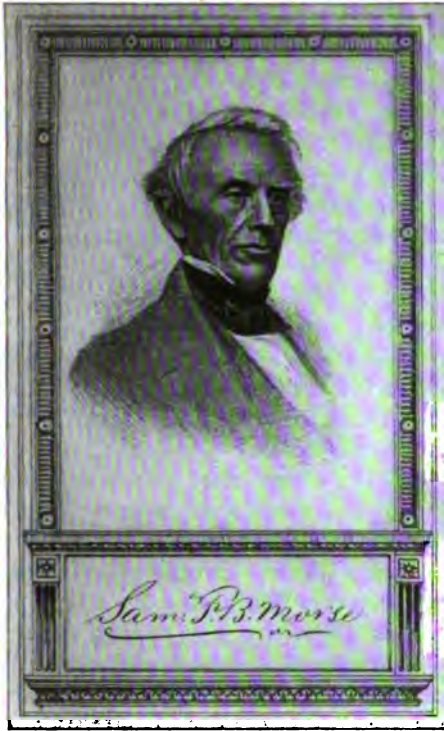
The flight of time, the full meaning and strength of the arbitrary barriers set up by man between the centuries, are strikingly brought home to the mind by Mr. Carpenter's *Longfellow*. He pronounces aloud, within the narrow confines of this volume, what is, we venture to think, the final judgment on the poet; and, after we have listened to him, we discover that he has but expressed what most of us have been thinking these many years: what thirty years ago would have been heresy is now accepted without protest. We subscribe to Mr. Carpenter's close-knit review of Longfellow's work reluctantly, perhaps, but none the less firmly. There is no appeal from it to literary reason, and sentiment, the sense of loyalty, waits quiescent upon the head.

And, after all, what is there in this appreciation—for appreciation it is, unprejudiced, uninfluenced, if without enthusiasm—that was not said, years ago, by Margaret Fuller, and again by Poe, in that "slashing" criticism whose acumen was marred by the note of personal hostility? These two wrote of the earlier Longfellow, the didactic poet of the "Psalm of Life," the singer who, as Mr. Carpenter suggests, has now been relegated to the school-room; yet his later work is subject to the same strictures, with but slight modifications.

Longfellow followed all his life the line of least resistance—this is, summed up in the shortest possible way, the opinion of this biographer of his. He never became one with his subject, he never overcame the European influences under whose sway he had come in early life: hence Poe's general charge of plagiarism, so unfortunately supported by reference to a work of his own. Longfellow's life was cast in too easy places, Professor Carpenter opines. He knew not the toil of Whittier; the great Abolition movement inspired him to nothing but a few verses of no import as contributions to the cause. He remained to the last a poet of the study, of the library stocked with European literature. Nature and Life could not inspire him.

Thus there can be no praise in this volume that is unconditioned. Professor Carpenter relegates to the realm of childhood even "Hiawatha," and "Evangeline" is in his eyes but the last and best example of English hexameters. And when he says of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" that here Longfellow can be best compared with Chaucer, nor suffer by the juxtaposition, his being "the greater charm,

1. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By George Rice Carpenter. Small, Maynard & Co., 16mo, 75 cents.



TWO NEW BEACON BIOGRAPHY FRONTISPIECES.

[From the photogravure prints, by permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.]

the greater variety, the greater melody," his literary conscience forces him to add:

"That which marks him as a minor poet is only the lack of penetrating intelligence, the fact that in our intricate modern world he had allowed himself to be a gentle dreamer, and not an acute thinker as well."

We had expected a milder sentence upon the most popular Anglo-Saxon poet of his day, but we can only acknowledge the justice of the verdict. We who knew him in our youth may occasionally return to him, as Professor Carpenter suggests, and finds again the past delights; but as for the future, there the position of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will not even be one of enduring popularity. The biographer tempers his uncompromising clear-sightedness somewhat in his final pages: the work seen as a whole appears to him there a little better than are the parts of which it is composed.

This book is a model of the scope and method of the series to which it belongs, as originally laid down by the editor.

Professor Schouler's biography of Alexander Hamilton may be read with profit by the students of the earlier volumes of his "History of the United States under the Constitution." In fact, it is largely an elaborate marginal note, a "human document," annotating and interpreting both the achievements and the failures, the genius and the limitations of the first Treasurer of the United States. The portrait is not altogether a flattering one: Alexander Hamilton had many foibles, the results, perhaps, as Professor Schouler himself points out, of his precocity. With maturity he might have risen to greater, nobler heights; it is likely, however, as his biographer holds, that no new

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By James Schouler. Small, Maynard & Co., 16mo, 75 cents.

public honors would have awaited him. With each succeeding year he drew farther away from the democracy which he distrusted, and which was growing constantly in power.

If ever man had *les défauts de ses qualités*, it was Hamilton, and it is the impartial presentation of both the bright and the dark side of his life and career that makes Professor Schouler's study so valuable. Like Hamilton's son, he is inclined to ascribe the statesman's somewhat erratic genius to his French mother rather than to his Scotch father. He even ventures upon a comparison, barely hinted at, with another adventurer, his contemporary, who also won fame and power and fortune in a foreign land, Napoleon. What is more, Professor Schouler proves conclusively, we think, his contention that Hamilton remained an alien to the end, that he never lived himself into the inner feelings of the native Americans of his day. Indeed, as he rose in the social scale, he, like so many successful men emerged from obscurity, became, if not *plus royaliste que le roi*, certainly more aristocratic than the colonial aristocracy. He disliked democracy, he believed in the British form of government as the perfect one; and not a little of the unpopularity which he never overcame was due to his ill-concealed scorn of the "mob."

But his work remains, and on it is based his undying fame. His personality is of less importance to the historian who chronicles results in the large manner; yet none can fail to understand his work better after reading Professor Schouler's book, with its basis of psychology. To Hamilton this country owes "a grand impulse to our national system, with consolidation as the true corrective of a confederacy, liberal national powers, protection, force, and energy in the central government, and financial ability." The debt can only be paid by perpetual honor. Professor Schouler gives all credit to the

great statesman; it is the man himself who, under his able treatment, grows in lifelikeness, while losing somewhat of the glamour and charm of his traditional personality.

Mr. Charles T. Copeland, the biographer of the "Gentle Prince of Players," acknowledges frankly that without Mr. William Winter's "Life and Art of Edwin Booth" his book could not have been written; and, of course, he has drawn upon Mrs. Grossman's "Recollections" of her father, and some other works, notably the late Mrs. J. S. Clarke's "The Elder and the Younger Booth." The appreciation of the great actor's art, at the end of the volume, is, however, the author's own, and well worth reading in connection with the chronicled opinions of men like Mr. Winter and Mr. Clapp.

This biography may appear to be superfluous to those who are the possessors of the more elaborate works; and yet, it has a charm of its own—the charm that will renew itself again and again in every book from a competent and loving hand that deals with Edwin Booth. The man and the artist were so blended in him, the impression he made was so lasting, his magnetism so great, that thousands who but knew him across the footlights, became as his personal friends. The art of the actor dies with him, they say, but, surely, the art of Booth still lives in the memory of all who saw him. He may have a successor, some day, but he will never be replaced in the hearts of that generation of lovers of the drama which is now advancing from maturity into the days of the sere and yellow leaf. Nay more, even those who but saw him a few times in the closing days of his career, will never forget his *Iago*, his *Richard*, and his *Shylock*, nor fail to treasure them in memory as the touchstone wherewith to test all others. He was the last of the

great Shakespearian players; his art will not vanish so long as there remain among the living those who had the privilege of sitting entranced under its spell.

Mr. Carpenter has made skilful and effective use of the biographical material at his service. He gives life and color to the earlier stage life in this country; he imparts a sympathetic touch to the recital of Booth's triumphs and hardships, the *grandeurs et misères* of his life. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, moreover, has lent, for use in this volume, several hitherto unpublished letters from Booth in his possession, and has furnished the rare photograph from which the frontispiece portrait has been taken.

The career of the inventor of the telegraph presents a puzzle, which his biographer points out and, of necessity, follows as the guiding thread of his narrative, but fails to solve. He recommends it to psychologists. In Morse's life, he says, there are problems in regard to the assimilation of ideas, the importance of suggestion, the value of initiative. Morse was an artist by choice and by profession; his knowledge of electricity scant and imperfect, the result of a taste manifested in school days, and indulged again somewhat at a later period, while he was endeavoring to earn a livelihood with his brush in New York. The story of his career would seem to indicate that he had not mistaken his vocation, which he followed till his

fortieth year, with, considering the period and its conditions, a certain measure of success; and yet, a chance conversation on board a ship crossing the Atlantic, suggested to him the great invention of which trained electricians had failed to see the possibility and possibilities. He had, moreover, that greatest of all elements in the equipment of the inventor, an iron perseverance, the very gift supposed to be least common to the artistic temperament.

Mr. Trowbridge's book is occupied, through nearly half of its contents, with the struggles of an early American painter. Then, suddenly, by a flash of intuition, perhaps—the puzzle is here—the man of the brush changed his whole life, and succeeded, placing himself in the front rank of the world's benefactors. Morse's struggles with those who contested the invention with him, and with the infringers of his patent, upon which Mr. Trowbridge lays considerable stress, appears to us less severe than does the preliminary period of experiment, lack of means, and discouragement. It is curious, by the way, that to-day nothing is left of his invention but the alphabet and a few mechanical points. The register, upon which he laid so much stress, has been entirely discarded in this country, where reading by sound is practised, the recording or printing methods being, however, still in use in Europe; and Mr. Trowbridge tells us that "even the Morse alphabet seems to be doomed."

S. A.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE. By John Trowbridge.
Small, Maynard & Co., 16mo, 75 cents.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

Far beyond the fields where the sea lies sleeping
Hovers Daylight, flushed with regret and feeling,
All the Gold of Hope on her drowsy forehead
Silently darkening.

Through the languid night that the wild winds lull not,
Dyed about with purple and dark with weeping,
Send me, Sweet, a dream on the wings of Hope borne
Down to me sleeping.

—From "An Iseult Idyl, and Other Poems," by G. Constant Lounsbury. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

ON THE GREAT CAUSEWAY OF ASIA

ANY word about Armenia to-day must seem to many an utterance after discussion is closed. Yet the merest glance through Mr. Lynch's superb volumes corrects this impression. Much as is known about the lowlands of Asia, the back-bone of the continent—that vast belt of elevated plains ridged and buttressed by mountains which stretches from China to the Aegean Sea—is still a lurking-place for mysteries that await solution. Landing upon the western shore of Asia Minor and journeying eastward one enters immediately upon the beginnings of this belt. The peculiarity of its structure, in general, is that plains lie between the mountain ranges, and that these plains increase in elevation toward the east until they culminate in the great mountain knot north of India; that the mass of elevated land is held up as it were by jagged mountain walls, of which those on the south drop suddenly to the lowlands, and those on the northward edge fall away less steeply. Furthermore, the ridges which separate the plains of the surface are so disposed that the numerous streams tend to flow eastward or westward until they can find means of zigzagging through the retaining walls, and thus escaping to the north or the south. As Mr. Lynch points out in these volumes, this system of elevated plains extends “like some great causeway along the breadth of Asia, giving access from east to west, from west to east. This causeway forms the natural avenue of commerce and of conquest, by which the tide of war or of commercial intercourse ebbs and flows between the remote re-

cesses of Central Asia and the Ionian shores of the Mediterranean Sea.”

Armenia is a section of this causeway of the nations, lying at a point where it is narrowed by the encroachment of the Caspian and the Black Sea. It is sharply walled on the south against too easy access from Mesopotamia, and its attractions are guarded from the rapacity or the curiosity of dwellers on the north by jagged ranges of mountains only less formidable in aspect. But from Asia Minor or from Persia access is natural and easy. Hence it has been trodden under foot by all armies that have marched from Europe or from Asia until its hills are treeless and have taken the appearance of a well-trodden highway. Forests for the most part are found on the edges of the causeway only. For fuel the people use the dung of their cattle. The area of Armenia as described by Mr. Lynch is about that of the States of New York and Massachusetts taken together. Between the ridges of its surface are broad, fertile plains, commonly nearly 5,000, and in a few cases 7,000 or even 8,000 feet above sea-level. These plains are abundantly watered by the streams which are the sources of the Araxes, the Euphrates, the Tigris, and other rivers of note. As to their climate, they have a strange knack for quickly shaking off the rigors of the highland winter, and so are able to produce fruits, from the apple to the apricot—and in favorable locations the grape; to ripen all the cereals in surprising abundance, and they even permit dwellers upon them to solace themselves with tobacco of their own raising. Here and there bodies of water have been penned in by volcanic disturbances, and form lakes. The little silver crescent five miles long which lies (7,635 feet above the sea) hidden inside the crater of

ARMENIA. Travels and studies by H. F. B. Lynch. In two volumes, with 197 illustrations reproduced from photographs and sketches, numerous maps and plans, a bibliography, and a map of Armenia and adjacent countries. Vol. I. The Russian Provinces, pp. xiv, 470. Vol. II. The Turkish Provinces, pp. xli, 512. Longmans, Green, & Co., 8vo, \$15.00 net.

Mount Nimroud is one type of these lakes, and another type is Lake Van, 5,637 feet above the sea, which is in itself a veritable sea, having 1,300 square miles of water so heavily charged with soda that there will never be any local market for American washing powders.

Mr. Lynch is an artist and a devotee of Nature. His unsated delight in the beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery is one of the pleasures of accompanying him in his long journeyings across and around the ranges and to the top of the highest peaks of the Armenian highlands. His enthusiasm when Mount Ararat first towered before the eyes of his party approaching from the Russian side affords an example: "One may safely say of the scene which expanded before us that it is unsurpassed upon the surface of our globe. Nor is it difficult to account for the strength and permanence of the impression which it produces upon the mind. Nowhere has nature worked upon a scale more stupendous; yet on none of her works has she bestowed greater unity of conception, a design more harmonious, surroundings more august. Whatever mysteries compose the spell of the wide ocean and the open firmament, all the exquisite shades of light which temper the gloom of a northern climate, all the many-colored radiance of the south, have been lavished upon the panorama which centres in Ararat, and is spread like a kingdom at his feet."

The object of Mr. Lynch's work, and its chief importance, is the setting forth of the physical features and the historical relations of Armenia. The conscientious care with which the author's work has been done may be judged from the fact that after he had made his journey, gathered his material and returned home, having found that the guesses of existing maps did not agree with his observations, he made the journey over again in order to

be sure of his facts. But it is not the scientific value of the work so much as its human interest which will attract the general reader. The author is a lover of the race. Throughout his journeyings he finds pleasant things to say of the people whom he meets, and interesting observations on the habits and customs of Kurd and Turk, Tartar and Russian, Armenian and Molokan. Now, it is a Russian school teacher whom he places before the reader's eyes. The teacher has introduced the traveller to his Latin class, and greatly embarrasses him by desiring a brief address to the scholars in Latin. When the Englishman has succeeded in making a few remarks, the Russian in turn becomes red in the face through inability to solve the enigmatic expressions which he had so pompously invited. Now it is a Protestant preacher in exile to whom we are introduced, with whom the author clearly has little sympathy, and yet of whom he is able to say kindly words. Again, it is a fiery Armenian officer in the Russian service whom he portrays under the euphonious name of Ivan Kuyumjibashoff, the son of a benevolent, white-haired man whom one could see twenty years ago in Constantinople, and who surely could not have seemed so terrible had his surname been translated into its plebeian significance of "Son of the Chief Jeweller." Again, it is a poor Turkish Pasha whom he holds up to view, distracted by the behavior of the Kurdish troops, whom he is unable to teach and powerless to control, for they are, as another Turkish official remarks, "brigands disguised as soldiers." It is pleasant to see that Mr. Lynch has only kindly words to say of the American missionaries whom he met in Armenia. Although he is evidently anxious lest they weaken the Armenian church, and most wisely advises them to avoid anything of the sort, he is able to say of those at Van that they are not doing it. It is note-

worthy that the American missionaries at Van are under the protection of the British Consul, Mr. Lynch remarking, "and it is pleasant to recognize these two elements working silently and unseen together in the van of humanity and civilization." The illustrations of these volumes add greatly to their human interest. Some of the portraits are of high value as types. Such are the crafty face of Yusuf Bey, the Kurd of Koshk; the comfortable, good-natured countenance of the Armenian of Khaskeui near Mush, and the portrait of a young Kurdish woman, who, by the way, might serve as artist's model for a painting of Milton's "portress of hell-gate."

For the Armenians, the ancient inhabitants of these lofty plains, the author has sympathy if not admiration. He takes us into their homes in the cities of the Russian provinces, where they are prosperous, and safe, and gradually "edging out" the Russians and the Tartars by reason of industry, alertness, and general ability. He takes us into their churches, and monasteries, and schools. He leads us into the burrows in which the patient farmers of the villages live "in order to cheat the storms of winter." He exhibits to us the merchants and tradesmen of Van, the greatest Armenian centre in Turkish Armenia. We see much to rebuke and regret. But there is everywhere a sturdy willingness to work, and a keen activity to profit by every opportunity to learn which does much to remove our disagreeable reminiscences of Armenian pedlars of embroidered stuffs in our country districts. The sketch which the author gives of the Katholikos Khramean, the great head of the Armenian Church, is a true and delightful picture of a noble Christian man who has given his life for the welfare of his people, and who in turn is passionately loved by the name of "Hayrik" (little Father), which he uses himself as his sig-

nature in writing to his intimates. If this people had a future, much might be expected from it. But the Armenians living under the Czar are feeling the grip of what Mr. Lynch aptly designates as the "hungry Orthodox Church" of the Russias, and many of them would prefer the grip of the Turkish Government. They would prefer slavery in body to slavery in mind. On the other hand, those living in Turkish Armenia take every opportunity of emigrating to Russia, preferring anything rather than the lawlessness which spares neither honor, goods, nor life. Mr. Lynch's sad conclusion is that a remnant of those in Russia may be absorbed, but that the majority "will follow their destiny, will wander away, and perhaps disappear."

One of the most valuable features of the book, as already suggested, is its bringing together a mass of material such as does not exist elsewhere in English as a basis for a history of the Armenian race. There is also light on the predecessors of the Armenians on these highlands, a race neither Indo-European nor Semitic, which is mentioned in Assyrian inscriptions as holding the Kingdom of Ararat, and whose royal proclamations on the Rock of Van and elsewhere are still being deciphered and collated. But for any satisfactory idea of the state of the historical question one must examine the book itself.

Mr. Lynch quaintly asks in his preface, "Why does one write a book? . . . There are societies and individuals who, I feel sure, would offer a price if the potential author would agree to keep his material to himself." This book answers the author's question. Something remained to be said about Armenia not only worth hearing, but essential to be heard by a world whose distances daily shrink so that all its races begin to jostle shoulders as neighbors.

Henry Otis Dwight.

TRAVELS FAR AND WIDE

FROM THE COLORADO DESERT WITH PROFESSOR VAN DYKE,
TO TIBET AND TURKESTAN.

IN an interesting little book entitled *The Desert*, Professor John C. van Dyke says that he wants only an excuse for talking about the beautiful things in the desert world that stretches down the Pacific Coast and across Arizona and Sonora. The desert, these many years, has gone a-begging for a word of praise. It has now found a poet competent to make one feel the charm of sandy wastes, arid lands, and porphyry mountain peaks. Professor van Dyke gives in these pages the impressions garnered up by night and day during two years of wandering. He confesses that he will never be able to tell the grandeur of these mountains nor the glory of color that wraps the burning sands at their feet. Nevertheless the author finds a pleasure in the attempt, and so, doubtless, will a host of his readers. What is the attraction and the fascination of the desert? A place which means death from hunger or thirst to so many—a waste of intense heat and cold, of drought and cloud-bursts, of wind and lightning, what could make any race of hunters or band of red men care for it? How often do we wonder why a sailor loves the sea, why the Bedouin loves the sand? What is there but a strip of sky or a strip of sand and water? But, as Professor van Dyke says, there is a simplicity about large masses—simplicity in breadth, space, and distance—that is inviting and ennobling. There is something terrifying in the finest of mountain scenery, and yet what peasants cling more lovingly to their rocky homes than those of Switzerland? It is the grandeur of large masses. In the desert there is something restful about the endless horizontal lines. Things that lie flat

are at peace, and the mind grows peaceful with them. Furthermore, the waste places of the earth, the barren deserts, the tracts forsaken of men and given over to loneliness, have a peculiar attraction of their own. The weird solitude, the great silence, the grim desolation, are the very things with which every desert wanderer eventually falls in love.

George Kennan once told me that the most impressive picture of his life, perhaps, was a night-scene just within the Arctic circle. He had made his camp, lighted his fire, and while his Esquimaux guides and the dogs slept around him, he lay awake watching the splendid stars and the brilliant flashes of the Aurora Borealis streaming from the northern sky, and suggestive of glittering swords of light waving away the adventurous wanderer from the secrets of the frozen sea. For hundreds of miles in all directions lay the desert, absolutely lifeless. The stillness was appalling; it was too grand to allow a man of keen sensibilities to sleep. Very much the same feeling seems to have filled Professor van Dyke upon many a night when he must have wondered that such marvelous displays of color were wasted upon one human being. Describing a night in the desert he says:

After the clouds have all shifted into purples and the western sky has sunk into night, then up from the east the moon, the misshapen, orange-hued desert moon. How large it looks. And how it warms the sky and silvers the edges of the mountain peaks, and spreads its wide light across the sands. In a few hours it is high in the heavens and has a great aureole of color about it. Look at the ring for a moment and you will see all the spectrum colors arranged in order. Pale hues they are, but they are all there. Rainbows by day and rainbows by night. Radiant colored lights, not one, but many Arches above arches,

* *THE DESERT*. By John C. van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25 net.

not two or three, but five solar bows in the sky at one time. But how much stranger, how much more weird and extraordinary the things that actually happen in this desert land. High in the zenith rides the desert moon. What a flood of light comes from it. What pale phosphorescent light. Under it miles and miles of cactus and greasewood are half revealed, half hidden; and far away against the dark mountains the dunes of the desert shine white as snow-clad hills in December. The stars are forth, the constellations in their places, the planets large and luminous, yet none of them has much color or sparkle. The desert air seems to veil their lustre somewhat, and yet as points of light set in that purple dome of sky, how beautiful they are. Lying down there in the sands of the desert, alone and at night, with a saddle for your pillow, and your eyes staring upward at the stars, how incomprehensible it all seems. The immensity of the mystery, how appalling; and yet how these very features attract the thought and draw the curiosity of man. In the presence of the unattainable and the insurmountable, we keep sending a hope, a doubt, a query, up through the realms of air to Saturn's throne. What key have we wherewith to unlock that door? We cannot comprehend a tiny flame of our own invention called electricity, yet we grope at the meaning of the blazing splendor of Arcturus. Around us stretches the great sand-wrapped desert whose mystery no man knows, and not even the Sphinx could reveal; yet beyond it, above it, upward, still upward, we seek the mysteries of Orion and the Pleiades. . . . Was there ever such a stillness as that which rests upon the desert at night? Was there ever such a hush as that which steals from star to star across the firmament? You perhaps think to break the spell by raising your voice in a cry; but you will not do so again. The sound goes but a little way and then seems to come back to your ear with a suggestion of insanity about it.

One of the author's most admirable chapters deals with the marvellous colors of the desert. In rainy countries like England and Holland the air is only comparatively clear, even when the sky is blue. You cannot see a mountain fifteen miles away in any sharpness of detail. An opera-glass does not help your vision. The obscurity is not in the eyes, but in the atmospheric veil through which you are striving to see. In the high plateau country of Wyoming, on the contrary, where the dust and vapor in the air are compar-

atively small, the distances that one can see are enormous. A mountain seventy miles away often appears sharp-cut against the sky, and at sunset the lights and shadows make its sides look only ten miles distant. Desert air is not quite like this, though one can see through it for many miles. It is not thickened by moisture particles, for its humidity is almost nothing; but the dust particles carried upward by radiation and the winds answer a similar purpose. Dust is always present in the desert air in some degree, and when it is at its maximum with the heat and winds of July, we see the air as a blue, yellow, or pink haze. The air itself seems to be colored. So it is that in dry countries like Spain and Morocco, or on the deserts of Africa and America, you find the sky rose-hued or yellow, and the air lilac, pink, or red. Countless quantities of light-beams and dispersed rays break through and reach the earth. The sky overhead is only tinted atmosphere. Banked up in great masses and seen at long distances, this air color becomes palpably apparent, and adds immensely to the richness of the picture. The rocks of the upper peaks and those that make the upright walls and mountains, though small in body of color, are perhaps more varied in hue than either the sands or the vegetation, and without primary notes, as in the grand cañon of the Yellowstone. The reds are always salmon-colored, terra-cotta, or Indian red; the greens are olive-hued, plum-colored; the yellows are as pallid as the leaves of yellow roses. Often long strata and even whole mountain-tops show blue and green with copper, or orange with iron, or purple with slate, or white with quartz. But the tone soon becomes subdued. A mountain-wall may be dark red within, but it is weather-stained and lichen-covered without; long-reaching shafts of granite, that loom upward from a peak, may be yellow at heart, but they are silver gray on the surface. The colors have undergone

years of toning down until they blend and run together like the faded tints of an Eastern rug. The author's rhapsody upon the color display of the desert seems to have its warrant in a hundred marvellous pictures that he describes. I think it was the Rev. Mr. Haweis who once suggested the feasibility of writing symphonies in color—color notes instead of musical notes. Some of the concerts given for this author's benefit in the desert must have been worth seeing. A book by an artist, who is also a poet and a clever writer, with such a text cannot fail to find an appreciative audience.

Also dealing with interesting parts of our great West, but in more matter-of-fact fashion, is *Our National Parks*, by John Muir. Most, if not all, of these chapters describing the glories of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite have already appeared in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but they are none the less welcome in book form with the added advantage of maps and excellent illustrations. Probably the greatest service rendered to the nation by the organization of these parks is the possibility of saving some of the wonderful trees of the Sierras, which, unless protected from the rapacity of speculators, will soon be but a memory. It is notorious that every civilized nation can give us lessons on the management and care of forests. Our conduct toward our forests has been that of a rich spendthrift who has inherited a magnificent estate and left it to be plundered and wasted at will. Within the last few years it has become evident to the most careless that our forest wealth is by no means inexhaustible; of the so-called "big trees," the giant Sequoia, many of which were doubtless living when Christ was born, but a few groves remain, and these have to be guarded by troops of cavalry. Nothing that the author can say concerning the value of the

work done by our Government in establishing these public parks is half strong enough. Every traveller who visits them will be ready to say two words where this author says one.

The difficulties of travel in Tibet, the hardships and probable dangers to be encountered by anyone who ventures far into that forbidden land, seem to act as an incentive to countless travellers; hardly a year passes that we do not have a book of travel dealing more or less interestingly with this region. In *Tibet and Chinese Turkestan*, the record of three years' exploration, by Captain H. H. T. Deasy, a British officer, is so largely a technical account of the topography of the country rather than of its inhabitants, as to make this sumptuous volume rather dry reading. Captain Deasy, however, went for the purpose of making surveys, and probably accomplished much valuable work at large expenditure of personal inconvenience. His measurements from peak to peak often cost days of tedious labor—sometimes with the thermometer far below the freezing point. Upon one journey, which lasted several months, his caravan travelled seven hundred and seventy-six miles, of which distance he walked more than half. Of the sixty-six animals, ponies, donkeys, and sheep, the latter making excellent beasts of burden in that country, only six remained at the close. Every traveller in Tibet records his amazement at the height of the mountains and the bewildering array of peaks, and many readers may be inclined to incredulity when the giants they know—such as Mont Blanc, for instance—are spoken of as pigmies compared with these Asiatic heights. Captain Deasy, however, made careful measurements of a number of peaks, and found that heights of 20,000 feet were so common as to excite no particular wonder among the natives, who are

good mountaineers and stand the climbing fairly well. Several peaks measured exceeded 24,000 feet.

Another book on Tibet, Archibald John Little's *Mount Omi and Beyond*, the record of a walking tour on the Tibetan border, with his wife as companion, is more interesting to the average reader because it tells more of the people met with. Upon the whole they are not very interesting and the reverse of hospitable. The villages are poverty-stricken; the people squalid, ignorant, superstitious, and ready to annoy the "foreign devil" at every opportunity. Both of these books upon Tibet are well illustrated from photographs taken often under most discouraging conditions; the Chinaman has an idea that every camera is inhabited by a demon who will bring misfortune to the neighborhood as a whole, and in particular to the person toward whom it is pointed. It is to be hoped that travellers in Tibet get more satisfaction out of their wanderings than such books as these might lead the reader to suppose. To be lost on trackless plains for weeks at a time, half-frozen in mountain-passes, half-starved, cheated and stoned by the people they meet, seems a large price to pay for the scraps of information thus gathered.

Mexico as I Saw It, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the author of "Through Finland in Carts," a book which has had no little success, is a pleasant, gossipy account of our southern neighbor that anyone who contemplates a trip to the land of the Aztecs, especially if a woman, cannot do better than study. Mrs. Tweedie's account of the family and social life in Mexico—the love-making, church-going, housekeeping, etc.—is one of the most entertaining we have had, and would give opportunity for endless quotation did space

but permit. The book is also full of excellent photographs. Another Mexican study upon a less pretentious scale, *To the Pacific and Mexico*, by the veteran journalist, A. K. McClure, is a capital sketch made up of letters to the *Philadelphia Times*. The author wonders, as will many of his readers, that so many travellers go to Europe to find mediæval scenes and people when they can find them right at our own door. There are few peasants so superstitious as those to be found in a country where every telegraph pole has to be decorated with a cross in order to prevent the natives from cutting it down for firewood.

Two books of African travel, the *Sands of Sahara*, by Maxwell Sommerville, and *Abyssinia*, by Herbert Vivian, do not tell us much that is not already known, but are fairly interesting to the general reader, especially the last named. Both are elaborately illustrated with excellent photographs that tell quite as much as the text.

A far better written volume, although dealing with more familiar ground, is Dr. Henry Otis Dwight's *Constantinople and Its Problems*, one of the best recent sketches of life in the Sultan's capital. Upon the whole Constantinople is not so dreadful a city to live in as many travellers would have one believe. It is often the case that tourists return from the East saying that they gave a sigh of relief, as from some hidden danger, when the minarets of Stamboul faded behind them; they also found, as did Dr. Dwight, the city itself something of a whited sepulchre, a thing of beauty only when seen from a distance. Some of Dr. Dwight's stories of Turkish ignorance and conservatism are most amusing. For instance, he says that one

TO THE PACIFIC AND MEXICO. By A. K. McClure. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

SANDS OF SAHARA. By Maxwell Sommerville. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., 8vo.

ABYSSINIA. By Herbert Vivian. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS PROBLEMS. By Henry Otis Dwight. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., \$1.25.]

MOUNT OMI AND BEYOND. By Archibald John Little. Illustrated. Heinemann, 8vo, \$3.50.

MEXICO AS I SAW IT. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

night at a meeting of the members of a congregation held to welcome him, there was much talking, some music, and some complimentary addresses, which were applauded by vigorous clapping of hands. A day or two afterward he was called upon by an official with a message from the Pasha, who asked what the evening gathering had meant. The messenger said: "I know that you have some curious customs. You meet in the evening for prayer. I make no objection to that, although no other Christians do it. I know, too, that when you pray, you use a piano, and I make no objection to that, although I cannot see what a piano has to do with prayer. But it has been reported that on that evening you also had clapping of hands. The Sultan's orders are precise, to learn what that clapping of hands signified. The gathering must have been for a purpose hostile to the interests of the government, for people do not clap hands when they pray. We do not interfere with your religious freedom, with your meeting in the evening, with your praying, your singing or your piano-playing, but what was the clapping of the hands? I am bound to tell you that if it is repeated, we shall arrest every man, woman, and child who enters that house." Of course all necessary explanations were made with a grave countenance, for the affair was very grave. A similarly patient, courteous influence has to be exerted to remove the suspicions excited by the books of the missionaries. In publishing a hymn-book recently, the permit to issue the book was delayed for some weeks, while the Board of Turkish Censors had the music played over and analyzed in order to make sure that the hymn tunes were not of an heretical nature in politics. Not long ago a decorative cover was prepared for the Turkish version of Dr. Henry van Dyke's story of "The Other Wise Man." It represented a wise man gazing at the star of the east. The book-cover has been modified by the Turk-

ish censor, who cut out the star in the picture, for a star symbolizes hope, and in Turkey hope is necessarily held to have political import. In one of the books published by the mission last year, in connection with remarks on sincerity, this verse was quoted: "If a man say, 'I love God,' and hateth his brother, he is a liar." The censor erased this verse. He said it was an insult to Mohammedanism, for the text might call to mind the massacres where Turks were charged with killing their Armenian brethren, and the verse would imply that they were liars because they also claimed to love God. Dr. Dwight insisted upon his right to quote scripture for legitimate ends. Then the censor proposed a compromise. He said that the words of St. John might be made unobjectionable by a very slight modification. "Let the verse read," said he, "If a man say, 'I love God,' and hateth his sister, he is a liar." Women do not count for much in oriental countries, and are not commonly killed in massacres.

Dr. Dwight admits that some Christians, especially of the Greek type, and European civilization, have not helped the reputation of Christianity in Constantinople. A most interesting chapter is devoted to schools and school-teachers. One of the great needs is of better text-books, those in use being simply versions of European books translated or adapted without reference to oriental conditions, and, consequently, often unintelligible to the students.

Mr. Rider Haggard deserted his English farm long enough last year to make a trip through Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus, which he now describes in a pleasant volume entitled, *A Winter Pilgrimage*. Like all travellers, Mr. Haggard went to see the Jews wail at the wall of the Temple. The scene is often described as touching. He found it grotesque even to

A WINTER PILGRIMAGE IN PALESTINE, ITALY, AND CYPRUS.
By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co.,
8vo, \$4.00.

sadness. He says: "Facing the wall about a score of Jews—men and women of all ages—were engaged in 'wailing.' The women really wept with intervals for repose, but the men, as strange a collection of human beings as ever I saw, did not give way to their feelings to that extent. They rubbed their faces against the huge blocks, which occasionally they kissed, or read from the scripture, or muttered prayers. One tall, pale man attracted my particular attention. He was clad in what looked like a dirty night-gown, surmounted by a very greasy fur cap. Thrusting his nose literally into a crack in the wall, he rocked his body backward and forward, pecking at the cavity like a nut-hatch at the bark of a tree, while he repeated prayers with the utmost fervor. When we arrived he was thus employed, nor had he ceased from his devotions as we departed. Nothing disturbed him. Even when a visitor walked up, held a camera to his head as though it were a pistol, touched the button and returned, remarking, 'Got him,' he showed neither surprise nor anger. In looking at these Jews, many of whom, I am told, live upon charity, there arose

in my practical western mind the words of the old saying: 'God helps those who help themselves.' If it pleases them to say their prayers in public, by all means let them do so. But surely they might add to them other more practical attempts to recover the heritage of their race. For instance, they might persuade their wealthier brethren to buy out the Turk. There are a dozen gentlemen on the London Stock Exchange who could do this without much individual inconvenience. It is inconceivable to me that people so earnest as these poor Jews doubtless are can carry on their devotions with a mind undisturbed by such surroundings as I saw. All about the principal actors, and mixed up with them, was a motley crowd—beggars, halt, maimed, and disease-stricken. Men with tins the size of a half-gallon pot, which they shook before you, howling for baksheesh. Then to complete the picture in the background a small crowd of European and American sightseers, with their dragomen, some seated on boxes or rough benches, others standing in groups laughing, smoking, and photographing the more noteworthy characters."

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

TO YOUNG AMERICA.

In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,
Dare travel the star-blazed road, dare follow the Vision.

It breaks as a hush on the soul in the wonder of youth;
And the lyrical dream of the boy is the kingly truth.

The world is a vapor, and only the Vision is real—
Yea, nothing can hold against Hell but the Winged Ideal.

—From "*Lincoln and Other Poems*," by Edward Markham. By permission of McClure, Phillips & Co.

CHODOWIECKI

IN the annals of book illustration the name of Daniel Nicolaus Chodowiecki holds a prominent place. He was not a great artist, but he was a talented and exceedingly interesting one, whose quiet grace and facility cause one to overlook his lack of power. It is the spirit in which his etchings are executed which, together with the charming artistic qualities of the work, have caused them to preserve their interest to this day. This Prussian artist, mainly self-taught, was an acute observer of the life about him, and rendered it with a sure eye for character, good and bad, and with a faithful adherence to facts in his delineation of what he saw, with a re-

sultant realism which is apt to strike one as a little unsophisticated, or, better, injudicious. We get bald statements, but not arrangements of facts. That, undoubtedly, is why some have found most satisfaction in his simplest compositions, with least figures, such as the costume plates. The satirical vein in which he at times pictures the follies of the day (as in his contrasts of real and affected virtues) in one or two instances breaks forth into a spirit of caricature which appears like a very weak reflection of Gillray or Rowlandson. But it is generally well-tempered and subdued, though telling, and leads one to question the appropriateness



BOOK-PLATE OF THE FRENCH SEMINARY IN BERLIN.



A PLATE FROM "DON QUIXOTE."

of the epithet, "the German Hogarth," applied to him. Indeed, the comparison is probably based solely on the fact that he issued one or two series of plates in the manner of the "Rake's Progress."

His active study of the life around him is apparent in nearly all that he did, and he did much. He was a very prolific and industrious worker, whose etchings, according to Engelmann's catalogue, comprise 2,075 subjects on 978 plates. A typical illustrator, he did whatever his orders brought him, and did it honestly. He furnished title-pages and plates for a number of works, mostly by contemporaries, and attacked all manner of subjects. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Bürger, Lichtenberg, Hölty, Wieland, Kotzebue, Pestalozzi, Gellert, Gessner, Lavater, the Dane Johannes Ewald, Buffon, Rousseau,

Voltaire, Le Sage, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Mackenzie, Smollett, Richardson, Sterne, and others furnished subjects for his pencil. But he was at his best when engaged on books by authors of his own day and land who dealt with contemporary life. Calendars and annuals were embellished by him with plates that represented marriage customs, costumes, head-dresses, hobbies, natural and affected actions, occupations of ladies.

He illustrated history and depicted sacred subjects, among the latter an ambitious "Supper at Emmaus." A forerunner of Menzel, he glorified the martial deeds of Brandenburg and pictured the life of Frederick the Great. He did a "dance of death," satirized the follies of fashion, executed characteristic portraits and some allegories, made several copies of Rembrandt, signed a few book-plates, designed titles for almanacs, depicted types of amateurs—as the "book-lover," the "print-lover," etc.—pictured the tradesman of his day, etched a series of "fools," and noted the nature of military punishments. The inventiveness of the man, the remarkable play of his fancy, is shown by the marginal sketches in many of his works—ideas jotted down as they occurred to him, and usually intimately connected with the subject in hand, modifications or amplifications of some details of the plate on which he happened to be engaged. His seriousness is always undoubted, and if his drawing at times fails of a desired result, we must ascribe it in part to his lack of training. Be it added, too, that his faults are more apparent in his larger works than in the small etchings, on which his fame is really founded.

Born in Dantzic, October 16, 1726, he received his first instruction in art from his father. Even while continuing the business after his father's death, to meet his mother's wishes, he found time to practise the art he loved, working in the



BERLIN COSTUMES.



"TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM."

evening until sleep overpowered him, and slyly studying types even in church. After his marriage, in 1755, he began to paint miniatures, and then to etch. In time he attracted the attention of the king, and did some work in portraiture in oils. But soon the publishers claimed him, orders coming from abroad even. Finally he was well driven by these book-sellers, and his industry was heavily taxed. Often did he work until two in the morning, and then go to bed with his clothes on, in order to be ready for work on awakening. His life was simple and temperate, and he was always willing to help others. He died in 1801. Jacoby issued a catalogue of his works in Berlin in 1808, Engelmann's was published in 1857 (additions and emendations, 1860), and is the authoritative one.

The general public in New York has had practically no opportunity to study



BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

[From Sprengel's "Geschichte der Revolution von Nord-Amerika."]

Chodowiecki's work until quite recently, when Mr. S. P. Avery, finding that the William Horatio Crawford collection (Lakelands, Cork) was for sale, acquired it, and presented it to the New York Public Library for its print department. The collection comprises about 1,600 pieces, mounted and bound in thirty-three volumes, and offers an excellent view of Chodowiecki's activity.

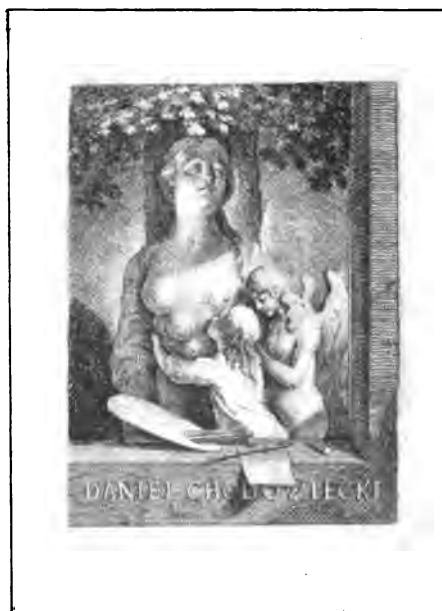
He had a decided influence in his day, and his popularity was shown by the frequency with which his name appeared under book illustrations, bringing to mind the productive versatility of Doré or our own Darley, who was once so much in demand here. A proof of his fame—and not the pleasantest one to him during his life nor to collectors of his works after his

death—is found in the frequent appearance of copies or spurious states of his etchings.

Within the limits imposed by his methods and his capabilities, he often achieved remarkable results, and his unobtrusive grace and delicacy of line help one to overlook his limitations as a draughtsman. Chodowiecki was a real artist of the thumb-nail type—always taking notes. Even when he visited his mother at Dantzig, in 1773, riding on horseback, as was his wont, he kept a pictorial diary of his trip, which was subsequently pub-

lished in 108 plates. His work constitutes an epitome of the life of his time, and has distinct value as a contribution to social history. For while he did everything as well as he knew how, he was most successful in delineating the life he saw about him. The vices and virtues, both great and small, of his fellow-men, their characteristics in thought, actions, posture, and dress, all were noted by him with an appreciative eye. It is this quality that endears him to us. He enlists our human sympathies because he meets them with an honest, loving understanding.

Frank Weitenkampf.



THE ARTIST'S BOOK-PLATE.

THE MUSIC-LITERATURE OF 1901

THE first year of the twentieth century has marked a notable advance in the quality and variety of the literature devoted to the art of music. Never before has there been such a keen and intelligent demand on the part of the public for really worthy books on the various phases of the subject, and, happily, never has there been such an abundant supply of satisfactory and adequate material to meet this demand. The culture and taste of the public in such matters is steadily growing, and it calls for scholarship and literary skill of a high order. In the notices of books which follow, the aim has been to speak mainly of those which are of real importance and excellence rather than to enumerate, for the sake of completeness, a large number of minor interest and merit.

MADAME MARCHESI ON SINGING.

A few years ago, Madame Mathilde Marchesi, of Paris, the famous singing-teacher who has been the instructor of so many renowned American primadonnas, wrote a very entertaining volume of reminiscences under the title of *Marchesi and Music*. She has recently followed this with a book of somewhat different character, *Ten Singing Lessons*. This is not, as might be inferred from its title, a systematic book of instruction, but rather an extremely readable summing-up of the author's unique experience in voice culture, in the course of which she chats pleasantly to her imaginary pupils on a wide range of subjects which are of great interest to singers, and gives many practical suggestions and directions which the intelligent student will find invaluable. The book, in fact, is fascinating even to the general reader,

as the personality of the author is a very strong and original one, although disfigured somewhat by a very pronounced egotism. Her marked success as a teacher may, however, be some excuse for this, and it is to be noted in her favor that one of her most noted pupils, Madame Melba, speaks of her with the greatest enthusiasm and affection. The reader cannot fail to be impressed with the thought that Madame Marchesi's views on singing must be of uncommon value, when he reflects that a teacher, like any other aspirant for honors, is judged by the results achieved, and finds the answer in her case in the long line of illustrious songstresses, Gerster, Eames, Melba, Calve, and others who owe their remarkable triumphs largely to her inspiration and training.

MR. MEES'S CHOIRS AND CHORAL MUSIC.

Mr. Arthur Mees, the well-known conductor of the Mendelssohn Club of New York, published during the year a monograph on *Choirs and Choral Music*, the first independent study of this branch of music, which, though of marked importance, has, singularly enough, been largely neglected by musical historians and critics. It is not a manual for the professional, but for the amateur; and its comprehensive scope is shown by the fact that it traces the beginnings and development of chorus singing from the earliest times, shows the origin and constitutions of choirs, and recounts the incidents of their varied activities, depicts the history of the most important choral forms, describes their essential characteristics, and gives particulars about the first and other notable performances of the best known of them. Mr. Mees tells his

story in a straightforward, direct style, which imparts the largest amount of information in the fewest possible words. His study of historical sources has evidently been careful, judicious, and thorough, and the results of his researches constitute an authoritative compend on the subject which will be of service to many students and amateurs. It may also be noted that a chapter in the book which should possess a distinctive attraction for all American lovers of choral music, is one devoted to choral culture in the United States, which gives many details about the founding and early history of our singing societies.

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

The American public has often been sadly lacking in appreciation of native musicians and composers, and has shown a strange indifference to their merits and achievements. Too often has the glamour of a foreign name and personality overshadowed the claims of American artists equally deserving of praise. But in some cases our own countrymen have attained the distinction they have earned, and an example of this is the success of Mr. William Mason, whose recent volume, *Memories of a Musical Life*, may be said to be the most noteworthy biography of an American musician which has appeared in a long time. For many years Mr. Mason has stood at the head of his profession in this country, in the department of pianoforte instruction (and as a composer for the piano), and has devoted his eminent talents to training a large number of our best-known pianists. As the son of the famous Lowell Mason, the author from his earliest infancy has been familiar with the most important musical people and events, both in this country and Europe, and therefore speaks out of a unique and varied experience. Such a man's im-

pressions and reminiscences of the famous personages of the music-world are of exceptional importance, and told as they are, in an unaffected, modest, and manly fashion, they hold the reader's attention from beginning to end without a break. His graphic accounts of his personal relations with Liszt (of whom he was a pupil), Wagner, Raff, Rubinstein, Brahms, Joachim, not to speak of many other noted composers, whom he met on the most familiar terms, abound with the most delightful descriptions and anecdotes, such as could be narrated only by one who knew the artists at close range and who could characterize them with intimate knowledge and understanding.

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC.

An event of marked significance in the sphere of musical scholarship is the announcement of the *Oxford History of Music*, an exhaustive treatment of the art published under the auspices of the University of Oxford and to be completed in six thick octavo volumes. The editor is Mr. W. H. Hadow, favorably known by his "Studies in Modern Music" as one of the most catholic and discriminating of English music-critics. This work is constructed on an entirely different plan from previous music-histories, in that it discards the biographical methods in general use and deals with the art itself, rather than with the artist. The first volume of the series recently issued is by Professor H. E. Wooldridge, of Oxford University, and is a monument of patient and accurate research. It deals with the first part of the Polyphonic Period, or the method of musical art, A.D. 330-1330, a field about which little has been known, and still less written. Mr. Wooldridge covers the subject with a wealth of technical details and illustrations that are well-nigh bewildering. Nearly two hun-

dred pages are devoted to reproductions of specimens of Discant or measured music, showing clearly the gradual evolution of the science. It is safe to say that this great series, when completed, will be the final word on the history of music on its scientific side, and will be an invaluable reference work.

STUDIES IN MUSIC BY ROBIN GREY.

An uncommon and striking volume of critical essays on music is found in *Studies in Music*, a series of papers by the leading music-critics of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and England. It is rarely that such a weighty and brilliant collection of papers has been comprised within the covers of a single volume. The subjects discussed are, to a great extent, of marked interest at the present time, and each topic is handled with the skill and confidence of an expert. Philipp Spitta (the celebrated German biographer of Bach) has contributed an illuminating and sympathetic analysis of the life-work of Johannes Brahms, which so great an authority as Herr Joachim has pronounced to be "the soundest criticism that has yet appeared on that master's compositions." C. M. Widor, a well-known French writer, has a thoughtful paper on John Sebastian Bach and the Organ. Another French critic, Guy de Ropartz, has contributed a sketch of the life and works of Cesar Franck, whose works are coming more and more into prominence. The burning question of Wagner's theories and music appears in three or four chapters, including a characteristically glowing interpretation of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," from the pen of Gabriel d'Annunzio, the famous Italian novelist; an æsthetic and stimulating comparison between the art of Rembrandt and the art of Wagner, by Hugues Imbert; and a powerful presentation of the fascinating theme of the

Conception of Love in Wagner, by Claude Phillips.

HENDERSON'S LIFE OF WAGNER.

The literature devoted to Wagner is already so formidable that he is a bold man who ventures to add to its bulk. A new writer on this subject must prove his right to be heard, by a fresh and original contribution to the problem of the great master's life and works. Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known critic of the *New York Times*, has, however, met this requirement in his new book, *Richard Wagner, His Life and His Dramas*, which he styles a biographical study of the man and an explanation of his work. Mr. Henderson has told the story of Wagner's life, given the history of each of his great works, examined its literary sources, has shown how Wagner utilized them, surveyed the musical plan of each drama, and set forth the meaning and purpose of its principal ideas. All this is done with an enthusiasm, a thoroughness, and a fidelity which are worthy of high praise. Though his treatment of Wagner's works may be deemed by some too uniformly eulogistic and lacking in critical discrimination, it must be remembered that the author frankly admits that the work is not intended to be critical, but expository.

In the biographical part he speaks with commendable frankness of Wagner's faults and defects as a man, and his handling of his character in this respect is in refreshing contrast with the numerous biographers who have been so dazzled by his genius that they have pictured him as a demi-god. Original and most valuable features of Mr. Henderson's books are full and accurate records of nearly all the first performances of Wagner's operas in Europe, and also in this country, giving the casts and other interesting particulars.

Frank H. Marling.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

MANY books of importance have been held over by the publishers until the coming spring season, for the booksellers have complained of being very much overstocked. The ingenuity with which publishers are launching new books shows the intense competition and the difficulties of the trade. One cannot fail to notice the immensely improved form of newspaper advertisements, the pioneer of which in this country was undoubtedly Mr. John Lane, who has had the (questionable) honor of having been very closely imitated. *Literature* declares that one firm runs a good deal of its business upon the following lines: It secures a popular novelist, offers him so much for his next book, and then forms a little syndicate in the city to share expenses. It is long since plays were run by syndicates (for other reasons than those of mere lucre), but one is surprised to hear that the book trade has fallen into the same condition. In the region of ingenuity one has to include all the improvements in *format*, and especially in reprinting of classics on India paper. Thus, the new edition of Dickens occupies in cubic space 348 inches against the 2,693 inches of the Gadshill edition on which it is based, and it weighs ten pounds as against the sixty of the older edition. Thin papers are the rage of the time, but some publishers do not understand the art of selecting a flexible binding to match, for with stiff covers there is always a risk that the first leaves will be dog-eared if one carelessly closes the book.

The coming coronation is sure to produce a great mass of cognate literature. The Constables have already issued a big book on coronation ceremonies, and they have now completed an expensive work on the Stall Plates of the Knights of the Order of the Garter at St. George's Chapel,

Windsor. Mr. W. H. Wilkins will be represented by an illustrated biography of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, issued in serial form by the Hutchinsons, who have found this form of publication a paying method. Mr. Wilkins has already proved himself a most readable chronicler of royalty, his latest production being the life of poor Queen Caroline, which he wrote for the Longmans. His sketch of Sophia Dorothea, the consort of George I., published last year, showed that after some excursions into other forms of literature, he had found his proper *métier*. As I have stated before in these columns, it will be a long time before we get a really illuminating history of either Queen Victoria or King Edward, for nothing is more remarkable than the complete reticence which all the people who have come into direct contact with them have maintained. Now and again a stray story gets into print, but a really personal narrative is an impossibility, probably for the simple reason that no one person could cover the entire survey.

Dr. Joseph Wright promises us the whole of the six volumes of his "English Dialect Dictionary" before the end of 1905. Four of the volumes have been printed. A fifth, taking us through the letters R and S, is in the press; while the sixth will finish the alphabet and contain a comprehensive comparative grammar. When completed, the Dictionary will contain over 100,000 words, with about half a million quotations and references to glossaries. It has taken hundreds of people, in all parts of the United Kingdom, over half a century to collect material for the dictionary, and over two million slips have yet to be dealt with. It should be noticed that the dictionary includes American and colonial dialect words which are still in use in Great Britain and Ireland, or which are

to be found in early printed dialect books and glossaries.

Mr. Arthur Macdonell, the professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, who has recently issued a Sanskrit grammar for beginners, represents the famous family of Lochgarry, who were near kinsmen of the better-known Macdonells of Glengarry, the family to which "Pickle the Spy" belonged. Mr. Macdonell, who is just forty-seven, began his career at Oxford as a professor of German, although he had already made his mark as a Sanskrit and Chinese scholar. He has called the house where he lives at Oxford "Lochgarry."

The re-issue by the Chambers's of their famous "Cyclopædia of English Literature," which is to be completed in three volumes, is altogether notable, for the book, which was originally produced in 1843-4, has maintained its popular character ever since, like so many publications of the house of Chambers. The editor is Dr. David Patrick, who is already known by his excellent "Encyclopædia," and by the little biographical dictionary, the best one-volume work of this kind published in this country. Dr. Patrick's father was the minister of Ochiltree, the parish from which the latest Scots novelist, "George Douglas," hails. He has gathered round him an excellent band of most scholarly coadjutors, including Mr. Lang, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Stopford Brooke. The most notable feature of Dr. Patrick's work is his sense of proportion.

Few novels by a new-comer have aroused so much interest as "The House with the Green Shutters," by "George Douglas," whose full name is George Douglas Brown. Mr. Brown, who comes from a family of farmers in Ochiltree, is one of those ambitious Scotsmen who have gone to Balliol with the Snell scholarship from the Glasgow University. For the moment the literary axis seems to have shifted from Edinburgh to Glasgow University. Another

curious thing which so far has not been noticed is that the writers from each represent totally different schools. Thus Edinburgh has given us Mr. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Crockett, all of them more or less sentimentalists; while from Glasgow we have had such stern realists as Mr. John Buchan, and Mr. Benjamin Swift, whose real name is Paterson. Mr. Brown belongs in many respects to the same school, for "The House with the Green Shutters," which has been published by Mr. Macqueen, for whom Mr. Brown is literary adviser, is an uncompromising and extremely mordant picture of life in a Scots parish. The reaction against what has been scouted as the "kail-yard" school was bound to come in the shape of a story showing the other side of the picture. As a Scotsman myself, I venture to say that neither side is quite true to life. The one is too rose-pink and the other is too black, and as Mr. Meredith has pointed out in a vivid passage, life is neither pink nor black, but a decided drab. It all depends upon your point of view. Strangely enough, Mr. Barrie himself has given us two points of view of the same subject. In "The Little Minister" as a book he approached the subject with the sincerity and with the understanding of the hearth and home, but when he turned the story into a play, he took the point of view of the man of the world, to whom the subtleties of anything so complicated as the Scots mind is only hypocritical or comic. No doubt the parishioners looked after the Little Minister's "goings-on" with the utmost rigor, but they did it entirely from the point of view of the young man's welfare, whereas their manœuvres as played before the footlights seem mean and tyrannical. In the same way Mr. Brown has made a selection of the very worst (though, I am bound to confess, some of the most characteristic) points of the dour Scot, and he has emphasized his picture by eliminating every shadow of a

smile. Still he has achieved a great success.

The Longmans have done readers of verse a very great service by publishing Adam Lindsay Gordon's striking verses, for he is interesting not only on his own account but as the very beginning of Australian literature. The lyrical quality of the Australian is altogether remarkable. Several war correspondents at the front have told us how Australian troopers, seated round the camp-fire, can repeat not only Lindsay Gordon's verses, but also long screeds on their own account; and Mr. Hales, the Australian journalist, who has since done a great deal of work in London, used to send home special articles which actually scanned like blank verse. Another Australian poet who has gone through the war, is Mr. A. B. Paterson, the author of "The Man from Snowy River," which is written in the same strain as Gordon's verse. Gordon, whose work has not had a fair chance in England, had an extraordinary career. Belonging to a younger line of a very old Scots family, he was the son of a Professor of Hindustani, and after a stormy youth, left England for South Australia at the age of 20. He began his career as a police trooper; he became in turn a horsebreaker, a member of parliament, a livery-stable keeper, and a steeplechaser of the most daring kind. His first volume appeared in 1867, when he was just 34, and he shot himself dead in 1870 as the result of the failure of a lawsuit to secure the estate of his father's family.

Nor since Froude's much-discussed biography of Carlyle appeared has any piece of literary biography created so much pain as Mr. Henley's recent references to Stevenson. The man in the street, to whom all these things are nowadays made accessible by the daily newspaper, is amused, when he is not astounded, by the extraordinary meannesses which seem to attach to men

of letters. He cannot understand the code of ethics which makes you praise a friend for a quarter of a century, and then turn upon him like a wolf at the end of it. Probably in no other community of men, except that of artistic people of any kind, is there so much mean jealousy and carping. We have had very good proof of this since the beginning of the war, for it is safe to say that no member of a military club in the West End of London has "given away" another member of that club whom he has privately censured for incompetence or for other causes, in the conduct of the campaign. Mr. Henley is not likely to be replied to with any force by any of Stevenson's friends, but his whole attitude has given deep pain, not only to the admirers of the writer of "Treasure Island," but to his own friends, for no living English writer has such out-and-out devotees as Mr. Henley himself. There can be no doubt that Stevenson has been very much overdone by a few devotees and a crowd of their imitators. But Mr. Henley was the last man in the world to indulge in the "obstreperous frankness" with which he has pilloried "R. L. S." Mr. Andrew Lang writing about "Literary Quarrels" in the *Morning Post* declares that the moral of the Henley-Stevenson squabble is for the young author "not to be too intimate, not to play the ministering child out of season, not to do anything with the angry essay or chapter, but to 'commit it to Vulcan.'"

We have had quite a new scheme of Christmas entertainment for children in the shape of the dramatization of pretty fairy-stories and tales familiar in nurseryland. Thus, in central London we have had six of these playlets as against only one pantomime, that of Drury Lane, which is a sort of national institution. We have had "Struwelpeter," Judge Parry's "Katawampus," "Gulliver's Travels," Hans Andersen's story "The Princess and the

Swineherd," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and so on. Mr. Tom Gallon, who has caught the spirit of Dickens, and has made a success of "The Man Who Knew Better," has been represented in a curtain raiser for children "The Man Who Stole the Castle."

The most notable event in playland is the production at Her Majesty's Theatre of Mr. Stephen Phillips's play "Ulysses," while Mr. George Alexander, roused by the success of "Herod," promises us "Paolo and Francesca" at the St. James's later on. A very amusing mock biography of Mr. Phillips has appeared in a lively little pamphlet called "Lives of the Lustrious":

PHILLIPS, STEPHEN, Director of Herod's [Harrod's] Stores, was born in the Foot Hills, in 1864, and educated at Sidney Colvin College, Cambridge. After serving in the irregular Foot he settled at Marlow, where his fortunes turned from bad to verse. Finding his feet in Mr. F. R. Ben-

son's Company he played the Ghost in "Hamlet" to crowded houses, until hearing from Mr. George Alexander that he had an empty pigeon-hole at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Phillips at once set to work and wrote "Paolo and Francesca" to fill it. The fame that came to him from the non-performance of this drama decided him to devote his whole time to play-writing, and he is now engaged on a drama on the subject of the Fall of Man for Mr. Tree; on the Laocoön for Mr. James Welch [brother-in-law of Mr. Le Gallienne]; on John the Baptist for Mr. Bouchier; on Democritus for Mr. Wyndham; on the Queen of Sheba for Miss Marie Tempest; on Bel and the Dragon for Drury Lane; and on Phillips of Macedon (in Alexandrines) for the St. James's Theatre. Authorities: Dowie and Marshall "On the Compression of Redundant Feet"; Benson's "Sacred Lamp."

Mr. Henry James, less fortunate in the play-house than Mr. Phillips, is described in the same publication as a "six shilling sensationalist," born "at Hangman's Gulch, Arizona."

J. M. Bulloch.

"XLII."

When, in what other life,
Where, in what old spent star,
Systems ago, dead vastitudes afar,
Were we two bird and bough, or man and wife?
Or wave and spar?
Or I the beating sea, and you the bar
On which it breaks? I know not, I!
But this, O this, my very dear, I know:
Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart;
And things I say to you now are said once more;
And, sweet, when we two part,
I feel I have seen you falter and linger so,
So hesitate, and turn, and cling—yet go,
As once in some immemorable Before,
Once on some fortunate yet thrice-blasted shore.
Was it for good?
O, those poor eyes are wet;
And yet, O, yet,
Now that we know, I would not, if I could,
Forget.

—From "Hawthorn and Lavender," by William Ernest Henley. By permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

SO much has been written, the last five years, about rare books and collecting them, that it seems trite at this late day to remark that one of the essentials to successful and discriminating collecting is the possession of full and accurate information. Even among the tools recommended there is a great difference. Some are only useful to the literary worker, while others are intended for the novice only. Therefore, when a guide to the collecting of books or the bibliography of one author appears, scientifically wrought out, it is a genuine service to the collector to call it to his attention. It would be temerity to call any bibliography complete, but within the limits set for himself, Mr. Luther S. Livingston's "Bibliography of the First Editions in Book Form of the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson," is complete. No attempt has been made to include all the variants of the editions, nor to include the ramifications of the various issues, but everything of real importance to the Tennyson collector is herein stated. It is especially rich in the descriptions of the privately printed books issued by the late Laureate. The scarcer the game the more enthusiastic is the hunter, and Lord Tennyson's rarer items are always likely to be much sought for, and the high prices they fetch are to be higher at no distant date.

The issuing in December last of "Book Prices Current," by J. H. Slater, which gives us the record in London of all books fetching £1 and over, and "American Book Prices Current," by Luther S. Livingston, recalls to mind the many items of great and unusual rarity that came up for sale during the season. In America three parts of the McKee sale, the Arnold (two parts) and the French, made it a notable season in the annals of auction sales. In London more single items fetching record-breaking prices came up for sale than remarkable libraries as a whole. As THE BOOK BUYER noticed these sales and items when they occurred, suffice it to say now that the perusal of these records is of more than usual interest. The "Introduction to American Book Prices Current" is specially interesting.

The sale of the library of Mr. Frederick S. Ellis, although occurring on November 4th, was in many ways so remarkable that the echoes have not yet died out; much interesting data being brought to light. A table showing the variations of the prices of the Kelmscott Press Publications, apropos of the sale, has been compiled and extensively circulated, which gives some interesting data, notably the following concerning the London prices of Kelmscott Press books. It must be remembered that the aggregate issue prices of a complete set, including the Froissart leaf, was £144 14s 6d. In February, 1899, Messrs. Sotheby sold a set for £431 1s 6d. In March, 1900, the same firm sold a complete set for £560 14s 6d. Curiously enough, in a very few instances the books have gone at auction for less than issued price. Blunt's "Love Lyrics," being issued at £2 2s, once selling as low as £1 8s, this regaining its price so that in the Ellis sale it fetched £11. Ruskin's "Nature of Gothic," issued at £1 10s, dropped to £1 2s, and sold in the Ellis sale for £4 12s 6d. Caxton's "Reynard the Foxe," issued at £3 3s, once dropped to £1 2s, but in 1899 regained its value by selling for £7. "Sidonia, The Sorceress," issued at £4 4s, once sold for £1 18s, but quickly regained its vitality by selling, in 1899, at £12 5s. The greatest relative increase being shown in McKail's "Biblia Innocentium," which was issued at £1 1s and rose steadily to £27. The record was beaten only twice in 1901, viz.: Morris's "Sigurd, the Volsung," on vellum, fetching the handsome price of £114, while the "Chaucer" on vellum, presentation copy, fetched £510.

An interesting feature of the sale, not commented on before in this department, was the prices given for Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's bindings before he started the Doves bindery. The bills for binding Morris's "Love is Enough," "The Story of Sigurd" and "The Dream of John Ball," were inserted in the books and aggregated £63. There seemed no hesitation in some one giving £387 for the trio. The first edition of Keats's "Endymion," bound by him, fetching £131, while Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," first edition, London, 1865, a presentation copy, realized £66. These prices show that

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's reputation as a master binder is perceptibly on the increase.

Occasionally one is led to consider the question, Do book collectors, as distinct from book lovers, read their books? Like all such questions an unqualified answer is not the right one. The sneer is often heard that book-collectors get together a lot of bric-à-brac, put them on their shelves, and never take the books down except to brag about their rarity or perchance to descant upon their outsides. Is the charge true, and must one plead guilty as charged? The question has been discussed *pro* and *con* for many years and is likely to be, while a clear definition of terms might help one to arrive at an approximate decision. What is meant by book-collectors, and what is meant by reading their books?

Such collectors as J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps have done incalculable benefit to scholar-

ship by their collections. Thomas J. Wise, an ardent and long-pursed collector of nineteenth-century authors, has cleared away much that was foggy about these men. And who shall say that those collectors who never issue more than a carefully prepared catalogue, have not added their modicum to the world's knowledge? One does note, however, with gratitude that reading is still in vogue, and that ripe, well-seasoned authors have their admirers yet, Walpole and Jesse, Pepys and Lady Montagu, Sterne, Smollett, Bacon, Shakespeare, and Lamb count their admirers by the hundreds, even if the authors of to-day count theirs by the thousands. Good old books were never in such demand, and the day is far distant when they will not be read. To be brought up with such companions is an education in itself, and to read such fine old books denotes a gratifying ripeness of taste.

Ernest Dressel North.

CORRESPONDENCE

"LADY WASHINGTON'S ENQUIRY."

To the Editor of *THE BOOK BUYER*.

Dear Sir: In *THE BOOK BUYER* for October, 1901, somebody asks for information concerning "an old song popular in time of our revolution," and quoting part of one stanza. I enclose a copy of the poem asked for, and also a copy of the letter sent—on March 15, 1821—to the editor of the paper in which it was republished. I am sorry to say the name of the author is not given—it surely is, as the sender writes of it, a most rare piece of composition.

ANNIE F. MUNNIKHUYSEN.

Bel Air, Harford County, Md.

Belle Air, Md.

To the Editor of the "Bond of Unions."

Mr. Coale: You will oblige a number of your subscribers by giving "Lady Washington's Enquiry," in the "Bond of Union." Numerous applications have been made to me for copies of it, and I thought I could not serve the applicants better than by sending it to you.

I am persuaded that anything relating to the illustrious Washington will from you receive a warm and cordial reception; and, besides, it is a rare piece of composition, and has generally been admired by persons of taste.

A WASHINGTONIAN.

March 15, 1821.

LADY WASHINGTON'S ENQUIRY.

Saw ye my hero,
Saw ye my hero,
Saw ye my lovely hero George?
I have travell'd o'er the plain,
And enquired of every swain,
But no tidings can I get of my George.

I saw not your hero,
I saw not your hero,
I saw not your mighty hero George;
But I'm told he's in the van,
Where the battle's just began,
And leads on his men to the charge.

O'er hills and o'er dales,
O'er plains and through vales,
Where the drum and the trumpet sound alarm:
Kind heaven prove my friend,
And my hero George defend,
Shield, protect, and secure him from harm.

Hark! the hoarse thunder
Shakes the earth's centre—
The groans and the clashing of arms—
Oh! ye Powers, I give ye charge
To protect my hero George,
And return him safe back to my arms.

Balls, bombs, and langrage,
Death's groans and carnage,
The hills and the valleys resound:
The fields are covered o'er
With streams of purple gore,
And the dead lie in heaps on the ground.

But now the loud huzzas,
Sound my hero's praise—
Victorious George! they proclaim;
Columbians, now prepare
My love's triumphant car,
And let fame shout my conqueror's name.

Hail, mighty hero!
Columbia's hero!
Who gave to America peace;
Long may he be renowned,
And with brilliant honors crowned
Till complete in the mansions of bliss!

CURRENT LITERATURE

A GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICA

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S book on *American Traits* may be briefly described as a critical comparison of certain typical aspects of American intellectual and social life with the corresponding aspects of German life. The aspects of American life which he has selected for comment are for the most part those aspects with which his position as professor of psychology at Harvard has made him personally familiar. Professor Münsterberg has not only lived in this country at different periods for more than six years, but he has worked here, and his work has given him an understanding of the practical operation of American educational machinery and ideas. The consequence is that his book has, for a book of that kind, some peculiar advantages. Although in form merely a series of sketches, it is, in substance, a closely reasoned attempt to estimate, on the basis of personal experience and in the light of some very definite but very Teutonic ideas, the trend and value of contemporary American society and culture.

The essential matter of Professor Münsterberg's criticism may be summed up in the statements that American society is not organized with sufficient definiteness, that the different American activities are not coördinated in the interest of any dominant and inclusive public purpose, and that the excessive individualism of temper, characteristic of Americans, results not in the production of distinctive individualities, but rather of pervasive mediocrity. These phrases have a familiar sound, but he gives them an original and searching application. Taking those institutions and pursuits with

which he is best acquainted, he tries to show that our American ideals and methods do not in these directions tend to produce efficient and satisfactory results. He tries to show, for instance, that the training offered by American preparatory schools is neither thorough nor sound; that the surroundings of American university life encourage the graduate with scholarly interests to be rather a teacher than an original investigator; that the virility of American popular culture is becoming attenuated, because intellectual matters are left by men too much in the hands of women; and that the women themselves, with all their good qualities, are endangering their essential womanhood by failing to group their interests sufficiently around their own homes. The trouble is that nothing except business is taken very seriously by the vast majority of American men; and since in business, even at its best, public interests are subordinated to private and special interests, the methods and aims peculiar to those interests have a baleful reaction upon every aspect of American public life. By "public life" Professor Münsterberg means not merely politics and statesmanship, but all varieties of representative intellectual activity—the activities which in older countries give direction, discipline, and coherence to disinterested social pursuits. Finally, he tries to show that this weakness of the centralizing and informing forces in American popular culture discourages individual development, that our individualism does not in any genuine sense individualize. The great social prizes are bestowed upon successful business men; and the ideal motives which prompt scientific, literary, and artistic work are not sufficiently strong and definite to give these interests full intensity, momentum, and power.

Professor Münsterberg's whole criticism of contemporary American social and intellectual form culminates in the assertion that the best characteristics of American social life are neither as peculiar to this country, nor as much the product of democratic institutions, as their admirers have hitherto assumed. Whatever may be thought of this contention, and the reasoning by which it is supported, there can be no doubt as to its novelty. The time-honored method of studying American society—the method of De Tocqueville, Bryce, and many other commentators—has been to study primarily American democratic ideas and institutions, and only secondarily social forms and tendencies. The more or less explicit assumption always was that social forms were practically determined by democratic ideas and institutions. Professor Münsterberg, on the other hand, takes an entirely different point of departure. He holds that in the past equalitarian ideas have not had either as much or as wholesome an influence as has been frequently assumed, and that, so far as the present is concerned, the really progressive social movement takes an entirely different direction. He believes that there is an increasing prevalence of aristocratic methods and ideas in all the typical activities of American life. What is more, by yielding to aristocratic influences, America is becoming most excellently German, and is taking on those very characters of German life which it has hitherto lacked—the characters of coherence, definite organization, and authoritative control; and on the ground that, just as we are becoming Germanized, so Germany under the influence of industrial growth is becoming Americanized, he winds up with the satisfactory statement that there is a "profound similarity between Americans and Germans," and that "they will never again forget that they belong together."

Hitherto I have confined myself merely to stating the main headings of Professor

Münsterberg's argument, because there can be no doubt that his criticisms possess a peculiar value, and deserve a more patient hearing than they are likely to get. But exceptionally valuable as his comments are, his book will not be as effective as it might be, because of an unfortunate method of presentation. His method of a running comparison between certain typical institutions and ideas of the two countries would do very well for a book on American traits published in Germany, or for a book on German traits published in America, but it serves very badly for a book on American traits published in America. It would help Americans to understand Germans, but it does not help Americans to understand themselves. An American instinctively resents the statement that his country is becoming German and aristocratic, and his resentment is not due merely to a stupid and Philistine international prejudice. Surely both of these adjectives have been ill-selected to describe the social processes which Professor Münsterberg has in mind. For, when we come to examine the new tendencies and ideas which are called "aristocratic," we discover that all the better tendencies in contemporary American life—political reform, improvement in æsthetic and intellectual standards and the like—are so characterized. But if these tendencies are aristocratic, they must, under American conditions, be aristocratic in a very different sense from the way in which they are aristocratic abroad, and in writing for Americans it is much safer to drop the word entirely. These so-called aristocratic movements unquestionably imply a social logic profoundly different from the logic of American doctrinaire democracy, but that they are in any general sense undemocratic no good American will for a moment believe; and, if they cannot be usefully called aristocratic, still less can they be called German. The ideals of American political reformers are derived

chiefly from England; the standards of American artists are derived chiefly from France, and from no place less than from renescent or modern Germany; and even our intellectual ideals fortunately possess a large French infusion. American culture is still eclectic, and will cease to be so eclectic only by becoming more American. There is no evidence of any profound—in the sense of any exceptional—similarity between Americans and Germans, and the two countries do not “belong together” as much as do the United States and England, or even the United States and France. It is to be hoped that Americans will cease to misunderstand Germany, and that they will increase their profitable exchange of ideas and products, but there is nothing either in the traditions or the tendencies of the two countries to warrant the notion of any exceptional similarity, or the hope or fear of any exceptional intimacy.

Herbert Croly.

THE CONSERVATISM OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

“IN the log cabin of the Southern mountaineer, in his household furnishings, in his homespun, his linsey, and, occasionally, in his hunting-shirt, coon-skin cap, and moccasins, one may summon up the garb and life of the pioneer; in his religion, his politics, his moral code, his folk-songs, and his superstitions, one may bridge the waters back to the old country, and through his speech one may even touch the remote past of Chaucer. For to-day he is a distinct remnant of Colonial times—a distinct relic of an Anglo-Saxon past.”

Thus Mr. John Fox, Jr., writes in *Bluegrass and Rhododendron*, a volume of essays and sketches dealing mainly with life in the mountains of Kentucky and Virginia. He goes on to say that, al-

though the Southern mountaineer had existed for a century as a type distinct from his neighbors in the lower-lying parts of Virginia, Alabama, and the States between, he was not recognized until the Civil War, when the Confederate leaders discovered that the mountain country was “a long, lean, powerful arm of the Union” outstretched between the armies of the coast and the armies of the Mississippi. A hundred thousand volunteers went from the mountains into the Union army, but when the war was over, the mountaineer returned “to his cove and his cabin, and but for the wealth of his hills and the pen of one Southern woman, the world might have forgotten him again. Charles Egbert Craddock put him into the outer world of fiction, and in recent years railroads have been linking him with the outer world of facts.”

Somewhat more recently than Miss Murfree, Mr. Fox, himself, has taken a hand at putting the mountaineer into the outer world of fiction, and he has studied his peculiarities, not only for their picturesqueness, but to decide which are survivals from old England, which date back to pioneer conditions, and which are due to animosities and propensities born of the Civil War. “Bluegrass,” stories of the open country of Kentucky, comes first in the title which the author has chosen for his book, but “Rhododendron”—the brilliant mountain flower—stands as a symbol for the larger share of its contents. The blue-grass sketches are of rabbit and fox and coon hunting. They are full of open air, the quickened pulse of horseback riding, the infectious excitement of pursuing, the wild “music” of baying hounds, and the “crying-on” of the hounds by their masters. They give pleasant bits of fact and history regarding dogs, horses, game, and the different habits of hunting in different localities; but on the whole they are

merely pleasant reading, while the mountain articles have a permanent value as far the best and most complete recent account that has been given of a strongly characterized people. Some of these articles are carefully studied essays; some are lightly touched sketches of fishing expeditions; and some, beginning with "Civilizing the Cumberland," are narratives which centre round the work undertaken by a committee of young men who successfully compelled law and order in a mining town where a "boom" had added the worst lawlessness from outside to the natural lawlessness of the mountaineers. This volunteer committee "served without pay, of course, and, in other words, it was practically a police-force of gentlemen who did the rough, every-day work of policemen, without swerving a hair's breadth from the plain line of the law."

It is a blemish on the book that these latter articles are so repetitious. In their original, disconnected, magazine publication, the conditions of the region and certain facts of local history had to be stated in each to make its special story intelligible; but on grouping them together it would have been well to eliminate, or at least to shorten, most of these explanations after those in the first article; for as they stand they are tiresome. But the experiment recorded in these four accounts is unique. By the help of the mountains, which keep "the records of human history somewhat as fossils hold the history of the earth," a bit of one of the most primitive phases of the eighteenth century had been preserved until the nineteenth century should step back and literally bring it to time.

One might pick a flaw in that admirable quotable phrase of Mr. Fox's relating to mountains and fossils, for it is the customs and speech of the people, preserved unchanged, which are like fossils, not the mountains themselves; but it

would have been more cumbersome to say, "Somewhat as fossil-bearing rocks hold the history of the earth"; and however the saying is worded, it is the text from which the book should be read. The dialect survivals are as interesting as the old, hand-hewn furniture and the belated customs, although more queer words will be used by a writer of mountain stories in one tale, so our author claims, than can be gathered from the people in a month. Yet the speech of the mountaineers, or, more broadly, the speech of the "poor whites" all through the South and the Southwest, is racy with words and usages obsolete on cultivated tongues; Mr. Fox thinks that the mountaineers use about two hundred forms of speech which date back to Chaucer; the vocabulary of a simple people is so small that less than that number of quaintnesses would season it well, and a mountain man cannot say many words without showing himself to be "his grandfather born over again," and not merely his grandfather, but, in many ways, his ancestor far removed. He is a brother to the men who spoke English when it was young, though an impoverished younger brother. He is a fossil dating back to the era between Queen Elizabeth and George Washington, but he is a fossil that carries a rifle, and is capable of developing new and unpleasant characteristics when the world jostles him out of his mould in trying to help itself from the rich mines in his mountains.

M. T. E.

BRANDER MATTHEWS'S BOOK ON LANGUAGE

IN a book discussing questions of language, one expects the philological manner: information straitly conveyed, with no attempt to furnish pleasure. Dr.

PARTS OF SPEECH: ESSAYS ON ENGLISH. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25 net.

Dryasdust has long regarded this domain as peculiarly his own. This is all the sadder because there is nothing really more dramatic than the history of words. But most language students exorcise the spirit in their hunt for the letter. All the more welcome is a contribution in this field by a veritable man-of-letters, who writes for the public, yet does not sacrifice scholarship to popular presentation. This can be taken to describe Brander Matthews's *Parts of Speech*, which embraces fourteen papers upon various aspects of speech-use written during the last ten years. The volume is thoroughly readable, sound in principle, and wholesome in its teaching. Professor Matthews has views on orthography and gives a practical illustration thereof in adopting for his essays a simplified spelling similar to that long used by the New York *Independent*. He is no radical, and sensibly in accord with the conclusions of our National Educational Association in this regard.

The first four papers deal with aspects of the English language in relation to its history and that of the folk that speak it, here and in its native isle. The author's attitude toward British speech, distinguished from American, is well known from his magazine deliverances. It is one unexpugnable so far as its position goes: that variation of habitat produces variation in speech, that such departure is legitimate, inevitable; and that, moreover, so-called Americanisms are more often than not Britishisms disguised, revived, or newly applied. It is well to say this roundly, since hosts who talk about language, and greater hosts who use it, are in profound ignorance of the fact. The only question about Professor Matthews's remarks relates to their tone; some may be offended by his slightly chip-on-the-shoulder accent, his occasional venting of honest indignation at the bland asininity he encounters. But even a

swashbuckler motion now and then may well be forgiven him under the circumstances; his argument is always able, his grasp of the subject scholarly.

The treatment of new words and old, and the naturalization of foreign words, is an extension, an interesting application of the same sound principles. Refreshing in the extreme is the chapter on Slang; it is a main comfort to find a college professor defending the new idiom so often miscalled slang; and his citations from others high in authority should convince even the most lady-like of linguistic man-milliners. Admirable, too, is the "Inquiry as to Rime," taking the entirely proper ground that eye-"rimes" are frauds, since the only true appeal is to the ear. Nor is there anything in the two papers on spelling, English and American, to offend the present critic—in fact, if criticism meant censure, this review could not in conscience be penned. The final little paper on Americanism leaves the reader, as he closes the book, with a pleasant taste of patriotism in his mouth.

While thus deeply sympathetic to the tenor of these essays and appreciative of their wit and wisdom, there is one point in which it seems to me Professor Matthews goes too far; namely, in his belief that English has happily become a grammarless tongue. He doesn't say this so emphatically as did Richard Grant White once on a time, but on the whole he likes the idea. He thinks the delicate uses of the subjunctive, for instance, are fast disappearing, and good riddance. This view has danger in it, because it is just those nice shades and fine flavors in a tongue like ours which make for style and allow our Lambs and our Stevensons to set themselves off from the crowd. Language, when handled for the purposes of literature, has other merits than that of the clear conveyance of thought. Professor Matthews would not deny this, yet

what he says in several places implies the reverse.

A volume for the general reader on a vital theme, a volume that can but please the specialist, and that is written with point, liveliness, and sanity, that is what Professor Matthews has given us. I could wish that the book might be not only on drawing-room tables, but in the hands of college students—just because it isn't a text-book.

Richard Burton.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE

MISS FREEMAN'S book is good in a dozen ways. In the first place every page attests the author's unaffected interest in the subject. What she writes is a genuine personal expression of views formed at first hand and inspired by a real personal feeling for the art about which she writes. The Introduction, "On the Enjoyment of Sculpture," is an unusually interesting piece of æsthetic analysis, and is based on the recognition of the fact, usually, perhaps, neglected, that sculpture has its own peculiarities of æsthetic, as well as technical, appeal. It is, as a topic, a live one to her—as, to take a single example, her use of the works of Phidias, Saint-Gaudens, and Rodin as illustrations of her principles show. It may indicate also that her judgments are anticipatory rather than final, and consequently that as a text-book her book might be found a shade speculative. But this is a qualification which applies mainly to the Introduction, and it is impossible to put so much personal feeling into an exposition, which is generally dry enough, without risking a difference of opinion with other judges now and then. Perhaps, too, she has been misled as to her data in one or two instances; for example, is it true as a rule

that "the modern sculptor, relying more upon his knowledge than upon the eye, builds up his figure on a wooden core by laying muscle on muscle, tendon on tendon"? In the main, however, the Introduction is an original and suggestive essay; and when the author comes to her subject proper, the particular sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, her powers of sympathetic divination, her keen and discriminating delight in the monuments of which she discourses, and it must be added, her faculty for taking a judicial as well as a catholic and interpretative view in each instance, are even more conspicuous. She is, withal, an excellent, that is to say, an interesting and entertaining writer, quite without pedantry, and pleasantly fond of stating prettily pleasurable considerations, and expressing, candidly, though lightly, together with the fact the emotion aroused by it.

The book is divided naturally into two parts, devoted respectively to the Early and the Late Renaissance. Each begins with a chapter on its characteristics, which adds much to the effect—measurably secured also by the Introduction—of critical coherence and organic unity of the volume. In the first part are considered the Pisani Della Quercia, Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and the "minor sculptors"—Benedetto da Maiano, Desiderio da Settignano, Rossellino, Mino da Fiesole, Verrocchio, and Pollajuolo. Part second discusses Andrea and Jacopo Sansovino, Giovanni da Bologna, Cellini, Michelangelo, and "Sculptors outside of Tuscany." An Appendix follows containing a "General Bibliography," which, but for a special reference to the ample Bibliography of the Blashfield-Hopkins edition of Vassari, might advantageously have been fuller, a list of "Histories of Renaissance Sculpture" and a list of the "Titles and Locations of the Principal Works of the Most Famous Sculptors." In

the last-named list space is made for the mention of Matteo Civitali and Agostino di Duccio, whose omission from the text of the volume is one that we cannot help hoping Miss Freeman will repair in a second edition. She speaks modestly indeed of "marshalling between the covers of a small book *some part* of Renaissance sculpture," and that she has been content to treat of Florentine sculpture alone practically. But even so, the inclusion of these graceful and charming artists would easily have given a somewhat needed air of greater completeness to her work without violating its self-imposed restrictions. The book is adequately and elegantly illustrated with upward of forty excellent reproductions in half-tone. It lacks, but hardly needs, perhaps, an index, as it is really an elaborate and illuminating essay rather than a manual.

W. C. Brownell.

MISS PEABODY'S "MARLOWE."

IN reading this poetic drama of Elizabethan days, filled as it is with the little company of playwrights who immediately preceded Shakespeare, one will be apt to note, first of all, the remarkable success with which Miss Peabody has reproduced the spirit of the time. This is noticeable in every act from the time the curtain rises on the capital scene at the beginning of the play, where Nashe, Lodge, Green, and Peele, are discovered at the Beehive in South London, celebrating the first production of "Faustus." The romantic interest of the play is introduced with the appearance at this festive occasion of Giles Barnby and his daughter, Alison, from Canterbury, who stop at the inn to inquire for their kinsman, Gabriel Andrew. Marlowe, who has previously joined his friends, flutters the Kentish

maiden with ready flattery, and finally touches her heart by singing the ballad:

"Come live with me, and be my love."

From this moment the consciousness of the impending tragedy may be said to be fairly awakened, and its influence inevitably keeps one's attention upon the development of the drama. The love of the country-bred girl for the poet, and the infatuation of the latter for a famous beauty of the Court, Marlowe's subsequent reverses of fortune and dismissal from the Queen's players, and Alison's marriage meanwhile with her kinsman Gabriel, prepare the way for the dramatic climax where Miss Peabody has managed to bring about Marlowe's death as the result of the tavern brawl. The hero's atheistic tendency is decided enough to supply a subsidiary interest sufficiently serious to afford many opportunities for emphasizing the heroic cast of the figure, and in many memorable lines and passages of exquisite beauty the author preserves throughout the piece a romantic conception of the personality of Marlowe which is vivid and convincing.

. What have we but our dreams?
Why, to fetch wisdom out of the Holy Book,
That hath a saying or two,—'t is such as dreams
Alone, that moths corrupt not. Actions, deeds—
Realities you call them—all are shams.
Tangible dust, true death, most real decay!
The worm can prove them real,—by eating them!
And then, where, where?

[Touching his own breast]
Is this Kit Marlowe, think you?
Bah! I am what I say and what I dream
Ay, what I dream and dream!—this fellow, here,
Is none of me.

This quotation forcibly illustrates the distinction of much of Miss Peabody's writing in this her latest and most serious work. Together with Rostand's "Cyrano," and Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," "Marlowe" will be rated among the plays that mark the beginning of our latter-day revival of the poetic drama.

F. F. S.

RECENT NOVELS

"A MODERN ANTÆUS"

NOW and again a book is written which cleaves straight through the superficial problems of existence to some question so fundamental that, according as we answer it, it proves us to belong to one type of thinkers or to another. Friends may begin to read it, supposing that their views of life are practically the same, yet, after comparing impressions at the end, find that the beliefs they hold in common have been approached from opposite sides and form the flimsiest of bridges between radically opposite standpoints. *A Modern Antæus* is such a book, and—putting its question into one bald sentence—it asks if the judgment of one man has a right to govern the decisions of another, or to attempt to influence him beyond the point where their perfect understanding of each other ceases.

It is a chronicle instead of a story with a plot, and on that account it is the harder to epitomize. What strikes a reader first is the fulness and richness of the style, which is unusual; at times involved and ponderous, its very faults come from the color and amplitude of the impressions it conveys; once in a while it is obscure, but even its lack of clearness is that of a dim light out of doors, where the world seems the larger for its vague outlines; it never has the oppressive dimness of a poorly lighted room.

After trying to give the key-note of the book in a sentence, the inadequacy of any such summing up calls for the supplement of a long quotation. Tristram Gavney, while still a child, is compared to a little wild animal, at which his gentle, invalid

mother cries out that she prays he may be neither wild nor animal, and is answered that the phrase frightens her because she divides it in two; although to be animal one needs not to be bestial, and to be wild means to be unharnessed rather than savage. To which:

"I would prefer to see even his best qualities disciplined," demurred Mrs. Gavney.

"By their own laws," the Sage asserted. "They will be; these they live by. Dew, and song, and sunlight, and cloud are all wild things untamable by man. Though you can sadden the lark's song by caging it, you cannot reshape it to your liking. Would you wish to? It is the wildness that springs eternal out of Nature's unspoiled beauty. It rose up before the Fall, and came unchanged to us out of Eden, and remains divine. There is another wildness, wanton and predatory, that comes of deformity; where creation groans you find it; in likeness to that, man becomes base. But apart from that, to be wild is not to be libertine; while to be tame can seldom mean to be free. What do you think, madam?"

Mrs. Gavney replied with an unintended touch of irony, "I think, dear Professor, that you have been talking poetry."

Tristram is the modern Antæus, a boy who can hear the throb of sap ascending in trees, who can find water with a hazel wand, who has, "but in access the gift which lies, remote or near, in all of us"—the gift of finding strength and refreshment in throwing ourselves upon the earth, in feeling the stir of a night wind under the open sky, and the touch of dew. Yet his gifts of divination, of supersensitiveness to all the moods of nature, are not so dwelt upon as to make him seem unboyish or uncanny. He is the embodiment of natural, wilful, but exceedingly fine boyhood. He spins a net of mysteries around the most simple and necessary actions; he has even a secret ritual for putting on his shoes and going downstairs; and, in his speech with his elders, he vibrates between uncalculating

frankness and obstinate refusal to explain his motives, when they are sure to be misunderstood, explained or unexplained.

With a gentle but uncomprehending mother and a still more uncomprehending and very dictatorial father, it is inevitable that Tristram should be thought "hard" while he is still a child. Misunderstanding piles on misunderstanding. Of course the boy is largely at fault, for, in the queer irony of things there is a certain kind of oversensitive nature which, sooner or later, from being regarded as the aggressor in its relations with natures less fine, is forced into a defiant and aggressive attitude. While he is still scarcely more than a boy, he is unjustly accused of dishonor; his father accepts the neighborhood rumor and assumes it as truth in speaking to him; he will not explain, and is sent to London to apply himself to business and let his shame be forgotten at home. He leaves, against his will and judgment, sacrificing every hope and plan he has ever had.

In London Antæus is lifted out of reach of his mother earth. His wild moods and all the impulses and temptations of his strongly vital youth find no such outlet as woods and fields and streams had afforded him; he meets the sin of the world and is finally defeated; once he goes home, wishing that he might stay there and win back his self-respect; but that is not permitted, and he returns to London without confidence, with such a look on his face as men have who go under fire without hope, "cold and conscious of their risk, with no shout of battle in their hearts," and the reader is given to the full the sense that it is ruthlessly unnecessary. Too late Tristram asserts himself and leaves London, but only to die at home after a year's wandering. It is a pitiful end.

Poor Tristram needed at least two sets of parents before he was through with his short sojourn in the world, and, in some degree, to make up for the lack the fates

supply Lady Petwyn, a woman so grimly conceived that one can fancy Emily Brontë's having had her hidden away somewhere out of sight in "Wuthering Heights." Lady Petwyn is a widow who refers cheerfully to the husband of her youth as "Bones," because only when she was sure that there was nothing left of him but bones could she forgive him his iniquities. While Tristram's father considers his son a hardened character, she thinks that he needs hardening, and does her best to have him introduced to worldliness and vice in London, no more dreaming that after he has sinned his heart will break than his father dreams that there is any heart left in him for such a purpose. Few people have ever met a Lady Petwyn, and the few are not to be envied, yet she is so portrayed as to convince our fortunate inexperience.

With all its strength and grasp, the book has some faintly drawn characters, some errors of judgment like that of allowing the earlier chapters to move with a little too much of that slowness and volume of detail which give body to a narrative, yet may become a drag on it; but as a whole, it is more than good; it is noteworthy, far surpassing the promise of ability made by the "Englishwoman's Love Letters."

Mary Tracy Earle.

RALPH CONNOR AND HIS SUCCESS

MANKIND is never without its "popular" authors. The *illuminati* use the adjective with just a touch of condescension, for in their eyes the popular taste and popular predilections are as many as they are bad. The Rev. E. P. Roe, who is still industriously read, was an author

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY. By Ralph Connor. F. H. Revell Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

of this kind; "Ralph Connor" is, in many ways, his successor. The secret of the popularity of writers such as these has been industriously sought; many have believed that they had solved the mystery and furnished creditable imitations, but the one touch, the very touch that brings success, has been lacking. The popular author, whatever the degree of his literary merit, is born, not made. He finds the great popular heart by instinct, not by artifice; it probably beats within him, and he sincerely gives of himself, of his best, in all his work. He must move and grow, or retreat, with his audience, if he is to hold its suffrages; and when his vogue wanes, it is often not because his work has changed, but because he has been left behind in an eddy, forsaken by the flow of the tastes and sympathies of the mass.

We coupled, a moment ago, the names of E. P. Roe and "Ralph Connor" together. It must be said in all justice that the later author is the better artist, with a firmer hand upon the pulse of life, with more discernment of the elemental virtues and shortcomings of poor human nature. It is, indeed, in these elementals and their employment that must be sought the success of "Ralph Connor," who, alone of Canadian novelists, always excepting Mr. Gilbert Parker, has made a place for himself in these United States, to the extent of some 600,000 copies sold of his three stories.

We are all near the primitive life in this country, whether it be at a distance of some 250 years in the colonial and revolutionary East, or less than a century on the old Western frontier whose fruition was Lincoln. We are older than Canada, yet at the root of the genesis and development of the two countries lie conditions which, forgotten in Europe ages ago, are still fresh in our memory, survive still potent in our blood and minds.

We talk much of the "infancy" of the

race, as if it were a period long past and ended. Somewhere in this world the race is always in its infancy, its youth, its early manhood. We are standing to-day in the place where England stood in Cromwell's time; Canada stands where we stood yesterday on the frontier. There are men still living who have seen the stone age on this continent and among the Papuans; China, like Rome before her, sees the barbarians at her gates.

Primitive life is always with us in some portion of the earth, whatever its changing outward conditions, for all things are relative; therefore it is always kept fresh in the human mind, and nowhere more potently than with us, who have within half a century advanced from the backwoods frontier to the van of the great nations of the world.

It is the life of our fathers that Ralph Connor describes in his books—the rude existence of the pioneers; and this is what gives him his vogue. Sons of Anak they were, these men of Glengarry, Scotchmen all, hewers of wood in winter and tillers of the soil in summer. Men of fierce passions and child-like impulses, living where a highly organized social system did not impose the happy medium which requires of us a measure of respect for the good of all, and permits us to work a measure of harm to others and ourselves—primitive men physically, mentally, and morally, easily swayed by emotions good and bad, but led, above all else, by a simple faith in God and religion, if only in the negative form of fear.

It is this wider meaning of his books that is unconsciously felt by Ralph Connor's readers. They see the story only; subconsciously they interpret it racially. The influence of woman in all the growth of primitive manhood lies behind the loving service of the clergyman's wife in these pages; a cycle of human experience and advance in older civilizations is epitomized

here, as in all new countries, in the growth of the young lumberman into the man of great affairs. It was—it is—a life of violent contrasts; therefore this author is forced to the use of primitive colors only. It is not bad art, it is not primitive art; it is the inevitable application of the only possible method to the subject in hand. Ralph Connor does not interpret; he chronicles. He appeals less to our judgment than to our inherited memory; and in doing so he makes us feel and see. He is, as we begun by saying, a "popular" author; and he makes for honesty, for stern Christian manhood, for all the virtues that man has tested through the ages, and found to be best for himself and his kind.

W. A.

SOME DISADVANTAGES OF DIVORCE

LET *Not Man Put Asunder* is a problem novel, delicately but strongly handled, brisk and readable, full of humor, and exceedingly dramatic. Neither a farce nor a sermon, it nevertheless bristles with divorces from end to end—one might almost say it scintillates with them.

Petrina Faneuil, the heroine, marries Henry Vassall only to be confronted with an incompatibility which, for the time, completely blinds them to their very real love. Petrina is high-strung, imperious, with sympathies so unused as to be difficult of access; absolute freedom is what she asks of the world; and she was scarcely so much in love as to marry if she had not fancied that her husband and her position as a matron would help her in asserting her own standards. But Vassall also has married to have his own way, and, against her decidedly Bohemian ideas, he pits a stern conservatism. Neither makes any effort to understand the other; he re-

proaches her; she turns cold as ice; and after a few uncomfortable months they part. In course of time, Petrina remarries, only to be thrown back upon the conviction that she and her second husband, who, like herself, is divorced, have no moral sanction for living together. They were good friends, but pretended to no love for each other, and, after marriage, the friendship which had seemed to promise comfort and fulness of their lives becomes inadequate, to the point of irony. Each is supersensitive, both to his own convictions and the feelings of the other, and their situation becomes tragic and humiliating to Petrina. Peace and restoration of the first marriage is intimated at the end of the book, after the second husband's death, but the moral is in the suffering.

So dry an outline gives no idea of the sparkling vivacity of the book. Sometimes the serious situations are a trifle over-strained, or at least their tragedy is of a kind which might pass over the heads of characters less nervously organized, but on the whole, the bitterness of broken relations is most humanly expressed, lightly veiled, but not in the least hidden by jesting talk or delightful character play, as in the exceptionally good scene where Emmy de Bohun, Petrina's sister-in-law, comes upon her own ex-husband and his suddenly acquired bride, and carries off the situation by offering—if one may so express it—to "put the bride on" to the troublesome defects in Humphrey's character. Emmy and Humphrey are well-springs of amusement all through; they are so child-like and so contaminated—so injured by the discovery that acts have consequences.

A VILLAGE LOCHINVAR.

JACK RACER may be called a bit from life passed through the alembic of a vivid and sportive fancy. If the reader

were not told it is the story of a typical Western village, he might well be pardoned for thinking the scenes were laid in some village of Maine or Massachusetts, so identical are vernacular and moral atmosphere. And such mistake would tell nothing against the story, since the villagers of *Jack Racer* are all sprung from the early native settlers of the West—without a foreigner among them—and all the world knows that New England blood, as well as New England capital, was the making of the early West. Hence, when her neighbors tell of Mrs. Campbell's "bealed jaw," and the Limecooleys and Martins indulge in such desperate profanity as "I'm blamed if I do!" or "What in time!" etc., no Easterner need sneer at such familiar expressions, for they are time-honored inheritances. And when the hero of the story remarks, "Put Pekin on a moral scent, and she'll bury her nose in the mire," every reader will realize how true that is of virtuous village communities everywhere.

Then, too, how full of suggestion to readers in a dozen States will those incidents be found which could and did set the whole population of Pekin in motion! Billy Campbell's report that Bob Walley is "drownded at Jones's Mill" sends half the population running within five minutes; one woman in her carpet slippers, another not waiting to tie up her back hair, a third with her hands still wet from the wash-tub, and a fourth clenching her iron-holder with a death-grip while she leaps the fence. On the way Miss Samantha finds breath to remark, "If I was Miss Walley, I'd put off the funeral till Sunday. Mr. Sparkins might let up on Sunday-school. Bob was a member, I s'pose."

"I don't know," gasps Mrs. Berger in reply. "Mis Walley wa'nt very conscientious in her trainin'. . . It's fort'nit

she got her new rag carpet from Nance Weaver's. You an' me, Samantha, might help he git it down for the funeral." Of course when they reach the scene of disaster the boy is found alive and covered with perspiration through his efforts to keep up with the procession in quest of his dead body. Touchingly familiar also are the incidents which create feuds among loving neighbors: "Sarah Boice loaned Jane Maybury a sample of goods that she got from Chicago, and Malvina Pryor borrowed it from Jane and took it to Sam Limecooley's store, to see if he could get her some at the same price, and Sam sent the sample to St. Louis. So when Sarah asked Jane Maybury for the sample, Jane sent to Malvina Pryor, and Malvina had to confess she gave it to Sam Limecooley, and Sam sent it to St. Louis. Now Sarah had not wanted Sam to know that she had sent, in a free and easy way, to Chicago for samples, for the Limecooleys and Boices belonged to the same class-meeting. So she upbraided Jane Maybury and reproached Malvina." Each lady left in tears, and now they don't speak.

Jack Racer is really a desultory, irreligious young fellow, with an undercurrent of honorable feelings and a brain clear enough to have fitted himself for the bar, while the Pekinites thought of him as only a chaser of mad pleasures. *Jack Racer* is a bright and clever story, and those who care to learn how Jack redeemed himself, should read it.

"A FIRST-CLASS EARL WHO KEPT HIS CARRIAGE"

TO be humble-minded, angelic, and contented, and to look like the frontispiece in *The Making of a Marchioness* may gain a woman the love of a man of fifty-four, like the Marquis of Waldenhurst, and with it a ruby "as

big as a trouser button," to quote that shrewd, worldly old person, Lady Maria Bayne. Walderhurst belongs to that amiable group of men who are "not marrying men," because they are so selfish, but who occasionally find a woman better than any they have ever known, and decide to marry as the better part of valor. They are rather dull, and cannot bear to have women "fussing about" and wanting to be made love to. When they enter a room, the women begin to frisk about and swim and languish—heaven knows why, except that such men usually have money. The law of compensation occasionally asserts itself. Emily Fox-Seton represents the type of woman to make such a man happy, and to be happy in bringing his slippers and preparing his Scotch and soda for him. Some people are born to serve, some to be served; for this reason self-sacrifice in the matter of slipper-bringing and whatnot is merely a thing of individual development, without which the individual would be uncomfortable. Not to sacrifice one's self is a sacrifice to those born with the instinct for self-abnegation. Thus, to mourn is some people's highest joy. Emily Fox-Seton's personality is not of this morbid variety, however. She is a very healthy-minded young woman who philosophically takes life as she finds it, and so far makes the best of it that she really deserves a much finer man than Walderhurst. But the beauty of it is that she does not know this. Therefore her chance for future happiness is secure. She has ideals, but they are from within herself outward, so that she magnifies the kindly enough motives of her associates into noble intentions. The book is thoroughly satisfactory, in respect of style as well as of story. The thing is neatly done and to the point. In make-up it somewhat suggests recent French books of limited edition, doubled

with vellum, tooled with gold, and having miniature portraits painted by, say, Gri-vaz. Mr. Williams's drawings give a dainty touch.

LITERARY MERINGUE

MY Lady Peggy Goes to Town is reminiscent of other days when other ladies, just like Peggy, took the coach for London Town. It is a reminiscent of a number of plays that we have all seen—of Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality," of Virginia Harned fighting a womanish duel in "Lady Ursula"—even of Rosalind, who as far back as the sixteenth century vowed she was all made of sighs and tears for no woman. Lady Peggy's extraordinary adventures are such as happen no other where than in a book. She follows her lover to town to discover if he loves Lady Diana Weston more than her, impersonating his rival so successfully as to deceive her twin brother. This is a large swallow, but once it is down, all else is easy. Like the reasoning of a sophist: only accept his major premise and the conclusion must follow. Lady Peggy encounters her flouted lover, Sir Percy De Bohun, and receives a rapier-prick, makes acquaintance of her hated rival and of Beau Brummell, who instructs his charioteer to overturn the young gallant, whom he takes of course to be a man, in order that he, Beau, may learn the new fashion of the young buck's home-made cravat; after which "My Lady is whisked off to a rout, willy-nilly, at the home of her hated rival," picks a very pretty quarrel with her, and is later "bid to Beau Brummell's levee in her night-rail." Here are suggestions of Richard Mansfield. The action is brisk, but the style would be improved by changing the historical present, which prevails throughout the book, to the past. The illustrations are good.

MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN. By Fanny Aymac Matthews. The Bowen-Merrill Co., 12.no. \$1.50.

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

MISS ESTHER SINGLETON'S extensive essay upon *The Furniture of Our Forefathers* is now complete in eight parts, which are bound up by the publishers in two very large and handsome volumes. A notice of the work was published in these pages about a year ago, on the appearance of the first three parts, and at that time due credit was given to the author for her conscientious labor in the collection of information and the transcribing of old inventories. The completed work bears out the promise of the earlier parts; Miss Singleton has been tireless in investigation, and if one were to try to lay his finger upon the weak spot in her work—an ungracious task enough, but an obvious thing to do—one would probably suggest that the book is bigger than its fund of classified and accurate information. In tracing all forms of furniture from earlier times to later, the author has accumulated a great mass of material whose details have an effect of overlapping—of repetition, though this is probably more apparent than real. If it be not unfair to compare her arrangement of her material with Mr. Luke Lockwood's arrangement of his (in his "Colonial Furniture in America," reviewed last month in *THE BOOK BUYER*), we must regret that she did not hit upon so simple a classification as he did—the classification by forms, i.e., tables, chairs, desks, etc.—by means of which Miss Singleton's wealth of material might have been made easier to study than it is in its present arrangement. Evidence is not lacking, also, that Miss Singleton has fallen into an occasional pitfall laid—probably unintentionally—by the enthusiasm of some collectors the beauty of whose furniture is more certain than its antiquity. But this accident happens every day to collectors and experts of greater experience even

than Miss Singleton, and it does not count against the interest and value of her book.

And when all the fault is found, the fact remains that *The Furniture of Our Forefathers* contains a great mass of interesting detail, prolix in places, but all contributory to the fascinating study of antique furniture. The section devoted to the work of Boulle, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, the Adams, and other famous cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century, will have a stronger appeal to many collectors of household furniture than the more archaic and clumsy work of earlier men. Miss Singleton insists that "Chippendale" is a generic name, and after examination of his books, together with contemporary testimony, she finds her impression of him to be "a carver and gilder with a considerable leaven of upholstery." She finds that, like 'Omer and Mr. Kipling and other capable men, he took what he wanted whenever he saw it in anybody's design, overloaded it with carving and *chinoiserie*s, and held it up a model of excellence, which some gentleman of means ought to order (from Chippendale) for his mansion.

The illustrations in these two sumptuous volumes are profuse and very beautiful. In too many cases the scale has not been carefully kept in mind when several pieces were reproduced, but on the whole, the pictures deserve high praise. Mr. Russell Sturgis furnishes a brief critical description of many of the plates, large and small, and the book, as a whole, is a treasury of varied information, in which the special student and the general reader may find many curious and beautiful nuggets. The publishers have printed the book very handsomely and bound it ornamentally and in good taste. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., 4to, \$20 net.)

A new edition of Mr. Edwin Atlee

Barber's *Pottery and Porcelain of the United States* comes revised and enlarged after seven years have passed since the first publication of this standard work. Mr. Barber's enthusiasm for pottery and porcelain "made in America," which found expression in the prophecy of growth for the fictile art with which he closed his first edition, has been justified, as he notes in his new preface, by the activity and gratifying progress in the ceramic art in this country during the past seven years. He has added two new chapters in the present issue of his book, one containing "Additional Historical Facts" concerning the art during the period covered in the original work, and the second on the "Development of the Art since 1893," in which, among other things, he notes the excellent quality of the wares produced at the Dedham Pottery, opened in 1896, which was an outgrowth of the earlier works at Chelsea, Mass., the distinctive work done at the Rookwood Pottery, the work done at several potteries in Trenton, N. J., and at Haddonfield, in the same State, and the exceptionally fine product of the Grueby Pottery, besides commenting upon the work turned out at a score of less important kilns in almost as many States. The new edition will be found necessary in the library of every collector of American pottery. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, \$3.50.)

The Affirmative Intellect, by Charles Ferguson, is one of those compounds of Emerson and water (*muddy water*) which pass in some quarters for profound thought. "The law of America is not static, but vital." "The sheer kinetic reasonableness of the creative intellect." One would undertake to produce hundreds of such phrases of swollen emptiness from Mr. Ferguson's slender volume. Evolution, he tells us, is "interesting," but "not yet important." What is important, we suppose, is such gnomic sayings as he scatters

through his pages, sometimes nudging the reader with Italics when they are more than usually meaningless. He has a great deal to say about life-processes and world-processes, and one now and then comes in a startled way upon some concrete word like University or Church; but what it is all about the baffled critic has to confess that he cannot make out. But this will not surprise or pain Mr. Ferguson, since he is well persuaded that "the pathos of the living universe is its inexhaustible stupidity." (Funk & Wagnalls, 12mo, \$1.50.)

The Rev. Hugh Black's *Culture and Restraint* is a sort of sermon raised to the nth power. His text is, "Thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece," and his theme is the contrast of the Hebrew ideal of self-discipline and self-repression, with the Greek ideal of self-development and self-expression. He shows a good deal of reading and reflection, and no small literary gift; yet we think that most readers who have sat out his 350 pages will have a fresh notion of what George Eliot meant when she spoke of that gentle stir of enthusiasm about a sermon which every congregation exhibits when it is at last *over*. (F. H. Revell Co.)

There is no tyranny like that of a "Series." As there had to be a series of "Modern English Writers," Tennyson could not be left out of it, and the biographical and critical monograph on him had to be ordered of some one. Who more fit for the work than that loyal Tennysonian, Mr. Andrew Lang? It is he who is responsible for *Alfred Tennyson*. He frankly serves warning that he is implicitly following the biography by Lord Tennyson. He knows some anecdotes of the poet not given in the Biography, but thinks it not desirable to publish them, since the son rejected them. What we have, therefore, is a condensed account of the main features of Tennyson's life, together with an appreciation of his

poems. Mr. Lang does the work with un-failing good-humor and wit, and with characteristic lugging in of curious lore about ghosts and witches and Scott and other subjects with which he is so saturated that he cannot help oozing when pricked. His poetical judgments are sound and skillfully defended, though his book did not call for such thoroughness of treatment as that of Professor van Dyke's critical volume on Tennyson. Toward the end, Mr. Lang's interest seemed to flag, and he ran off into a disquisition on English Jingoism which had only the remotest connection with his subject. Flagging attention, or something else, led him to repeat almost verbatim on p. 195 a sentence about great physical strength going generally with unusual mental power, which he had first set down on p. 3. His monograph is a modest and useful performance, enlivened by many a Lang quip and slyness, and as such is to be commended to those who do not possess the authoritative *Life of Tennyson*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo.)

Mr. Frederic Harrison's *George Washington, and other American Addresses* is an obvious result of his recent visit to this country. He came partly as a missionary to rouse American interest in the King Alfred millenary; and his address on that subject at Johns Hopkins, with his discourse on "The Writings of King Alfred" at Harvard, fill sixty pages. At Columbia he spoke on the Dutch Republic, and at Princeton on recent biographies of Cromwell—both favorite subjects of his, of course—so that it is only his Chicago eulogy of Washington that stands for a peculiarly American subject treated before an American audience. His hearers certainly had no reason to complain of his tribute to their national hero. It was pitched in the warmest tone and was, indeed, a little less measured at some points than the calmest American historians would make it. Mr. Harrison is al-

ways entertaining, even when most dogmatic, and this latest volume of his will be found not the least readable of his books. One smiles at encountering now and then a kind of forced reference to his continued belief in the religion of Humanity (capital H please). Matthew Arnold's rebuke for trying further to "flog that dead horse along" evidently had no lasting effect upon Mr. Harrison. But his rather perfunctory dragging in of his pious Comtist phrase has very much the air of the devout Q. E. D. with which the Bridgewater Treatises used to come to a dying fall. (The Macmillan Co., 8vo.)

The literature of the book-plate is rapidly increasing, as is evidenced by the bibliography (helpful, though not always lucid in detail) in Mr. Bowdoin's book. The text proper of the latter is a summary and slight *résumé* of the subject, quite enthusiastic, and with a proper insistence on the varied interest of this form of engraving. The ex-libris illustrates not only the art of the designer and engraver and the personality of its owner, but throws interesting side-lights on the history of humanity. Mr. Henry Blackwell's method of arranging book-plates on separate and uniform mounts and in boxes, as described here in his prefatory note, is certainly satisfactory; but in a public collection he would find the card index a necessity; and that for the very reason accentuated by Mr. Bowdoin—the various points of view that can be taken. The illustrations are numerous, and include the work of various nationalities, even Arabian. The half-tones are not too distinct, but all are useful as memoranda, and the full-page E. D. French plates are well done.

The use of India paper in several reprints of the classics is a notable feature of this season's publications. The "New Century Library," announced by Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons, includes the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott,

each novel complete in a small 18mo volume not thicker than an ordinary magazine, yet containing from 550 to 1,000 pages. The type is clear and the general result almost incredibly good. Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons publish an edition of George Eliot in this same form, called the "Warwick Edition," and the slim volumes in thin soft leather covers have all the elements of popularity.

Dare a writer in these serious pages descend to the vernacular and say that *Four Footed Folk* (R. H. Russell), by Raymond Fuller Ayers, "gets there with both feet" two times? By this complicated euphemism the reader should infer that the book is a good one, and is worth attention. Consider, now, the story of how Mr. Weasel came to pop, for instance. The "pop" was not a putting of the question, by the way, but a detonation! He inadvertently swallowed some dynamite, and when he was tapped on the back—why, he just exploded, naturally enough! Whereupon old Squire Cow remarked, sapiently, "Pop, goes the weasel!" Archæologically, the explanation is not tenable. The weasel had been popping for a long time before dynamite was discovered, but the explanation is a good one. So are all the other explanations of hidden things that are made; as, the reason why the elephant fears the mouse, why Mr. Tiger has stripes on his back, and other solutions of a number of very interesting and hitherto unsolved zoological problems. The pictures are sketchy, but rather attractive, and Mr. Ayres resolves his enigmas better than Kipling has done in stories which attempt the same task.

Two more good books for young readers must have a word. *The Little Lady, Her Book* (Altemus) is a story for girls by Albert Bigelow Paine, while *Two of the Best* (Dutton) is a story for boys by Dorothy Quigley. The title of

the latter might appropriately be applied descriptively to both in this connection. Each book is pleasant reading. Mr. Paine tells a lot of the most delightful stories of people, real and unreal, to a certain little lady he knows of, and he tells of the quaint doings of the little lady herself as well. "The Big Man" of the book—is it Mr. Paine, one wonders?—was a delightful fellow, and little ladies—and little men, too—all over the land will be glad to make his acquaintance. He told such wonderful stories, and with the aid of the "Little Woman" managed to make the little lady have the jolliest kind of a time. Youthful readers can share in these pleasures, and Mabel Humphrey's illustrations will show just how the trio looked. Somebody else has made pictures for the book, somebody who is described as "others" on the title page, and some of them are as good as the Humphrey pictures.

The boys' story commences in the way in which most boys' books began some thirty years back, with a run away to sea! Such escapades have become infrequent in our latter-day juvenile literature, and we therefore welcome their return once in a while. Probably there are certain times in our lives when we meet even the solitary horseman of G. P. R. James with considerable joy. This is a story of a good little boy who was sometimes bad, and a bad little boy who was sometimes good. They get shipwrecked, lost in Death Valley, and pass through all sorts of adventures, grave and gay. One of them finally became a great musician, the other an heroic soldier. The good little boy managed to maintain his standard of goodness at last, and the bad little boy finally lost his sporadic badness; until, by the aid of a beneficent professor, who loved them both, and who was chock full of appropriate Scriptural quotations, they both turned out beautifully in the end. Lots of fun in this book, and most children will enjoy it.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

620.—Will you give me as complete a bibliography as you can of Thomas Hardy's works?
M. S. C.

"Colored Brick and Terra-Cotta Architecture" (1863); "Desperate Remedies" (1871); "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872); "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873); "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874); "The Hand of Ethelberta" (1876); "The Return of the Native" (1878); "The Trumpet Major" (1880); "A Laodicean" (1881); "Two on a Tower" (1882); "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (1886); "The Woodlanders" (1887); "Wessex Tales" (1888); "A Group of Noble Dames" (1891); "The Well-Beloved" (1892); "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1892); "The Three Wayfarers," a play (1893); "Life's Little Ironies" (1894); "Jude the Obscure" (1895); and "Wessex Poems" (1898).

621.—I would be glad to hear of any old or unfamiliar nonsense verses—not Limericks or modern newspaper verses, but specimens of real nonsense.
C. W.

We have to begin by confessing that we do not know what "Limericks" are—neither does the Standard Dictionary. Nor can we know which specimens are unfamiliar to our correspondent. But at the risk of offering something that is familiar we quote the most delicious bit of pure nonsense that has found a place in our memory. It is entitled "A Ballad of Bedlam," and appeared anonymously many years ago:

"O Lady wake!—the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday."

"The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While through the murmur of the light
The huntman winds his mad guitar.
Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free:
Till the creation I am thine—
To some rich desert fly with me."

622.—Can any reader give the name of the author of a novel, published in England in the early part of the nineteenth century, entitled "Maids of Honor," the scene of which is in the time of George I., the story dealing with the intrigues of the Hanoverian court?
D. K. R.

623.—Ruskin closes the eloquent passage at the end of his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" with this sentence: "The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." What does he mean?
E. C.

We understand it as a figurative way of saying that civilization is not a modern affair, but began ages ago.

624.—Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," Chapter XLIV., says: "The Monroe Doctrine, which, by the way, was the invention of George Canning and not of President Monroe," etc. Can any reader tell me where in Canning's works I can find a confirmation of this statement?
C. L.

We doubt if you can find it in his speeches (published in 1828) or in his life by Stapleton (1831), either of which it might be difficult to obtain in this country. But there is a satisfactory explanation of it in McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," Vol. V., page 44, which corroborates McCarthy.

625.—I have read somewhere the story of a poor Russian official stationed, with a meagre salary, in one of the provinces. His income is only sufficient to give him the barest necessities of life, and through years of hardship and poverty he slowly accumulates enough money to feel that he can afford the purchase of a new coat, which, when he has barely come to realize the ownership, is stolen from him, and the disappointment kills him. I think the title is "The New Coat." Can you give the title and the author?
C. C. S.

626.—(1) The title-page of Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium; or, The Rule of Conscience in All Her General Measures" (London, 1660, folio), calls for four books. Only two are in the volume. Did he ever publish books three and four?

(2) Is "John Gower" in "The Cow-Ragious Castle-Combat, lately begun in a strong Vapour, and ended in a desperate Duell, by Ja. Fencer and William Wrastler" (London, 1645, 4to), a pen-name? If so, whose?

O. R.

627.—Who wrote the following lines, and what is the title of the volume, and also the publisher? I think the title is "Retrospect," "Circumstance," or "If," by Paul Haviland:

"If I had known—bah! there it is,
What does it matter now?
Let this pressed spray of Clematis
Again remind me how—
But, never mind! It's gone and past.
What does it matter now?"

C. R. H.

628.—Can any reader tell me from what poem this stanza is taken?

"The water bubbles o'er the gravel,—
It laughs a moment, and is gone;
It would be still if it were stone;
But ripples know enough to travel."

C. D.

629.—Has attention ever been called to the fact that Longfellow never used any rhythms but the iambic and trochaic, nor Tennyson either, except in "Maud"? Considering that Byron, Moore, Holmes, and other poets have used the three-syllable rhythms with beautiful effect, this seems singular. Perhaps some critic accounts for it.

J. L.

Longfellow's little poem "Curfew" is an exception.

ANSWERS.

619.—(3) The poem inquired for is published anonymously in Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries."

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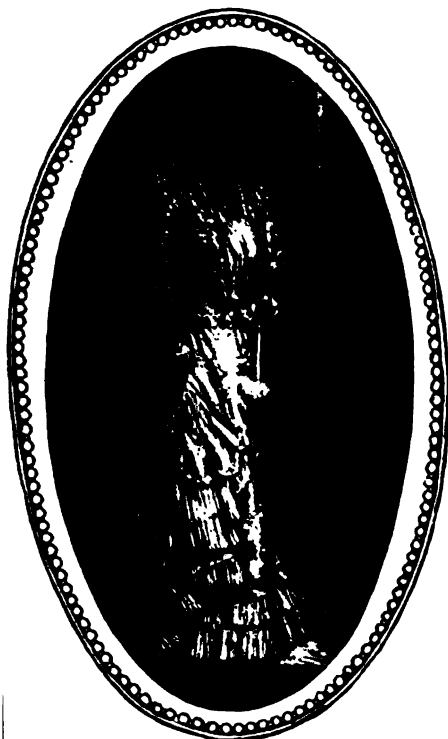
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Robert Bridges.

From a photograph by
James B. Carrington.
THE BOOK BUYER,
March, 1902.

THE BOOK BUYER

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

THE RAMBLER

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, has collected a number of his poems in a volume just issued by the Scribners called "Bramble Brae," after one of the poems which celebrates a certain brambly hillside. Since "Overheard in Arcady" and "Suppressed Chapters," published several years ago, this book is the first which Mr. Bridges has given us. Besides some verses which have appeared in various magazines, it includes many pieces not heretofore published. In one of the divisions of his volume are grouped poems written on the fly-leaves of books, one of which, from a copy of Herrick, we take pleasure in printing below. We do not recall any recent collection of occasional verses of this sort, and the novelty of the idea is quite characteristic of Mr. Bridges's work throughout the book. Mr. Oliver Herford has drawn a capital cover design. Here is the poem written

IN A VOLUME OF HERRICK

DEAR old worldling gone astray,
You would rather sing than pray;
While you wore the preacher's gown
How you longed for London Town!
When your head ached, then, alack!
You, repentant, gave up sack!

Old and worn you ruthlessly
Bade farewell to poesy;
Full, you never cared for food,
Sated, you were always good.
Julia's beauties you rehearse,
Sing her charms in wanton verse,
But to make poor Julia thine
Not one pleasure you'd resign.
Flattering, you tried to please;
Generous, you loved your ease!
Dear old Herrick, you're a Man
Built upon the human plan;
To the world your fame belongs
For the beauty of your songs—
Glorious poet—not a saint—
Lyric splendor without taint!



Mr. Bridges's book is only one among the considerable number of volumes of poetry which have lately forced themselves up through that frosty soil of inattentiveness to the poet which has come to be an accepted condition in the literary world. "More poets yet!" wrote Mr. Dobson some twenty years ago, and the deprecating tone was the same—or even less courteous—when the "Poems of Two Brothers" appeared. Still the poet persists, and whether his fancy be bred in the heart or in the head, he commands a pretty large audience even in such a noisy workshop



EMERSON HOUGH.

as the world has now become, provided only that he has something to say. A mere enumeration of new books of poetry makes a long paragraph—Mr. Phillips's "Ulysses," Miss Peabody's "Marlowe," Mr. Santayana's "A Hermit of Carmel," Mr. Stedman's "Mater Coronata," Mr. Henley's "Hawthorn and Lavender," Mr. Hardy's "Poems of the Past and Present," Dr. Mitchell's "Poems," Mr. Gilder's "Poems and Inscriptions," Miss Branch's "The Heart of the Road," Miss Dickinson's "The Cathedral," Mrs. Meynell's "Later Poems," and Mr. Meredith's "A Reading of Life," besides the lighter muse of Mr. Charles Henry Webb in "With Lead and Line," and of Mr. Owen Seaman's "Horace at Cambridge," and the at present uncollected but none the less definite and tangible offerings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Not one of these books but contains genuine poetry, full of thought and fancy and beauty, the fruit of the

poet's mind. Not all of it is inevitable, and perhaps comparatively little of it contains the seeds of eternal life, but in every book there is something which the world may be glad to read and better for reading. The dramatic poetry of Mr. Phillips and Miss Peabody has won ample, if discriminating, praise; Mr. Henley's poetry differs from Mr. Hardy's as bright spring blossoms from gray trunks and frosted leaves, and we are fortunate to have both; Mrs. Meynell and Miss Dickinson can each read her title clear to her own niche. And of Mr. Meredith's poetry a writer in the *Atlantic* says: "If the last year, which has witnessed the publication of so many interesting books, had given us nothing else, it would be memorable for having produced 'A Reading of Life.' There is beauty in it from beginning to end, and, in the main, spontaneity; the reader is never in doubt that he is listening to a born poet, to whom thought and word are very nearly the same thing. . . . Nothing so strong and pure and deeply harmonious has been done since the greater Victorians stopped singing."



Mr. Benjamin Kidd's new book, "Principles of Western Civilization," will be published at once by the Macmillan Company, to whom we are indebted for the new portrait of the author. Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" made so distinct an impression, some years ago, that his new work will be received with genuine interest. A review will appear in the April BOOK BUYER.



Those who like a picturesque character in authors would delight in Emerson Hough. Outwardly a conventional city man, with an epicurean appreciation of a fine dinner, in reality he is a child of the plains and woods, loving the primitive life



Very truly yours
Burj Ki aa.



MRS. HUGH FRASER.

with his whole heart and reverting to it whenever he can get a chance. His home, in Chicago, is hung with such a collection of heads and skins of the wild creatures of prairie and forest as one could scarcely see elsewhere outside of a museum. What he does not know about roving, outdoor life in our great northwest of America, and in the southwest, too, for that matter, and up and down the length of the Mississippi, is hardly worth knowing. Readers of his new book, therefore, shortly to be issued by the Bowen-Merrill Company, may expect treats in the way of description as he follows John Law, his hero, through the American wilderness. Mr. Hough has been intensely interested in the career of John Law for a great many years, and those who have read his manuscript think that this careful student has made a distinct addition to the story of early America.

A bull-terrier belonging to Mrs. Richard Harding Davis is the hero in real life of Mr. Davis's story of "The Bar Sinis-

ter," in the March *Scribner's*. His kennel name also is "Kid," but to dog experts he is better known as "Edgewood Cold Steel," the winner of many cups and first prizes in this country and Canada. The same scandal which pursued the dog in Mr. Davis's story followed "Edgewood Cold Steel" from Canada, and furnished Mr. Davis with the plot for "The Bar Sinister."

We are glad to be able to give an excellent portrait of Mrs. Wharton from a new photograph by Mr. A. F. Bradley.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, of London, author of the admirable "Letters from Japan," published in England as "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," is in New York for the winter. She is accompanied by her son, Mr. John Fraser, whose first novel, "Death, the Showman," has come out in England. Mrs. Fraser's latest novel, "Marna's Mutiny," a story of European life among the Japanese, is another fruit of her residence in Tokio during the lifetime of her husband, who was English Ambassador to Japan, and who was mainly instrumental in the matter of treaty revision. Mrs.



"THE KID."



MRS. EDITH WHARTON.



RUFUS CHOATE.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



AUBREY DE VERE.



BIONDI.



SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE: ACT I., CLAY'S BUNGALOW.

Fraser has many family connections in America. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is her aunt and she is a sister of Mr. F. Marion Crawford.

Mr. Davis's story "Soldiers of Fortune" has been dramatized by Mr. Augustus Thomas, and had its first (and highly successful) production at New Haven on February 19. The photograph shows Clay's bungalow, in the first act, at the mines, with Reggie King's yacht at anchor near the ore pier.

A movement to place a memorial of the late R. D. Blackmore in Exeter Cathedral is on foot in England. Mr. R. B. Marston, for thirty years an intimate friend of Mr. Blackmore, is managing the work, and will receive subscriptions at his address, St. Dunston's House, Fetter Lane, London, and public acknowledgement of all subscriptions will be made in the *Publishers' Circular*.

We reprint a sonnet by the late Mr. Blackmore's old friend, Mr. Arthur Munby, which appeared lately in the *Athenaeum*. We have seen no finer tribute to the author of "Lorna Doone":

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

DIED JANUARY 20, 1900.

A strong, calm, steadfast, single-hearted soul,
Sincere as Truth, and tender like a maid,
He lived as one whom nothing could persuade
From reticence and manly self-control.
Insight, and humor, and the rhythmic roll
Of antique lore, his fertile fancies sway'd,
And with their various eloquence array'd
His sterling English, pure and clean and whole.

Fair Nature mourns him now, as well she may
So apt a pupil and so close a friend;
But what of us, who through his lifelong day
Knew him at home, and loved him to the end?
One thing we know: that Love's transcendent
name
Is link'd with his, and with his honor'd fame.

A writer in the January number of *THE BOOK BUYER*, speaking of the new edition of Boswell's "Johnson," issued by Messrs. Arnold Constable, of London, called attention to the unusual smallness of the type, and ventured to ask for a



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Drawn from life by C. D. Gibson. From "The Rough Riders."]

little better inducement to attack this monument of appreciation.

Messrs. McClure, Philips & Co. send us a new Dent edition of this classic, edited by Arnold Glover, of the Inner Temple, and the work contains a topographical essay by way of introduction contributed by Mr. Austin Dobson, who took great

interest in the enterprise, and kindly gave his assistance in the choice of illustrations. The pictures are by Mr. Herbert Railton, and are valuable as a record of the fast-disappearing land-marks of Johnson and his time. The edition comes in three octavo volumes, and is printed throughout in a clear, open-faced type.

LOCAL AND NATIONAL TYPES IN FICTION

THE swing of the pendulum seems to be as inevitable an occurrence in literature as it is in life; people are sure to weary of one-sided pictures of any life after a certain supply has been furnished them. Since the advent into letters of Messrs. Barrie, Maclaren, Crockett, and some others, the world has indeed had a prodigious supply of idealized Scottish life. It would hardly be fair to include the lamented Robert Louis Stevenson in the Scottish group, for, though greatest of all, he was much more than a Scottish writer. The protest first found vent in the sobriquet "Kailyard Literature," and the swing of the pendulum to the other side has since been but a question of time in the mind of the reader used to seeing changes in literary fashions. Still, even the prophetic critic was hardly prepared for such a book as "The House of the Green Shutters," lately launched by George Douglas. The notices which the book called forth sufficiently attest this. No reader could or did escape its power, but it was power of quality one felt chary of commenting upon in a freehand manner. It was impossible to accept it as a picture of normal Scottish life, and equally impossible to fail of discerning in it the sterner family features often met with—however enlarged and distorted these features might be. On the face of it one recognized the protest of a Scotchman against the national glorification of national canniness, thrift, pride of purse, a grimly narrow theology, unneighborly hardness, the common indulgence in strong drink, and the dark, mystic superstitions no less common to Scotland than to any other spot on the habitable globe.

That the story was a sort of challenge from the author thrown out against the over-idealization of his race by other au-

thors, there can hardly be a doubt, and that he has courage is beyond question. Then, too, one of the first impressions of a critic on reading it was wonderment as to its history while getting into print; for of a surety it was not the sort of work in which the average publisher would be likely to discover the germs of a popularity which would run it into limitless sales. But since it has come to light that its author was the literary adviser of the house which published it the question is simplified. It would not be surprising if the book had the effect of setting other pens in motion, with the result that we would have other pictures of really modern Scotch men and women who, when all is told, may prove neither better nor worse than their fellow-creatures of other lands.

But there are other people besides the Scotch who seem to suffer loss in delineation through unwritten laws of tradition. Let the average reader take up a story dealing with Irish life, and if it is not mainly and ostensibly funny he appears to have little interest in it, because fun is the dominant characteristic he associates with Irish human nature. No doubt the stage Irishman is largely responsible for this. No doubt, too, the traditions of Samuel Lover and Charles Lever still rule the popular conception of Irish character; although the every-day expression of that character has been so greatly modified since these two authors wrote. In their time penal laws, or the effect of them, were still active. The Irish peasant could scarcely find an avenue of expression that was not indictable except fun. Fun, therefore, became his safety-valve. He developed a faculty for recasting even his daily tragedies in the mould of fun and sending them forth in

this form. Commenting upon this national peculiarity Lover himself, in one of his stories depicting a man who was hanged through mistake of the "peeler" who arrested him, and the circumstances of whose exit created a joke, remarks, "Ireland is the only country under Heaven where such a d—nable tragedy could raise a laugh."

All this, however, has been changed, and the best modern writers are in touch with the change. Jane Barlow, for example, gives us charming etchings of Irish life, pastoral and pathetic, with scarcely a farcical touch in them. She shows us the intense pride—a pride amounting at times to tragic pain—which seems almost the mainspring of the self-respecting Irish peasant's soul; and this, mingled with the innate sense of social courtesy and that *finesse* which enables them to suffer rather than reveal their poverty even to neighbors, forms the groundwork for many of her tales. Shan Bullock gives us pastorals in similarly subtle though totally different vein. That very clever writer, May Laffan, whose pen has too long been silent, achieved life-pictures touched with both wit and drollery, though bearing little or no resemblance to those of the older writers above named, and most unlike the stage Irishman. Yet despite these and several other writers of the modern Celtic school—so called—there is a world of Irish life observable to any keen eye which remains untouched by fiction, and a large part of that life is in America. If one were to pitch upon its dominant note it might perhaps be called a note of sadness warmed with mirth. It is the note which dominates Irish poetry as well as Irish music, and a people's poetry—when it has distinctive quality—is always the keynote of the people's soul. A similar quality tinges the poetry of the Scotch Highlander. Taine, Renan, Le-

gouve, and other Frenchmen find **this** same note of melancholia, mingled **with** exaltation of feeling and vague heroic longings, dominate the life and literature of Brittany. A strange, elusive quality, but unmistakable to the ear attuned to catch it.

But turning from peoples of foreign land or birthright, do we find that the people of our own land who disclose the most marked characteristics are really depicted in fiction as we know them in life to-day? Who, for example, gives us the real New Englander, soul and body, as we know him to exist? To be sure the newspapers remind us almost every day that Miss Wilkins is his exponent. Yet the reiteration fails to satisfy many who have been bred and born and nurtured in the life and thought of that section of the land. Such a reader may readily enough admit that Miss Wilkins gives the surface features, the form and outer semblance of the New England now passed away—except in remote crannies and sections—the New England that existed in its crotchety queerness half a century or more ago, when the expanding Puritan spirit was breaking its chrysalis and trying to let itself loose. That New England whose most typical votaries haunted Concord in the hope of getting a personal peep into Emerson's soul after they learned that in him a new prophet had arisen; that motley group of people whom Hawthorne drew from personal observation and embalmed in print, after his own sardonic fashion, in a preface to one of his books. But even of that period Miss Wilkins gives us not one full vibration from the struggling Puritan soul. From her writings we fail to catch the waft of that mystic, spiritual consciousness which lay beneath, and even caused the projection of those odd mental twists and turns which expressed themselves in religious fads, in grotesque

clothing, or in hobbies concerning certain kinds of food. Miss Wilkins touches off some of these queernesses, and she does it with the hand of an artist; yet she never affords us a look deep down into the soul beneath the things she pillories on her pen. Hence she is really better appreciated in other sections of the land than in New England.

Miss Jewett goes deeper and with more sympathetic touch, but she always gives the impression of limiting herself, as if fearing to "let herself go." It is as if idealic touch and insight both were purposely confined to playing about the homely, human every-day things of life. And among these one sometimes wonders whether Miss Jewett doesn't discover more poetry than is warranted by the facts. Take as a fair illustration a little story called "The Queen's Twin," wherein a back-country State of Maine woman, who happened to be born on the same day as Queen Victoria, and who married a man named Albert, whose widow she became, spent the decline of her life in a sort of enchanted dream over the likeness of her own soul history to that of the Queen. Now, nobody knowing the average New England woman will be likely to doubt her capacity for forming some sort of religion out of any sort of soul experience she may have had. Yet, it is equally certain that whoever knows the attitude of the average Maine Yankee toward British royalty and aristocracy may be pardoned for marvelling a bit over the peculiar mental attitude of the Queen's Twin.

Still, it is just because Miss Jewett's fancy plays with such sympathetic effect about such trifles as this, that one is led to wish she sometimes struck deeper. If, for instance, she saw fit to portray a warped soul such as Miss Wilkins essayed in her "Jane Field," what odd lights and shadows might she not discover in the

depths of Jane's consciousness?—for Jane, though a sinner, was a "believer," and a Puritan. In such the crust may be hard and the conduct crooked, sordid, and mean, but pierce the soul and you will find strange, mystic gropings.

Once in a while some new writer seems to clinch his teeth and say to himself, "I'll give the real thing as it exists to-day." Sidney McCall—whoever that clever writer may be—makes a brave dash at doing this in "Truth Dexter." But Orchid Wiley impresses us rather as a woman translated from elsewhere into the "Hub," and who had taken in large doses of Boston through the head and pores, than one to the manner born. Still another more recent novel, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," has in it even less of the local and inherited traits so readily recognized by the initiated. Petrina Faneuil—inspirationally local name!—lacks the ring of the real metal. The author has caught admirably her physical cast of features; there is the surface coldness, the individual poise and self-sufficiency, but the moral attitude is awry. The religious independence, an heirloom to Petrina from her mother, is not at all of the ancient local brand that existed among the people of that lady's social caste; for within that caste, however odd or *bizarre* the cult adopted might be, the conformity to outward standards of established morality and respectability was not overstepped, much more flung to the winds in the manner essayed by Petrina, leaving herself socially stranded. If there is any one trait noticeably strong in the well-placed Boston woman it is her ability to let her mind play with hospitable freedom among strange cults and odd theories while keeping her feet firmly planted on safe ground. The whole story is constructed as if by the hand of a clever on-looker at a social puzzle, to which he had never obtained the key.

Mary Twombly.

FORGOTTEN NATURE STUDIES

NOT long ago I was prowling among the dusty book-shelves of an old library when I happened upon two faded brown volumes tucked away by themselves in a dark corner. They were just alike, and reminded me of two plain brown birds huddled in the cold twilight quite close and still on a hidden limb. When the morning sunshine hunted them out I knew that the birds would awake and chirp and trill, and perhaps, if they had it in them, break into a blithe song. Full of the conceit, I clambered down with my untried pets, and, finding a low easy chair, curled up in front of the open wood-fire. I quite expected I should be sung to; my dull brown book-birds had been resting for a long season in their dim retreat. I opened at a modest little preface, and found this for a key-note:

"Thoughts as they Occur, by one who keeps his Eyes and Ears open." That was full of promise, and I glanced across another page marked "Contents," where were written such trills and chirps as these:

"Weeds in Pictures." "How to Wake in the Morning." "Snow Power." "Are Birds worth their Keeping?" "Country Stillness and Woodchucks." "Joys and Sorrows of Eggs." "Consulting an Echo." "Chimney-Swallows." "Asking Advice, and Oxen." "Winter Beauty." "The Dandelion and I." "Dry Fishing." "Apple-Trees in Love." "Driving Fast Horses Fast." "Fence-Corners." "Fairy Music." "The Pumpkin Family; its Relatives and Rivals."

These and as many more! The afternoon wore away, the old clock in the chimney-corner ticked in a sleepy monotone, and I forgot the fancy of sun and bird, and knew only that I had found something sweet and fresh and joyous for my book-worn soul.

You can name on your one hand the

writers who have put their hearts into "Nature Essays"; you read Burroughs and Muir and Thoreau until you know the men, through long association with their books; it is good for you—you are never weary; but to find another such soul in this unexpected way, one who has caught and fixed the impressions or moods or musings of the moment—to find one more of this select circle pushed away in a dull corner and forgotten—this is akin to the joy one must feel at discovering a hidden forest or a primeval wood filled with flowers and ferns and dappled sunshine! Let my brown songsters pipe for themselves:

. . . "But we have discovered a new method of waking early. Perched upon our green hill-slope beyond Peekskill, we have found it difficult to sleep after about four o'clock of summer mornings. For a countless multitude of birds, in all the trees and shrubbery, aim their notes at us with such sweet archery that we are pierced through and through with the silver arrows of music."

"On this same green hill-slope beyond Peekskill, there is a single very choice cherry-tree. . . . The present season I determined if possible to get a taste of my cherries, and when they began to ripen, I placed a scarecrow in the tree. But the birds soon became acquainted with the scarecrow, and stole the fruit unterrified. I watched hours with stones, but they soon learned the uncertainty of my aim, and stood fire unmoved. . . . To this day I have never tasted a fully ripe cherry from my favorite tree. I am a friend of the birds, whether they waken me early in the morning or not, but with my present experience, I have no other alternative but to denounce them—in cherry-time. . . ."

"But why should I demand that birds should be any more perfect than anything else in the world? Let me state the case. Although birds undertake to furnish you with the most admirable amusement, and with music such as no orchestra could be hired to give, they do not charge you a penny for their services. You never have to wake them. You have no care of their toilet. You are asked to provide nothing for their breakfast, nothing for dinner, nothing for supper.

They draw on you for no linen for their beds, and no space for tenement room. They come to you early in spring; they stay with you till the red leaves grow brown; and even then they leave a rear-guard to watch the winter, and every bright day till after January is sentinelled with some faithful, simple bird on duty. . . . In good sooth, men are the beneficiaries and birds are the benefactors!

"There is the robin, one of our sweetest summer singers. This universal favorite has a variety of songs. All are sweet, but one rises far above the rest. At evening, the sun gone down, the crows returned from pasture, the landscape radiant in its salient points, but growing solemn underneath, then, as you sit musing in your door, you shall hear from a tree a little distant, a continuous calling song, full of sweet importunity, mingled with sadness. It is the call for its absent mate. Sometimes it rolls and gurgles for but a moment, when a shadow flits through the air, a sudden flash of leaves, and the song stops—two birds glide out upon the sky and fly to their home. But at another time the bird's grief is your gain. No coming mate shortens his song. . . . And so, though the twilight falls, and the evening grows darker, the song calls on, pausing only to change the manner, throwing in here and there coaxing notes and staccato exclamations of impatience, but going back soon to the gushing, pining, yearning home-call.

"Take all my cherries, if you want them, O singer! You pay me in one single song for all that you can eat in a summer, and leave me still in your debt. For there is no such thing as *paying* for that which touches your heart, raises your imagination, wings your fancy, and carries you up by inspired thoughts, above the level of selfish life. The heart only can pay the heart for good service. As to cherries, I'll take my chance when my betters are served."

At one time we are introduced to those alluring bits of carelessness suggested by Fence-Corners, "the belt around the edges":

"In this little forest you shall find often the fairest flowers. Here the golden-rod multiplies its root and sends up its golden-branched tops in graceful profusion. Asters compete with it. The raspberry curls over in exquisite lines. And the creeping blackberry yields the most beautiful festoons of white blossoms, mixed with exquisite leaves, that you shall find in the whole world. Here, too, bindweed, ironweed, unsociable thistles, an occasional hawthorn, tufts of grass like a stack

of spears, convolvulus, gold-thread, and I know not how many other graceful or graceless things, tower, or twine, or creep.

"It is the aviary, too, of the farm. Sparrows love the weedy thicket, birds hunt in it, build in it, and find it both larder and nursery. Nor are they the only inmates. It is the very Jerusalem of insects. All nimble worms creep about in it. Long-legged spiders meditate profound metaphysics there, and express themselves clearly in cobwebs, and for amusement eat each other up. Crickets in their season abound. Every stone has under it a colony. Mice squeak in their little galleries. Squirrels dance along the top, or move in and out of the chinks in the wall. And all manner of things seem to feel that here in this neglected place, where no law rules, no plough comes, no sickle, but only nature rules, there is for them a city of refuge, a dwelling of liberty! . . ."

Again the mood changes. We are swept off for a ride, and such a wild one! No fence-corner dreams now; for—

"let the horses be well-groomed—well-harnessed. Let the wagon be thoroughly looked to—no screw loose, no flaw, just ready to betray us. Mount. I am by your side. The whip is not needed. Yet let it stand in its place, the graceful hint of authority in reserve, which is always wholesome to men and horses.

"Now get out of town cautiously. No speed here. But, once having shaken off the crowd, I give you a look, and disappear in a wild excitement, as if all the trees were crazy and had started off in a race, as if the fences were chalk-lines, as if the earth and skies were commingled, and everything were wildly mixed in a supernatural excitement, neither of earth nor of the skies!

"The wind has risen since we started. These are not tears of sorrow. But really this going like a rocket is new to every sense. Do not laugh if I clutch the seat more firmly. I am not afraid. It is only excitement. You may be used to this bird's business of flying. But don't draw the rein. I am getting calm. . . . See that play of muscle! Splendid machinery was put into these horses. Twenty horse-power at least in each! And how they enjoy it! No forcing here. They do it to please themselves, and thank you for the chance! Look at that head. Those ears speak like tongues. The eyes flash with eagerness and will! Is it three miles? Impossible! It is not more than half a mile!

"Well, draw up. Let me get off now, and see these brave creatures. What! not enough yet?

No painful puffing, no throbbing of flanks. They step nervously, and champ the bit, and lean to your caresses, as if they said: 'All this we have done to please *you*; now just let us go on to please ourselves!''

Later in our book we come across a letter:

"MY DEAR SIR:" [it begins] "I write to say that circumstances make it impossible for me to send you an article this week, and to ask you to excuse me. The fact is, that I am so busy with both eyes and ears that I have no time to write.

"In the first place, the birds make so much noise that I can hear nothing else—except the wind in the trees, the occasional lowing of cows, the crowing of a few oratorical roosters in the distance, and now and then the laughter of the men at work in the fields. This occupies my ears to a degree that unfits them for anything else.

"And, as for my eyes, it is even worse. The hills in this neighborhood are arranged in such a manner that one's eyes are perpetually diverted from sober reading to look at their graceful, green slopes, their endlessly varied lines, their waving grain. Then the distant highlands draw off my attention to their endless diversities. Carved to every curve, their sides are scarped and grooved, ploughed and furrowed, until the whole view is a piece of gigantic engineering—not by art and device of man's hand, but by the patience of slow-working Nature. Clouds have done what no edge of iron or steel in the hands of a million workmen could have done. For these floating engineers, with the soft touch of liquid drops sent down upon the mountain-side, have hollowed out valleys, and cut the hills into every form of simple or fantastic beauty. No lever can move such rocks as a frozen bubble displaces. No tool can chisel upon such a scale as do edgeless showers. And centuries sit brooding plans of change, and behold, here are their works! . . ."

The pages devoted to autumn, winter, and spring are so beautiful that it is impossible to be contented with extracts. Yet these words will be a plea for more:

"It is nothing to dwellers in cities that we heard a robin for the first time yesterday morning, or that a bluebird sang over against the house. Some new prima donna exhausts their admiration. They are yet studying laces, and do

not care for the fringe of swamps, for the first catkins of the willow. They are still coveting the stores of precious stones at the jewellers, and do not care for my ruby buds, and red dogwood, and scarlet winterberries, and ground-pine and partridge-berry leaves.

"There is one sight of the country at about this time of the year—the first of March—that few have seen, or else they have passed it by as if it were not worthy of record. I mean the drapery of rocks in the gorges, or along precipitous sides of hills or mountains. The seams of rock are the outlets of springs. The water trickling through is seized by the frost, and held in white enchantment. Every day adds to the length of the ice-drapery. And as the surface is overlaid by new issuings, it is furred and fretted with silver-white chasings the most exquisite. Thus one may find a succession, in a single gorge, of extraordinary ice-curtains, and pendent draperies, of varying lengths, of every fantastic form, of colors varying by thickness, or by the tinge of earth or rock shining through them.

"In my boyhood, I used to wander along these fairy halls, imagining them to be now altars in long white draperies; now grand cathedral pillars of white marble; then long tapestries chased in white, with arabesques and crinkled vines and leaves. . . . They were, and still are, among the most delightful of winter exhibitions to those who are wise enough to search out the hidden beauties of winter in the country."

And so on, through the two brown volumes. But it grows late; twilight has fallen, and my fire is low. So while there is yet light enough turn with me to the title-pages and read:

EYES AND EARS. Boston, 1862.

STAR PAPERS. New York, 1855.

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

To-morrow holds for *me* further delightful promise. In the possession of my two books I am favored above my kind; for these dear, unexpected friends are only to be found in old libraries; they have been forgotten; they are out of print!

Margaret Fenn Robinson.



From Harper's Magazine.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

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ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

THE career, as an artist, of Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, of Philadelphia, is brief only because of the brevity of her years. She has handled the tools of the illustrator by instinct, but she is the product of hard work; and if her experience is short, as practice goes, it is short because her life has not passed out of its ardor and freshness. She knows a good deal that the plodder misses, just from intuition; but she has packed into her girlhood all that it would hold of knowledge and observation and craftsmanship, and in the days that some of us call salad and disown, she has used the midnight oil — perhaps I might venture to say as a dressing.

Her earliest instruction, which paved the way for what has followed, gave it poise and direction, and taught her how to use her resources, was gained in the Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, those busy comrade-making, emulous schools so en-

deared to every student who has ever felt their fascination, so full of noble traditions that reach back to the Augustan stages of American art. Here she found friends of like intent who have kept pace with her into the less rosy world without; and, beyond all, found a teacher on whose fine sense of balance and taste, and whose thoroughgoing interest in art and student alike, whose democratic impartiality and lovable bluntness have made him the lifelong friend of almost every learner who has come under his modest sway. This was Thomas P. Anshutz, still in the ripeness of maturity as a teacher and winning the artistic allegiance of newer candidates. The base he builds will serve for almost any style of superstructure. It is a frank and genuine knowledge of drawing and a love of those relics of antiquity which students treat irreverently enough, but which underlie all their best results.

At the Pennsylvania Academy Miss



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THE SUN DIAL.

Green spent three years; one in the Antique classes; two in the Life—this was eight or ten years ago. She then attended the lectures on illustration given by Howard Pyle, and after this took a six weeks' trip abroad. This was a slender enough experience upon which to begin the business of art, but it has been my observation that a Meisterschaft method is quite as effective here as in language. The best way to become deft with your tongue is to use it. The best way to be expert with mind and brush is to use them. Hence, Miss Green has made unusual advances by constantly employing what she knew to enable her to know more. She took up the drudgery of illustration for advertisers in *Strawbridge & Clothier's Monthly* and in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the art grew with what it fed on. Presently she was illustrating for the body of these periodicals, and after a while she had children's poems and stories to do. There was no accident, nothing unusual happened; she simply did what came to her and did her best; and to the discouraged student who wants to begin building from the chimney downward to the foundation I commend this quiet and earnest career as a lesson and an example worth heeding.

Nowadays one cannot pick up *Harper's* or *St. Nicholas* or the *Saturday Evening Post* without becoming attracted by drawings that give some of the freshest and most captivating views of the common-places of life. Things that have been drawn and redrawn in the old way until they are "as dreary as real life" take on a charm which must have inhered in them always, but which failed to rise to the more jaded conceptions of older brushes. The young lady of social inclinations who, in spite of talented treatment, *does* look a bit like her ancestor of the old Godey fashion-plate, here becomes a living personage; not but that a living personage



From "Harper's Magazine."

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AN ILLUSTRATION AND DECORATIVE BORDER BY MISS GREEN.

might be commonplace enough, yet there is in this new treatment a style and a per-



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.

ception of the picturesque in commonplace which gives one a fillip and makes a brighter world. It is the outcome of several new impulses; and in Miss Green it has taken on one of its significant phases.

Perhaps it is due to the tendency which makes nowadays for decoration; perhaps to the traditions of the Pennsylvania Academy and the symbolic methods of teaching composition which still prevail there under Henry Thouron; perhaps to the influences of Mr. Pyle, himself a creation of the same decorative bent, or perhaps it is to all these share and share alike that Miss Green owes her individuality. But she feels, I know, that the instinct for

line which she got from the earlier essays in pen and ink has controlled and advanced her development, and that what refreshes and renews the half-tone reproductions of her drawings, gives them unaccustomed angles of vision and unusual aspects, is this feeling for the beauty of line showing through the denser masses.

The principal illustrations Miss Green has thus far executed are those for "An Old Country House," "Fairy Tales," by Carmen Silva, "The Tree-top Library," and "Amabel and Amoris," which has just appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. She has many, many more under way; indeed, she



From "The Saturday Evening Post." Copyright, 1900, by the Curtis Publishing Co.

"HE TOOK THE LETTER."

speaks with some weariness of the demands made upon her time by eager pub-

lishers, but she rather likes the pressure, I venture to think, as all busy people do; and I trust her excellent health and un-

flagging industry will give us endlessly new evidences of her striking gifts.

Harrison S. Morris.



From "The Saturday Evening Post." Copyright, 1900, by the Curtis Publishing Co.

"HOW THE SPRING CAME TO PIERROT."

CORRESPONDENCE

CURIOSITIES OF BOOK-SALES

To the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER.

Dear Sir: One of our American periodicals publishes each month an enumeration of the best-selling new books in many of our cities. This certainly is interesting, but I should be more interested in a compilation of figures that I think would have a more permanent significance. I wish someone would obtain and compile similar statistics concerning the sales of American books that are not exactly new. It might be well to take those that have been published from two to five years. So many circumstances affect the sale of a new book that its immediate circulation is but a very imperfect test of its value. It may sell largely because its author is much before the public as an office-holder or lecturer, or because it is supposed to teach something which in truth it does not teach; or it may fail to sell at once because its theme is misunderstood, or its style novel. Examples are numerous.

There was once a very popular preacher who wrote many books, and for every one there was a large demand on the day of publication. But most of them passed out of print while he was still living, and I doubt if a single one of them is now kept in stock by any book-store. Not many years ago appeared a book which the laboring classes and the tenement-house population bought so eagerly as to run the sale into the hundreds of thousands, because they thought it showed how an equal distribution of all property might be brought about. Now it appears to be dead. Helper's "Impending Crisis" attained a sale of 140,000 copies, forty years ago, which was as great an achievement as half a million would be to-day. That was because of its bearing on burning political questions and the fact that it was systematically attacked in Congress. Now you can occasionally find a stray copy of it in a second-hand

shop. Tourgee's "Fool's Errand," twenty years later, reached about the same circulation. For purposes of comparison, this and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would seem to be closely analogous. But while the "Fool's Errand" has almost, if not quite, gone out of circulation, Mrs. Stowe's great novel, thirty years older, still sells largely in several editions and at many libraries is called for more frequently than any other book. Mrs. Stephens's "Fashion and Famine" was the best selling novel of its day, and three translations of it were published in France. But to-day it is difficult to find a copy of it anywhere except in the lumber-room of a public library. Another example may be seen in the sudden popularity and subsequent deadness of "Robert Elsmere," the author of which is still writing successful books. Were it not that it might seem like telling tales out of school, something could be said of certain books that have begun life with a phenomenal sale, which has stopped suddenly and unaccountably, as if at some mysterious signal.

For the reverse of the picture, the most notable example is afforded by "Ben Hur." This book had no sale worth mentioning for a year after its publication, and was considered dead. Now it is said to have attained a circulation surpassing that of any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Someone might prepare a curious and entertaining article on three classes of books in light literature: 1. Those that have had an immediate large sale, and have then gone to oblivion. 2. Those that have had no sale at first, but afterward have met with large success. 3. Those that have been popular at the start and never have lost their popularity. The first class would be the largest. Probably the second class would be the smallest. Two that would shine in the third are the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" and "Reveries of a Bachelor."

R. J.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN GHOST

THERE is a curious distinction to be drawn between the modern ghost in life and in literature. The literary ghost accommodates itself to the requirements of the age; but the ghost in social intercourse remains unchanged. Take the earliest instances on record of supernatural appearances and you will find the same unsubstantial forms and lamenting voices, the same inability to forsake scenes of past violence and crime as may be discovered in any collection of modern records of the ghost, such, for instance, as the autobiography of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare. But it is not so in literature. The student of the literary ghost will find in its history a gradual development, although the law of this development may not always hold good for the ghost-story in art is not a thing that has been easily come by in any generation. There is but one step between the jocose familiar and the awe-inspiring in supernatural literature; and a very slight touch of imagination will turn a thrill into a jest. Human nature cannot be terrified by the same stage property for any extended period of time; and the domination of brimstone is likely to become in a few years Charles Kingsley's thunder-box. There are, of course, shining exceptions; but the power of such imaginary scenes lies in the fact that the ghostly appearance has been united with no ordinary appeal to the heart of human nature; by a poignant reminder of the fact that these apparitions have been what men are now, and that the living at any moment may pass across that boundary. The real power of the ghost-story lies in the fact that we are ignorant of so much that must lie before us. We cannot be certain that when daylight is past someone we know may not be in the dark. When we read in Homer how the

Shades were driven away from the stream of blood till Ulysses could hear news of his distant home no living being can fail to recognize that inextinguishable claim that comes from being kindred.

The world has not yet outgrown the feeling of the dark any more than it can better the story of the Witch of Endor, which, whether it is considered as history or literature, maintains its position in the realm of the supernatural to this day: the frightened woman—"An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle,"—and the king, at the end of his little magnificent scope, lying all along upon the ground after the last word had been spoken, because he had no expedient left.

Beginning with the treatment of the devil in the miracle-plays, which was a kind of whistling in the dark to keep up the spirits of our sorely tried ancestors, we find the element of comedy in the supernatural. The miracle-play devil was apparently the predecessor of the modern clown in the circus. But the essence of the real ghost-story is not humorous. The Middle Ages could afford to treat the "Auld Ane" humorously, they had so many things to frighten them; we think we have so few, comparatively speaking, that it has produced a more economical treatment of the uncanny amongst our writers, with the possible exception of Miss Marie Corelli, who may not have meant to present Satan humorously, but who has not altogether failed in doing so. Mr. Stockton seems to own at present the humorous, quasi benevolent ghost, with an occasional "look-in" from Miss Carolyn Wells; but it is "a far cry" from belaboring the devil with a stick on a stage set up under the sky to the surreptitious presentation of pies in the dark. Such exploitations, however, are *tours de force*;

they tickle the intellect, but they do not appeal to the inner fortress of man's being: it is the inner fortress only that the real ghost story is bent on storming.

It would be extremely useful to the present comparison if we could know what impression Shakespeare's ghosts made on an Elizabethan audience. Were they chilled with that sense of the presence of something fatal which ought to accompany the presentment of a visionary being, or were they only aware of how vital the ghost was to Hamlet or to Cæsar, all admiring but not trembling, wrapt but not panic-stricken, as we are to-day? Certainly the witches in Macbeth afford the most humorous delight now to the exploring youngster who hunts out scene after scene to repeat their scarcely polite exhortations, leaving by choice the rest of the play unread.

As might be expected, ghosts were not popular in the late seventeenth, or in any part of eighteenth-century literature. It might be worth while for someone who is interested in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy to look up Bacon's attitude toward the supernatural; but the whole fabric of that discussion is impervious to proof on the one side and the other. Dryden and Pope could find no use for ghosts other than merely intellectual superstructures; nor could any of these gay dramatists (using the adjective in the sense of Mr. Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex") whose works no really proper person is supposed to have read. Ghosts came in again with the romantic revival; but during this period they are too picturesque to be terrifying to a present-day audience, whatever they were to the squires and ladies who read "The Mystery of Udolpho." We cannot help sympathizing with Miss Austen, who, with malice of forethought, laid a washing bill with emendations written in red ink in the secret hiding-place which the amiable young

heroine of Northanger Abbey was so certain of finding. Scott's ghosts are all romantic; but one can find few better things than romance when it is associated with genius. The figure of Claverhouse in "Wandering Willie's Tale," sitting at the nameless banquet with his hand over the place where the silver bullet had gone in has not yet been dimmed by time. Stevenson chose that tale from Scott as one of the finest short stories that had ever been written; and when he came to write his own of the tailor, the appearance of whose body danced on the rock surrounded by the sea while he still seemed to his neighbors to be sleeping at his work, Scott's story was not far from his mind.

The ghost romantic was followed by a return to the ghost jocular, although it is not clear that Dickens did not mean to frighten his audience as well as his miser when he brought Scrooge up to Marley's ghost in the first place. But the coat-tail buttons settled that question; no modern public could be terrified of a ghost the appearance of whose visionary buttons was of more consequence than the spirit himself.

A writer in the *Spectator* once affirmed that thousands of people would welcome any proof of the appearance of a ghost, since it would be an indubitable indication of the continuance of existence. This attitude is, perhaps, responsible for a later development of the supernatural in literature, the ghost heavenly, of whom no one has written more vividly than Mrs. Oliphant. Her account of a visitation of spirits to a town in France, which is to be found in "A Beleaguered City," is supposed by good authorities to be her strongest bid for immortality. The very tremor of anxious souls presses out from the book; but sweetly, as if an angel had sobbed. Those who have a liking for good ghosts, the ghost in high places, cannot do better than read Mrs. Oliphant's

"Stories of the Unseen"; and after making the acquaintance of "A Little Pilgrim," no one of discernment could think poorly of the spiritual insight of a generation that produced an author who could imagine such a country and people who found a keen degree of satisfaction in reading of it.

It is evident that as the modern ghost in literature develops it becomes more subtle, suggestive, and mysterious. The writer of a modern ghost-story has a far more difficult task than he would have had a hundred years ago, or any number of hundred years that one can count. But when the effect of the supernatural is once produced in modern times it is more lasting and cannot be so readily shaken off, because a ghost-story has now to be psychically true. The ghost-story in any age must be aimed at what men believe in that age. To-day we believe in the soul, and in the effect of sin and virtue; we are not supposed to believe in many things, but we do believe in that with ever-increasing earnestness. For the effect of virtue we have the work of Mrs. Oliphant. For the consideration of what men can reach, if they let themselves go long enough, we find at least one example in the work of Mr. Henry James. What shall we call Peter Quint and "the woman with the dreadful face"—the ghost intensive? There is no later development at present than Peter Quint, nor is there any sign that a later development will be needed for some

years: we have not got accustomed to his horror yet. He belongs to the essence of a ghost-story and would daunt—well, anyone who thought about him. It is significant that there is not a hint in "The Turn of the Screw" that Peter Quint lives anywhere but where he used to live when he was supposed to be, at least, more material. How modern that is, and how sufficient to make us stop and wonder! There is no hint of any punishment, or, indeed, of any explanation; but a furtive watching and an endeavor to keep some power. What a world Peter Quint and his companion are away from Mr. Stockton's amiable quiddity, the pieman! Mr. James's is the real ghost, the legitimate descendant of "the sheeted dead who did squeak and gibber about the streets of Rome." Peter Quint establishes at least one thing, that the modern ghost has become an appeal to a spiritual condition, not to a physical one. The modern ghost is what we have been taught to call a soul; and that, even in the present generation, affords an inexhaustible theme for consideration. We know so little about spiritual eye; and it means so much. One of the strongest canons of art calls for reticence, a canon, indeed, which Mr. James does not violate. The next development of the ghost-story in literature scarcely foreshadows itself; but if the work of the Psychical Society is to count for anything, the plot ought to be found in the regions of spiritualism—spirit-writing, perhaps.

Marjory MacMurchy.

IN GEORGE MEREDITH'S POEMS

HERE is a forest tangle—
Rank weeds, luxuriant ferns, and giant trees,
All in a hoarse-voiced wrangle,
With creaking branches swaying in the breeze.
But if you care to listen,
Above the noise you'll hear the piping of a bird,
Gay feathers in the tree-tops glisten,
And over all the sweetest music ever heard.

From "Bramble Brar," by Robert Bridges. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

EGERTON CASTLE

FEW writers of fiction have entered the field with a versatility of equipment equalling that of Egerton Castle, whom "The Pride of Jennico," "Young April," and (recently, and perhaps most of all) "The Secret Orchard" have made so widely known. His early years were spent out of England, within the sound of many tongues and under the influences of many modes of thought. Returning to England about the age of eighteen to find and take up his place among his own people, he was led, in order to make up for what he then considered the wasted time of a foreign education, to undertake, one after the other, a multitude of studies widely varied in character. Natural science and moral philosophy at the universities of Glasgow and Cambridge; military studies at Chatham and Sandhurst, followed by a spell of some years of soldiering, and later on a course of law at the Temple occupied him seriously in turn.

His experience in journalism began as publisher of the Liverpool *Mercury*, of which he is the senior partner, a newspaper founded at the end of the eighteenth century by his grandfather, Egerton Smith. On this paper, one of the leading English provincial journals, he may be said to have made his literary start in the world. Although he now only visits the Liverpool office periodically, he naturally maintains his active interest in this family property. In London he was able to begin on the staff of a periodical where many writers are content to find themselves at the prime of an active career, *The Saturday Review*. This connection lasted from 1885 till 1894.

In some respects this equipment for a writer of fiction and *belles lettres* generally, stands unique; not alone because of the varied callings for which he underwent a

thorough preparation—natural science, philosophy, arms, law, and journalism—but also because of varied experiences at an age when impressions are strongest and of the most enduring influence on the mind. In this last respect his preparation as a writer of romance has been ideal. Of English birth and descent, he lived in France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, to come back to his native land at the age of eighteen, placed in the strange position of being almost a stranger to his own country; intensely patriotic, but viewing things in the attitude of a keen yet sympathetic observer.

His life up to that time had been one that lent itself to the study of men and of the world as well as of books. His father, the late Arthur Michael Castle, a man of independent tastes and restless energy of life, and of wide acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men and things, made of an only son a constant companion. Preferring the easier life of Paris, Vienna, and Milan, and happily master of an independent fortune, he remained away from England the greater part of his life. In his youth he counted among his intimates very many artists, men of letters, and musicians of note—Donizetti and Verdi, Liszt and Rossini, Gounod, Musset and George Sand, Robert Mürger, Hackländer and Ebers, Alexandre Dumas, Robert Browning, and many others. In temperament he was artistic, his bent of mind was philosophical. He had known almost every man who was worth knowing in his days, and yet with him the greatest or the lowliest had the same human attraction, the same kind of interest, if it was a personal one; he was an observer with heart as well as mind. In the companionship of such a man, a great *raconteur* with an endless fund of anecdote, Egerton Cas-

tle was from boyhood made familiar with the traits and characteristics of a wider range of men and life than usually comes under the ken of a mere youth. A famous opportunity for this phase of unconscious training came in the holiday time with "the fresh invitation to the road," when, with his father as companion, knapsack on back, there were walking-tours through German forests, on the banks of the Mediterranean, or in old "castle-bestrown Touraine." Germany, France, Spain, and Italy were tramped in this way. These tours were as well a part of a rather Spartan system of physical training that developed a naturally delicate boy into a decidedly athletic man. Wrestling, sea rowing, gymnastics, riding, boxing, and the handling of every kind of weapon formed part of this same curriculum devised by his father to supplement deficiencies of the otherwise well-conceived educational course of the Université de France. For until he was fifteen, young Castle studied at the Lycée Condorcet in Paris. Then came two years under English tutors (and it may be surmised that the Rev. Mr. Smiley, in "Young April," may have resembled one of these) before matriculation at the university at Glasgow and a final return to the country for which he had so ardently longed.

At Glasgow the future novelist studied chemical philosophy with Professor Ramsay of argon and helium fame, and practical physics with Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thomson. The year following he pursued a course of work under Roscoe and Grylls Adams at King's College, London, going from there to Cambridge, where, while working for a science scholarship offered by Trinity College (which he secured), he made his home for a year with the Rev. George Forest Browne, now Bishop of Bristol. The four years of student life that followed at Cambridge are alluded to by Mr. Castle as "a

fragrant chapter in my life." Natural science was the career for which these years of study had equipped him, and to which he had purposed to give himself up, until, one fine day, the lurking desire for a soldier's life, which for some time had been haunting him, at last got the better of him, and the ideas of a professorship, which up to then had been the height of his ambition, took flight. A few days after taking his Honor degree he was at Burlington House, passing for Sandhurst. One year, 1881, he remained there, and another at Chatham, in the hope of being able to prosecute that active physical life which he enjoyed. Owing to "limit of age" disabilities, the only commission he was eligible for was in a West India Regiment. Even with youthful enthusiasm to help things on, the prospect of passing his life mostly on the west coast of Africa proved somewhat dispiriting. And at the conclusion of the Egyptian War, having failed to secure the transfer to the cavalry as he had hoped, he gave up his commission after three years' military life and two promotions.

It was then that, in search of a profession, he went, for an experiment, into the study of law at the Inner Temple. But the more purely literary tastes prevailed. It was about that time that Mr. Castle married Agnes, youngest daughter of Michael Sweetman, of Lamberton Park, Queen's County, Ireland. When he gradually drifted, as he was bound to do, toward literature, he was happy enough to discover in his wife a companion attuned to his tastes, admirably clever, and of critical literary ability—and there soon began, especially for works of fiction, that sympathetic collaboration which of late years has been proclaimed on the title-page of a number of books.

The first fiction ever published by Egerton Castle was a short story included in "La Bella," and entitled "A Paragraph



A FAMILY PARTY AT BRACKLAND.

[Mr. and Mrs. Castle and their daughter ; Mrs. Castle's sister and her child.]



MRS. EGERTON CASTLE.

in the *Globe*." It was written during his honeymoon in Rome.

There was to be only one more deviation until his real work in letters began—this time a desultory claim upon his attention—the Herald's College. Having been a keen student of blazonry and genealogy, he entertained for the moment the idea of becoming a "Pursuivant of Arms." This profession, while requiring but moderate work and ability, is lucrative enough, but, even financially, literature proved better still. During his association with the *Saturday Review* Mr. Castle's multiplicity of studies and his acquaintance with so many out-of-the-way branches of knowledge enabled him to write in the most various branches: criticism, foreign literature, bibliography, the review of scientific works, and in especial on political and military subjects, on which he was particularly keen. He wrote earnestly on the

subject of imperial defence as early as 1884, and prophesied the *rapprochement* of France and Germany, and the attitude the latter country would take toward England, although most people then smiled at the suggestion of such possibilities. He was also the first to advocate the formation of volunteer companies for foreign service. His views on the utilization of home volunteers for imperial service were vindicated by the heavy drafts that have been shipped from England to strengthen the field forces in South Africa. Mr. Castle is recognized as a European authority on armor, swordsmanship, and the use of weapons generally. As immediate outcome of study and experience in these directions, his first work in book form was a history of the sword and of swordsmanship from the Middle Ages to the present day: "Schools and Masters of Fence." This book has become the standard authority in such matters. It has been freely pirated and translated into French, German, Italian, and Dutch; in the last-named instance without even the courtesy of the rightful author's name on the title-page. The work further gained for Mr. Castle the distinction of being the only foreigner ever elected to the French *Académie d'Armes*, an institution which dates from the sixteenth century. He is also honorary member of every fencing club of importance in Europe, and called upon to judge in international contests at arms on the Continent; and no event of the kind held in England is complete without his participation.

In a desultory way, about 1885, he began a romance, "Consequences," which was about two-thirds written when the death of his father, to whom he was so closely attached, disorganized his life for the time being. The headship of the family devolving upon him naturally engrossed much of his time, and for several years every form of literature, except the



BRACKLAND, SURREY; MR. CASTLE'S COUNTRY HOME.

most ephemeral, was given up for business and family affairs. For some years after settling down in London, Mr. Egerton Castle lived in Hill Street, Benelay Square. But in 1892 he bought his present house in Sloane Gardens, Chelsea. The room which is the scene of his present literary activity contains mementos of his whole life, which those who know him recognize as reflecting that life completely. Brown and green, "the sturdy brown of oak and the green of fresh leafage," make the color scheme. Wide windows back and front, for the double apartment is the depth of the house, let in the best display of sunshine that London can muster. There are some trophies of antique and modern arms, telling of that phase of his taste, and a few pictures in oils by Turner, Morland, Vandervelde, and Bergheim. As reminder of a subject that has commanded his research, for the history of "the town" is one of the subjects on which Mr. Castle is an authority, is a pan-

orama of old London by Visscher, melted by three centuries of smoke and extending over the whole length of one of his walls. But the rest of the story is books, books, books, tier on tier of them, grudgingly granting space to pictures and armor. All that the author has ever read is congregated here, a most heterogeneous collection; of scientific works many, a great deal of history of all kinds, especially military history and antiquities, books in dead and modern language, and an enormous deal of fiction—much that is good and some that is indifferent. But Mr. Castle claims that books need not always be good to be useful or interesting, helping as they do through suggestion to sharpen a critical taste and direct imagination.

There is something elusive, and yet the chief charm, in the author's face that the photograph is incapable of reproducing; there is a strength in his profile, and a sensitive mouth is hidden under a heavy

mustache. His step is the step of an athlete—firm, light, and elastic, and in his every movement there is an alertness which recalls the fact that he is one of the most notable swordsmen of Europe. Of his physical energy and immense vitality you could judge better if you saw him in the late afternoon, after what he calls his day's work—whether business, social, or literary—is over, at the London Fencing Club, tiring out five or six adversaries in turn in a friendly bout with foils or sabres, and fresh to the end himself.

Mr. Castle's sterling theory is that "a happy impression is an asset in life"; and of impressions he has had a goodly supply, not the least valuable of which are those gained in his first youth, seeds unconsciously "preserved in the soil of the mind" and destined to flower in after-life. To the eclectic system of his education he owes his early acquired faculty of observation, and that delight in nature, in the magic of scenery, which, as a rule, only becomes keenly developed in later years.

"Young April" was not written until some twelve years after the death of Mr. Castle the elder, whose character as the philosopher, if not his adventures, is represented in the book. The second book of fiction, "La Bella and Others," which is now being republished under the title of "The House of Romance," and the joint authorship of Agnes and Egerton Castle, is composed of stories all based more or less on personal adventures; or, at least, on personal impressions. Among these stories is "The Yellow Slipper," which possesses a special element of interest as containing the germ of what has proved the most popularly successful of their joint work, "The Pride of Jennico." Following these books came "The Light of Scarthey," the author's longest story, and the book in which characters and incidents are most purely the creatures of imagination and literary device.

Of widely different flavor is "The Bath Comedy," a tale of light intrigue and duelling. It is almost impossible to apportion the separate work of collaborators, even when they are not so closely associated in spirit and habits of thought as the author and his wife. But as Mr. Castle himself points out, it is difficult to believe that the bulk of the Irish fun and wit which one tastes in this book is not more directly attributable to Agnes Castle, whose Irish charm of mind and manner it in many ways reflects. "Consequences," a book somewhat philosophical in flavor; "Marshfield the Observer," dealing with unexpected situations and the clank of steel; "Young April," with its spirit of youth, and "The Pride of Jennico," essentially a "costume" romance, lead up to mention of two books of another order. One of these, "Le Roman du Prince Othon," is a translation into French of Stevenson's "Prince Otto." The proofs were sent to Samoa, but arrived a few days after the admirable author's death. In connection with mention of this translation, it is interesting to note that it was reproduced in Paris, where it ran rapidly through several editions. The other of the two volumes referred to is "English Bookplates," representing another phase of Mr. Castle's tastes. The hobby which prompted the writing of Mr. Castle's "Schools and Masters of Fence" is reflected in the trophies of "cold steel" that glint on his study walls. Since the appearance of that work the author has been called upon to arrange the historical combats, duels, and pageant of arms on the stage, for all the more important productions at the Lyceum and other London theatres. For Sir Henry Irving he wrote (in collaboration with Mr. Walter H. Pollock) a one-act play, "Saviolo," in which the invincible skill of the Elizabethan swordsman of that name is the main scheme. It will be recalled in this connection that Mr. Castle lectured on

the "Story of Swords and Swordsmanship" with practical illustrations, at the Lyceum Theatre in 1881—a lecture later repeated before the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., and to which may be traced a revival of interest in England in matters connected with fencing and skill at arms generally. "The Jerningham Letters," two volumes of excerpts from the correspondence and diaries of the Hon. Lady Jerningham, edited with introduction and notes by Egerton Castle, completes present mention of the varied themes and subjects engaging his literary activities.

"The Secret Orchard" is more especially a psychological study. The play, which has been produced with much artistic success by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, is one of very subtle morality. Both play and novel have excited a great deal of controversy, although the author disclaims having written anything approaching the character of "a novel with a purpose." Egerton Castle holds that the "novel with a purpose," just like the "scientific" or the "controversial" novel, or the *roman à clef*, however interesting it may be to certain readers, is not literature. "The Secret Orchard" is set in the midst of ultra-modern society. The scene is in Paris, but most of the characters are English speaking. The manners and ethics of aristocratic society in almost any European capital are, of course, essentially the same; but the interest attaching to this poignant and deeply-thought-out picture of French aristocracy is greatly enhanced by the fact that the author knows his Paris thoroughly. As to the title, "Secret Orchard" may become a catch phrase. The meaning of the expression is told by one of the characters in the book, who, on being reproved by his friend for light-heartedly running the risk of wrecking his own and his wife's happiness, lights a cigarette and argues to this effect:

"Of what importance [says the Duke of Cluny to his friend] are the relaxations of the man of the world, the man of honor, be it understood, that you should think to-day worth all this frowning? These things have no existence, my friend, or rather they cease to exist the moment they are passed. Words written in water, pictures on the sands, pleasures without a morrow, without a memory; the jest forgotten in the laughter, the merest nibble at the forbidden fruit; that fruit that grows in the Secret Orchard which every man (I mean of the world, of our world) has at the back of the open garden of his life. Why, my good fellow, the very savor of that wild apple, tart and inferior as it is, is sometimes needed to bring a man to a right understanding of the true value of better things."

This is the creed of a man who fancies himself perfectly innocent of any real evil, yet cheerfully adopts it in his life on the easy plea there is a million chances to one against it being his or anyone else's undoing. But, should that one chance turn up, how will the man face the consequences? That is the problem dealt with in "The Secret Orchard." The existence of that one chance which may ruin the happiness of everyone about him, the easy, lovable, and beloved sinner, reveals all the immortality of that self-satisfied system. That is the ethical theme of the book.

It has been written and rewritten with the utmost care. The picture of one class of Faubourg Saint-Germain society is painted in brilliant colors. The author, however, has no strong liking for the theme of modern society—for the novel of contemporary manners. The atmosphere of the romance, of nature, of less hyper-civilized men and women, appeals to him, as we know, more sympathetically and strongly.

He has been at work for several months now, in collaboration with his wife, upon a new romance which is to be called "The Star Gazer," and is written among the actual country surroundings. The scene is placed in the greenest part of Old England; the date of the episode is 1816.

William Armstrong.

PHILLIPS'S "ULYSSES"

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S new drama is "a pretty poem," and he does not "call it Homer." Nevertheless it is, one may say, Homerically handicapped. Any drama entitled *Ulysses* must be. It must suggest—*lucus a non lucendo*—the exquisitely epic quality of the *Odyssey*, and must suffer by so doing, not only because the *Odyssey* is a masterpiece so splendid and so unique, but because its substance is so fast married to its narrative treatment that any attempt to dramatize it must result in a loss of its characteristic and integral charm. It has, in a word, been told by Homer in so fitting a way as to demonstrate its fitness for telling and unfitness for presentation. Nature—above all the sea,

"The surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*,"

the virtues, not the passions, are its theme. The patience of the "Much-enduring" is only to be conveyed by treatment that gives the sense of the long, slow lapse of interminable time. His constancy of aim can only be illustrated by perpetual postponement and deferred hope. The pathos of the story is anchored in the exemplary, the laudable. It is home as well as wife that inspires the hero's persistence. Passion and climax, the very stuff of the drama, are quite lacking until we come to the climax at the close, and in "unsparingly accelerating" that, as Mr. Phillips has to confess in his "Note" he has had to do, the charm that resides in its gradualness has, in large measure, evaporated. Pictured in graphic presentment the slaughter of the suitors has something unsatisfactorily tame and melodramatic about it. It has abandoned its appeal to the imagination.

In a word Mr. Phillips's drama seems a theme denuded by its treatment. It is shorn of Homer's poetry—that, of course; and I must say the circumstance is subject of legitimate remark. He need not have undertaken a work in which this contrast would have been so elaborately evident, and there is no *caveat*, based on the obviousness of such criticism, that will meet the case. But the somewhat bare and stark effect of *Ulysses* is due not to the absence of Homeric poetry, but to the fact that Mr. Phillips's own is unequal to the task of taking its place. And this in turn is due, I think, to the ill-adaptedness of his theme to dramatic treatment; for his poetry is delightful poetry, and there is a good deal of it here, and yet it does not count very perceptibly in the total impression.

At all events *Ulysses* is a disappointment. It has been presented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree with every scenic advantage, I believe, and without signal success. And as a poem to be read, it is, judged by the standard that Mr. Phillips has himself furnished us with for judging of his work, a failure. His work has been decidedly a *diminuendo*. But *Ulysses* is considerably more inferior to "Herod" than "Herod" was to "Paolo and Francesca." The qualities of "Paolo and Francesca" were such as to lead one to anticipate this result. So far, at least, Mr. Phillips has not found another frame into which they fit so well as they did into the story that Dante made so mournfully tragic. Both the other plays showed the author's power to treat passion poetically, a true native gift for poetically presenting it in dramatic form. This is a gift the exercise of which in *Ulysses* he is called upon to forego. None of the excellences of the piece atones for the loss of it.

One of its excellences is its construction. It is a well-made play, deftly distributed and with an agreeable evolution. It begins with a prologue in which on Olympus Athene and Poseidon argue before Zeus the question of permitting Ulysses to reach his home. The couplets in which they plead and denounce each other are graceful and vigorous, and—as is almost invariably the case with Mr. Phillips, I think—quite in character. But the "business" and the by-play of the prologue are conceived in a sportive, not to say flippant vein, which, to be sure, has classic precedents so far as the indecorum of thus dealing with Olympus is concerned, but which, all the same, somewhat saps the seriousness and sincerity of the drama at the outset. Zeus ends the audience with:

"The cup, bright Ganymede! Ah, from the first
The guiding of this globe engendered thirst—"

which is perhaps sprightly, but ill prepares one for anything very fatefully tragic in the subsequent trials of the hero. The blank verse of the drama proper begins at Ithaca with the situation of Penelope harassed by the suitors, and changes soon to Calypso's isle and a pretty scene between the goddess and the hero. Hermes soon appears to end the idyl, and Ulysses takes up his wanderings again, descends into Hades in the second act, and the third finds him shipwrecked on the coast of Ithaca, where he soon—very soon—

makes short—very short—work of despatching the suitors. All question of its provenience aside—though, as I say, I do not think it can legitimately be put aside—the play proceeds swiftly and without friction, and anyone can read it with the interest awakened by a considered trifle; no small merit in a blank-verse drama of the present day. But it is nowhere stirring, because there is nowhere any play of passion. The parting of Calypso and Ulysses is accomplished without bitterness; either might have said "'twas no great pang," though this and the preceding scene are the best in the play, because they best accord with the truly poetic diction that is, after all, Mr. Phillips's chief distinction. Elsewhere, as in Penelope's

"Come, come, Ulysses! Burn back through the
world!

Come, take the broad seas in one mighty leap,
And rush upon this bosom with a cry,"—

the diction is occasionally overstrained in the effort to make it serve as cause instead of means of effect. The second act must be accounted for on histrionic grounds. Mr. Phillips's "Note" explains that his Hades is "conceived on lines which are Virgilian rather than Homeric"—in which statement it may be unjust to find a touch of fatuity, but which would have been more complete, one suspects, had credit been given not only to Virgil, but to Mr. Beerbohm Tree as well.

W. C. Brownell.



NOVELS OF IMPORTANCE

MISS JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY."

WHETHER or no Miss Johnston will repeat in this novel the commercial success of "To Have and To Hold" remains, of course, to be decided by that final arbiter in these matters, the reading public. Not a few observers contend that the day of tremendous sales for fiction may soon pass, and others that historical fiction is a fashion soon to be overwhelmed with change. Miss Johnston, moreover, in this work invades a territory identical with the one she has formerly made her own, and in point of time the story is not far removed from the period of which she had previously written. What is more to the purpose in this article, however, is the literary skill with which the new work has been produced. That she has here made an advance most readers will discover. Her grasp is more firm, and her imagination is held in better restraint.

The period, except for the introductory chapter, is the year 1727, when the colony of Virginia was somewhat more than a hundred years old, and nearly fifty years were to elapse before the conflict with England should rouse into life the spirit and energies of her people. Washington was not born until five years afterward. Franklin was already a boy, but most men who were to lead in that struggle with the mother-land had not yet become parts of the population. The colonies along the Atlantic seaboard were small and their industries few. Each was a separate entity, having with the others practically no relations; their interests were bound up completely with England. Virginia's relations with the home country were especially direct and intimate, while with New England she scarcely had any.

The story opens with that historic exploration enterprise of Governor Spotswood, by which the mountains which look down from Virginia's western borders were first explored. It was a memorable enterprise, notable above all things as having important bearing on the struggle with the French, extending as it did to the westward that line of English occupation which was to be farther extended a generation afterward by Colonel Washington and those who followed him toward Pittsburg.

The trade of the Virginia planters with England in that period was constant; indeed, the communities could scarcely have existed in any other conditions. In this way men found a market for tobacco, and in this way secured the necessities and luxuries of life. Plantations along the James River valley and elsewhere in the Tidewater region, each had its wharf, where were loaded and unloaded ships that crossed the sea. Men were dwelling on these plantations who had received education in English schools and had acquired their knowledge of the arts of cultivated society in London drawing-rooms. There were men who had come down from the wars of Marlborough and the civil conflict between Jacobites and Hanoverians. Swords and coats were there which had seen service at Blenheim.

How well Miss Johnston knows that period her former readers need not be informed, but this is more distinctly obvious in *Audrey* than in what she has previously written. By this I do not mean to say that her knowledge is crowded upon the reader's mind; it is often made obvious quite as much from what she does not say as from what she actually sets down. One feels everywhere that she knows the life and spirit of the times as if she had been a part of them.

This, indeed, is perhaps a more striking quality of the book than the pathetic and dramatic character of the story told. Mr. Howells does not write of our own day with a firmer grasp on conditions; nor does Miss Wilkins show more complete mastery of things she has observed in New England. One thinks, perhaps, most naturally of Jane Austen's photographic pictures of English life as she knew and recorded it. Historians, from necessity, have often given greater attention to the periods of which they write than Miss Johnston could possibly have done; for these matters are questions of longer years of research than her age could have made possible. But historians have failed very notably in many instances to represent a period in the distant past with the same truthfulness and charm.

Miss Johnston's story is not complicated, but very simple. Three or four characters at most are conspicuous, and about these the action revolves so closely that the others, save one or two, scarcely seem to have been essential to the unfolding of the tale. The climax is a tragedy—the heroine in the pit of a theatre having descended from the stage from which she was to retire, seeks to save the hero, whose life she believes to be threatened, and herself receives the stab the villain had prepared to inflict. Readers will, perhaps, regret that this tragedy was introduced. Reconciliation had occurred in a former chapter and in circumstances themselves sufficiently dramatic. None the less it remains to be said that this final ending has been narrated with consummate skill. The pathos of it starts a tear which in the previous chapter might have been withheld, and a smile of pleasure takes its place.

The story is notably interesting, because the author has introduced two famous persons in the history of colonial Virginia—Colonel William Byrd, whose almost forgotten writings have just been brought out in a beautiful edition, and that daughter

of his named Evelyn, whose untimely death in the flower of her youth will, perhaps, never be forgotten in Virginia. There also appears a parish minister who, if not drawn from some actual person, may safely be taken as typical of the kind of clergyman who at that time was all too well known in Virginia plantation life—a man devoid of all qualities that belong to his profession—a gambler, a hard drinker, a brute. Audrey herself seems almost impossible to the conditions that surrounded her.

One is tempted to make quotations from the story; it lends itself to such purposes on almost every page. Some of these passages are conversations, some are happy bits of expression rising almost to the quality of aphorism, and others descriptions of scenery; these latter being especially notable. But it would be hopeless to seek by quotations to illustrate for the reader the pervasive and constant charm which this good writing possesses. The setting means everything; what has gone before and what follows afterward give to them much of their point.

Audrey may or may not have the same wide reading which the public has bestowed upon "To Have and To Hold." What is more certain, and what, perhaps, from the best points of view should be more gratifying, is that Miss Johnston's art has made a distinct advance. *Audrey*, it would seem safe to believe, has before it something more than any success which a single year may give it. It deserves longer life. Were fiction not so vast a product, one could feel safe in saying its place was secure for many years to come.

Francis W. Halsey.

WISTONS.

IN a certain old book, published in the seventeenth century, is a curious rude wood-cut of the Wheel of Fortune revolving, with five happy and unhappy

people fastened to it. In the right foreground at a desk sits Fortune, a man, indicating by a gesture of the hand his absolute indifference to the turning of the wheel. To read *Wistons* by "Miles Amber" recalls this wood-cut. Not that the story is painful or morbid, or strictly problematic, although it suggests problems. It is an unobtrusively psychological study of the ancestry of souls, of heredity, of the inexorableness of—what? Law, God, the Stars, or Blood? Which? written undoubtedly by a woman, who evidently believes as little in the doctrine of Free Will as other thinking people.

The book is divided into three parts called Betty, Robin, and Esther and Rhoda. The scene is in Sussex, and more particularly Wistons, a primeval forest, the estate of Robert Woolvenhurst. Betty Hurst appears almost immediately to live in the family as Elizabeth Woolvenhurst, a poor and distant relative; but she has not laid aside her wraps before she becomes her own self again, Betty Hurst, and, by her own choice, Master George's nurse.

Throughout the book she is the strenuous handmaiden of the Lord, the relentless doer of things to be done. If she had a guiding motto, it was that not only likings and dislikings have to be attended to in this life, but there's right and wrong. She was George's conscience, and that of his children, and their children after him.

George studied at Oxford. There, in a moment of madness, he married a gypsy girl, whose luscious beauty as she stood near her father's tent so fired his blood that tradition and duty were blotted from memory. The childhood of his children and Bella's is one of the best parts of the book. Betty was their nurse, as she had been their father's, and her ways were not theirs. She feared that Rhoda's mind would be distracted from the Word of the

Lord if she read the Bible out of doors. Rhoda argued that her mind was never distracted, and, besides, the Chosen People were nearly always out of doors. She maintained, with great dignity, too, that sometimes she was obliged to swear, or, if she wasn't exactly obliged, she couldn't help it, at least.

Rhoda was self-sufficient. Esther, with a more imaginative mind, looked forward to that beautiful day when her Prince would come to claim her. And one day he came. And he was Robin. Their eyes met in a long, direct gaze, and they plighted their troth in the look.

Here the problem begins. Esther had inherited her mother's primitive nature; she had the instincts of a savage with the spirituality born of high ideals. She was a philosopher, too, but above all she was a lover. Robin was ideal in his wooing—it was like the dream she had dreamed. But she awoke to find him a selfish man, in whose presence—so great was his charm—she was powerless to think the judgments of him which in the moments of solitude she knew to be just. She was loved as a selfish man loves a beautiful woman, but always in her heart was the cry of her deep need for soul satisfaction. Even after his little affair with Lady Fanny he could say to his wife, "Surely you know, you must know, that nothing on earth matters to me but you! I, who only really live through you! who married you because you seemed the divinest creature I had ever seen." And Esther believed him while he spoke.

Robin's characteristics are admirably drawn, especially in relation to Esther, who, while opening her mouth to protest, was silenced by his plausible speeches. The change in him from reluctance to leave her side for an hour, to complete absorption in his novel and his final unexplained desertion found her rebellious, but helpless. Yet to the last he was her

professed lover, as much an enigma to her as when he first told her that he understood her perfectly.

Rhoda's superiority to circumstances and her absolute detachment from people, are the basis of one of the most dramatic incidents in the book, and are in marked contrast to Esther's need of love and sympathy. The minor characters are strongly outlined, in particular Madgwick, through whom Rhoda meets her death, and Bella, the savage beauty, with her Shakspeare, her Bible, and her pack of cards.

Carolyn Shipman.

AFTER DRUMTOCHTY, BARBIE.

FRENCHMEN of the better sort, or, if not that, of the sort that value good repute above recognition for literary art, have long professed a bitter grief because of what they assert is the cruel misrepresentation of French life and morals in the books of the only French novelists who have recently succeeded in interesting foreign readers. "We know that these assorted monsters are exceptional," declare the dolorous ones, "but abroad they are accepted and discussed as types; and thus arises the widespread delusion that the adjectives 'French' and 'wicked' are interchangeable."

No surprise need be felt if lamentations much like this one are soon heard rising out of Scotland. The novelists of that misty land no longer seek, or at any rate they no longer discover, there, the heroic and the romantic. Instead, they portray a petty people, no honester than the spacious ruffians whose large names they wear, but thieves and cheats, instead of robbers with a grand air; no soberer, but drinking in village taverns instead of echoing halls hung with trophies of war and hunting; no more virtuous, but lacking the excuse of hot passions. The dismal change in Scotch annals began when Sir Walter's

tales passed from the hands of the public into the exclusive keeping of the critics; it became distinctly a "movement" when the kailyard bore the huge crops that so soon exhausted its fertility; and now, with the coming of Mr. George Douglas and *The House with the Green Shutters*, Scotland is obviously confronted with the dilemma of France—either it must condemn its ablest writers for sacrificing truth and patriotism to the real or imagined necessities of literary art, or it must confess to a hopeless, a fatal, degeneracy, alike from ancestral virtues and from ancestral vices.

The kailyarders had compunctions. They, too, offered for inspection a petty people—a people who carried eccentricity to or beyond the hither limit of insanity, and whose highest flower was a futile sentimentalism, but still there were reconciling bits of cleanliness in the squalid villages; here and there the possibilities of devotion to the old ideals of self-sacrifice and of love were illustrated. Mr. Douglas has no mitigating circumstances to present. His village of Barbie seems to be without a redeeming feature, its inhabitants without a nobler trait than the courage of a rat in a corner, or a better use for intelligence than to inflict with it oblique stabs of cowardly innuendo. The gross animality of Zola's peasants is not so offensive to the discriminating observer as is the truly devilish malice of the Scotch villager as Mr. Douglas paints him. The animality can be regarded as a beginning, a foundation—it calls for remedy and permits of it. The malice is too evidently a last stage—an in-spite-of-advantages, not a for-lack-of-opportunity.

It is hard to tell whether John Gourlay the father, or John Gourlay the son, is the hero of the book. The one is a strong, dull savage, insolent in the prosperity

which his narrow cunning and one low aim could command while Barbie was isolated from the modern world, but helpless when the railway brought new conditions; the other, a weakling, the victim of a morbid imagination in a mind where there was nothing else except mean fears. The son kills the father with a poker that was weighted for the weak man's hand by the strong man's obstinate holding to an idle whim, and, as the slattern mother says, the story ends in "ruin, murder, and suicide." It could not logically have had any other close, and the sympathetic reader's chief regret is that all the other characters, as well as those who lived in the green-shuttered house, could not have been involved in the catastrophe that carried off the wretched Gourlays, father, mother, son, and daughter. There is, indeed, a certain baker among the lot who almost wins admiration simply because his gorge did rise now and then at the small meannesses of his neighbors, but he was hardly enough better than the rest to make it worth while to spare him.

That the book, as a book, is one of extraordinary vividness and power, that the author is marvellously successful in attaining the effects at which he aimed, cannot be questioned by any, and need be mourned by none except such Scotchmen as find no consolation in the cry of "art for art's sake." The rest of us can highly estimate—yes, thoroughly enjoy—the horrid tale. "Art for art's sake" may be utter nonsense from a dozen points of view, but there is a truth in it after all; and, where the artist is concerned, the doing, and not the thing done, will command and deserve the attention both of the conscious critics, professional or amateur, and of the unconscious critics who are called the public. The villain tramp who in the flesh disgraces and alarms the respectable back doorstep, on canvas loses his repulsiveness; the stony hillside that breaks the farmer's

heart—and back—is a better subject for the painter than the prairie wheatland; and the haunters of the galleries feel no moral difference between landscapes and battle pieces. So this dreadful Barbie into which Mr. Douglas has led his readers is eminently pleasant—in the book. Actually to live in such a place, if such a place there is, would be supreme torture to any civilized being. To believe in the existence of a literal Barbie, however, is not quite necessary, despite the minute and absolutely convincing "realism" of its chronicler. Probably, or possibly, he has seen what he describes, but his failure to describe any nice, decent, ordinary folk is no proof that there was none of that sort in sight.

The House with the Green Shutters, for all its dialectical definiteness—and difficulty, at times—may be, perhaps, not so much a study of degenerate and deliquescing Scotch villagers as of villagers in general. This age has been very cruel to the villagers in many of the older lands. The cities beguile away the ambitious, the colonies or the frontiers invite the energetic, and we have New England hill towns of our own to show what is too often left behind. Indeed, there be suburbs of great New York where the natives—the elderly tradesmen in small shops and vacuous, vicious youths on the streets—are also a petty people, neither comely nor wise. Another George Douglas might worry us not a little by telling us and the rest of the world all about them.

F. C. Mortimer.

EMILY FOX-SETON AGAIN.

THE last page of "The Making of a Marchioness" left Emily Fox-Seton wearing the Walderhurst ruby "as big as a trouser-button," and gazing with the adorable passion of a child of five into the inscrutable eyes of her elderly fiancé.

Emily was a very nice, cheerful, wholesome person as Miss Fox-Seton. As Lady Walderhurst she is naïvely charming, with a stately look even in her disguise as Mrs. Jameson that made Jane Cupp want to exclaim, "Oh! if you please, my lady, if you *could* look not quite so much as if you'd got on a tiara." Mrs. Cupp, resigned to fate, replied to her daughter, "That's what her Maker did for her. She was born just what she looks, and she looks just what she was born—a respectable female."

Some women are born marchionesses, even though they are obliged to patronize penny'buses all their lives and wear stockings at two pairs for a shilling. Emily was one of these women to the manner born. Her large simplicity of nature, sane and uncomplex, adjusted itself almost at once to the unexpected and delightful ability to "do things" that plenty of money gives. She was not quite sure about affording a hansom for her wedding preparations until Lady Maria Bayne suggested that after she was married she might make the penny'buses a feature of the distinguished *insouciance* of her character, but that for the present it might be as well for her to shop in a carriage.

The characters and scenes are more varied in *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst* than in the preceding book, and the tone of the story, though superficially light and *facile*, has an undercurrent of pathos and tragedy. The Alec Osborns furnish the tragic element. Osborn is the heir-presumptive of Lord Walderhurst, a bullet-headed, bullet-minded young army officer stationed in India, whose life-long hopes are shattered because of the unwelcome marriage of his relative. Through Emily's generous management, Osborn and his Anglo-Indian wife are brought to live at the Kennel Farm during his leave of absence in England, a plan of which

Lord Walderhurst disapproves for the reason that the house is so near their own Palstre Manor. Emily attaches the wife to her because of her devotion in the preparation for Hester's first child, and during Lord Walderhurst's unexpected business to India Hester warns Emily of the machinations of Osborn and her Indian nurse, Ameerah, and Emily flees in disguise to London.

There is nothing so good in "The Making of a Marchioness" as the scene here in which Lord Walderhurst calls Emily back to life. The gradual awakening of his unemotional heart through her almost fatal illness from giving him his heart's desire, an heir, is very well described. Lady Maria Bayne appears in a somewhat different aspect with the mask of cynicism removed by the presence of death, and yet, true to her nature, she pulls herself together when the danger is past, and advises the newly made father to commit to memory the color of his son's eyes and hair, in order that he may burst forth in praises of him to the mother.

Mrs. Cupp and Jane, although minor characters, are very real types of respectable, middle-class people with a solid belief in tradition. Mrs. Cupp was deeply interested in the soul of "the black woman," as she called Ameerah, and wondered if she'd ever heard of her Maker, and if a little brown Testament with good print wouldn't be a good thing to give her. Whereupon Mrs. Cupp bought it for a shilling at a small shop in the village and gave it to the grateful Ameerah, who straightway confided to her mistress that Mrs. Cupp was old and had lost her mind, and couldn't expect her to be babe enough to worship her one god.

What happens in books after "they" are married is generally dull and unprofitable reading. Here is an instance of the contrary condition. The secret may be that Mrs. Burnett has not hitched her wagon to a star.

C. S.

ROWEN OF ROMANCE

NOTWITHSTANDING a vague feeling that the vogue of the historical novel is on the wane, the American publisher is apparently still willing to tempt the public with this particular brand of fiction, if, indeed, he be not forced to do so by an almost total lack of promising work in other fields of the literature of the imagination. Realism has ceased to plead its cause with strength and conviction; last year, moreover, the reading public remained comparatively indifferent to such sterling work as that of Mr. Norris in "The Octopus." So, after all, little remains for the publisher just now but to drift cautiously with the outgoing tide, in the hope of a last wave before the ebb, while keeping a sharp look ahead for what the incoming tide may bring.

The best of historical romance will never lose its popularity. It remains literature, with a legitimate following, whatever may be the fashion of the hour; but the merely "good enough" sees its chances dwindling day by day, while the indifferent in quality and the bad will gradually cease to be, to reappear, however, in whatever field may for the moment promise a material harvest. There are books that merit praise, books that merit blame, and books that merit neither. In historical romance this last-named class has grown in numbers during the last two years, with the dulling of the perception of the reading public in matters of quality. There is a little of everything in the batch of ten books here under discussion, none of them, however, descending below the level of the indifferently good.

There are here three romances of France; one of the end of the Elizabethan era in England; one of colonial days and

the turning point of French and Anglo-Saxon supremacy; a story of the war for independence; a tale of mediæval Italy; and two tales of adventure in the arctics, at the south pole and the north pole respectively. To these is added a new edition, with illustrations, of that admirable sketch of eighteenth-century life in New England, *The Salt-Box House*, which, while not fiction, has all the charm of realistic romance—if the phrase be permissible—and in addition the value of a marginal note to history written in the spirit of Green or Eggleston.

Where sits Stanley J. Weyman, there is the head of the Table Round of historical romance. He is of the company of the elder Dumas now as ten years ago, even though the spontaneity of his inventiveness may have suffered somewhat from the liberal demands made upon it in the past. But he remains an artist, fully equipped, revelling almost in the resourcefulness wherewith he overcomes the greater difficulties presented by more deliberate effort; his characters remain living human beings, the real lasting interest of his books, whatever the charm and irresistible rush of his historical settings, their incidents and adventures. He returns in *Count Hannibal* to the scene of his first story, "The House of the Wolf"; again he takes us through the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Night. But if the earlier book was a sketch, this is a completed picture, elaborate, finished in all its details. Mr. Weyman is not contented to give life to his hero and heroine; his historical personages are studied with infinite care, with unerring fidelity to the facts, as history shows them. His Charles IX. is as much a character in his story as is Count Han-

THE SALT-BOX HOUSE. By Jane De Forest Shelton. Illustrated. Baker & Taylor Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

COUNT HANNIBAL. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

nibal himself, that new representative of the villain-hero type which Mr. Weyman has made his own, a being of flesh and blood, of brutal will and iron resolve, ruthless in his determination to gain his ends, but, under it all, a man worthy of the love he wins.

Turning from this fine story to Mr. Charlton Andrews's *A Parfit Gentle Knight*, we have an illustration of the difference between the excellent and the merely good enough. Both books deal with the period of Charles IX., but, whereas Mr. Weyman fills his canvas with the one great episode of the massacre of the Huguenots, Mr. Andrews embraces in his plot the whole period of the religious wars, and introduces, besides Charles, his brother Henry of Anjou, the Duke of Guise, Margaret of Valois, and Catherine de Medici, to all of whom he allots active parts in his plot. Sir Walter Raleigh, even, is not forgotten, and Ambroise Paré is present to give the service of his great surgical skill. This author is a conscientious worker; his historical element has been faithfully "worked up," he furnishes no end of incident, but there is no charm in it all. His *Parfit Gentle Knight* is a worthy successor of Bayard to but little purpose, so far as the reader is concerned; he is somewhat priggishly "parfit" in the service of a woman—the wife of his friend and patron—who hardly deserves such devotion. The book is a historical novel, not a romance, notwithstanding its avowed purpose to the contrary.

"Indifferently good," also, is Mr. Henry Thew Stevenson's *The Fickle Wheel*, which opens with the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James I., and ventures upon that experiment, worthy of only the best of pens—the incidental introduction

of Shakespeare into the plot. For the rest, this is good, old, familiar material, used with a certain measure of adroitness—moderately entertaining, without much merit and without glaring faults, justifying the experiment of its publication as an experiment, but, in the present state of changing public taste, with the chances of success against it.

Of *If I Were King*, by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, little need be said except that it will prove of great service as an introduction to the play, which will unquestionably go "on the road" next year. Mr. McCarthy is a trained literary man, who has set about his work of "novelizing" his play with a sure hand, a perfect understanding, at the beginning of his task, of what he wanted to do. He furnishes a good, coherent story, with some information regarding the facts of history upon which he has based his fabric of the imagination. The illustrations are chiefly from scenes in the play, with a few sketches in color.

Mr. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss's *The Strength of the Weak* is a far better performance than his last year's story, "Betsey Ross." He has gone farther afield for his background, plot, and characters, and has done well. An exiled Englishman, a follower of the Stuarts, receiving from Louis the Well Beloved a *seigneurie* on the St. Lawrence, and bequeathing to his son a heritage mingled of obligatory loyalty to a French king and provocation of its renunciation by the high-handed proceedings of his colonial officials—this is the point of departure of a tale in which there is plenty of intrigue, villainy, fighting, and love, in which the Indian plays a part, and Anglo-Saxon and Frenchman are pitted against each other in a private war

A PARFIT GENTLE KNIGHT. By Charlton Andrews. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE FICKLE WHEEL. By Henry Thew Stephenson. Illustrated. Bowen-Merrill Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

IF I WERE KING. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, 12mo, \$1.50.

THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAK. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

symbolic of the greater strife, fraught with significance for a continent, that was to come. This book reads well; it is carefully planned, and written with spirit.

The same may be said of Mr. Allen French's *The Colonials*, whose hero works his way gradually downward from the great lakes back to Boston, where he was born, and where he takes the place of leading which is his by right of inheritance. A Whig, a patriot, he takes an important part in the battle of Lexington, and in the siege, but the historical characters of these episodes are not made to play an inferior part to his genius. He is simply a patriot with them, a man who serves his country as best he can, even as they did, and who finds his reward in the love of an Englishwoman—this is a reversal of the usual thing in American revolutionary romance—and in the restitution of his inheritance, stolen by the uncle who has driven him into exile. This book has a good plot apart from the history with which it deals; and—greatest of merits—its interest is cumulative. Its incidents increase in value as we proceed.

Mr. Clinton Scollard's *Cloistering of Ursula* is a romance of mediæval Italy, rather than an historical novel. A private St. Bartholomew's Night, in which one powerful family all but exterminates another, opens it with the due allowance of bloodshed to which the reader of to-day has an inalienable right. The romance begins right here, in the saving of the only survivor, in the very house of the enemy, by the heroine; and never thereafter are we allowed to leave the realm of imagin-

tion until the end. It is all so gracefully done—Mr. Scollard cannot deny, even in his prose, that he is a poet—it is all so truly literature, in a light, unassuming, interesting way, that we do not stop to reflect upon the measure of originality of the plot. Ursula interests us, so does her lover, so does the course of their love. Here is a tale whose existence is justified by the pleasure it gives the reader, a pleasure that is derived as much from the capital art with which it is told as from the nature of its plot and its complications.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine takes us among the imaginary people at the south pole, along *The Great White Way*. He seeks to amuse, rather than to entertain us with the richness of his imagination. The eccentric humor of his company of explorers is the real point of his story; there is love, of course, among strange surroundings, but the lore of Borchgrevink sits lightly on his shoulders.

From antarctic to arctic, with another company of explorers, Mr. Robert Ames Bennett takes us to find *Thyra*, the daughter of the Vikings, in the great polar pit. An exhaustive knowledge of Norse mythology—which is so much nearer to our hearts than that of Greece or Rome—a hearty appreciation of the Norse sagas, a deft use of both in the construction of the story—all this combines to give this hearty, wholesome, instructive book of adventure and ancient northern lore a quality of interest that will make it welcome. The heroic stature of the men and women of Norse legend is in these pages.

Adrian Schade van Westrum.

THE COLONIALS. By Allen French. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE CLOISTERING OF URSULA. By Clinton Scollard. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THYRA. By Robert Ames Bennett. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

BIOGRAPHY will bulk very largely in the list of forthcoming books. The rumor that the Empress Eugenie is writing her own life continues to gain ground, though probably nothing definite has been given forth by that unfortunate lady, who has remained as aloof from the people of her adoption as if she were still an independent sovereign. September is suggested as the month in which Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," in two, or perhaps three, volumes will make its appearance. It is being very eagerly looked forward to, for no man of the same power and influence has undergone greater deterioration in point of the progress of his opponent's policy than Mr. Gladstone—one need do no more than recall the advance on Khartoum and the wiping out of Majuba Hill. Even such a devoted disciple as Mr. Herbert Paul, of the *Daily News*, has, in his article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," since reprinted and enlarged, shown signs of a critical spirit; and everybody is agreed that Mr. Gladstone's excursions into Homerism, literature, and theology were not epoch-making. Sir Wemyss Reid has made rapid progress with his memoir of William Black. A biographical sketch of Kinglake by the Rev. W. Tuckwell will be issued by the Bells. So far one of the best criticisms of the great historian was the anonymous introduction to Methuen's recent edition of "Eothen" in the Little Library series. Except as a marvellous example of how to treat a campaign from the stand-point of literature, I fear his "History of the Crimea" has diminished in human interest.

It is always interesting to watch how an active man utilizes the moments of his retirement. Thus Lord Wolseley has (wisely) buried the bitterness of his last

days as Commander-in-Chief in the pursuit of his old hobby, military history and biography. He has not only written an elaborate essay on Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1796, but he is engaged on his autobiography, doubtless inspired with the great success of Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India." When he finishes this task, he has mapped out a second volume to his "Life of Marlborough." Lord Goschen is working on the life of his grandfather, also named George Joachim Goschen, the famous Leipzig bookseller, who died in 1828. On the other hand, Lord Rowton does not seem to have tackled the biography of his chief, Lord Beaconsfield, who died just twenty-one years ago. His attention has perhaps been too much occupied with building his magnificent "doss" houses; but the approach of Mr. Morley's "Gladstone" should bestir him. It has frequently been suggested that Mrs. Craigie is collaborating with Lord Rowton. One would certainly like to see her manipulating real instead of imaginary biography. Another busy man in retirement, Dr. Garnett, seems just as busy with many endeavors as ever he was.

Political literature has got quite a fillip through the war. Thus under no other circumstances would Lord Durham's famous "Report on the State of Canada" have been republished, as it has been by the Methuens. It was in 1838 that Durham was sent out to Canada to settle the differences between the English and the French, and in 1839 he sent his "Report on the Affairs of British North America" to the Colonial Office. As a matter of fact the whole of the Report was written by Charles Buller with the exception of two paragraphs, which were composed by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a sketch of

whose remarkable life was published a year or two ago, and by Richard Davies Hanson, who became Chief Justice of South Australia. There is no doubt, however, that Durham was the guiding spirit in the settlement, which has been constantly referred to as a model on which to pacify South Africa. The present Lord Durham is his grandson; and, if he is not a statesman like the Canadian hero, he has at least the courage of his opinions, and has spoken out very boldly about different aspects of the war. It was his brother Hedworth, now in command of the King's yacht, who went through the siege of Ladysmith. Another brother was wounded at Magersfontein. Lord Durham's youngest sister is married to Lord Salisbury's son, Lord Robert Cecil, who is a barrister, and has been very much in evidence before the Court which is deciding the claims of different persons to figure in the Coronation Procession. I may say that Mr. Methuen, if not a "pro-Boer," takes up an attitude strongly antagonistic to the war, and his pamphlet on the subject has sold by the hundred thousand.

The fact that Mr. George Gissig, who is still far from well, is abridging Forster's "Dickens," suggests that we have arrived at the period when many ponderous literary biographies might well undergo a similar treatment, on the lines of a more discriminating perspective. This is specially true of Moore's "Byron"; indeed, despite the fact that so much has been written about Byron, we still stand in want of a really good, readable biography. Speaking of Dickens reminds me that there is quite a boom in his works, five or six publishers having entered the field in issuing him, now that the operation of the copyright law is at an end. The extraordinary flood of reprints has suggested to one ingenious writer that lapsed copyrights should go at once to the State. There is something to be said for

the proposal; but, if the State were to play the part of publisher itself instead of leasing copyrights to professional publishers, one would soon see an end to beautiful *format*, for nothing can exceed the unnecessary hideousness of British official publications.

All the veterans of letters are dying out, and now we have really no old men except the aged author of "Festus," who was born so long ago as 1816, and George Macdonald, who is seventy-eight. One of the very last of the old school, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, died in January at the age of eighty-eight. But Aubrey de Vere was much older than his years, for he had the great misfortune to practise the art of poetry in the dead, dull forties. He came of a poetic Celtic stock, for Wordsworth described his father, whose "Julian the Apostate" appeared in 1822, as a master of the sonnet. It was in 1842 that Aubrey de Vere's first volume of verse, "The Waldenses," appeared, and in the following year he gave the world "The Search After Proserpine." He touched high-water mark in his "Year of Sorrow," published in 1849; and, though he kept on writing for thirty years and more, he seemed to belong altogether to another age, for his own generation did not care for him, and the next scarcely knew him. His last book was his "Recollections," published in 1897, when he was eighty-three. Sir Theodore Martin, who is eighty-six, is now at work on his autobiography.

Attention has recently been called to the short life of the modern book, and the damage done to the bookseller by the dealers who sell "remainders." The comparative cheapness with which a "book" can now be produced has certainly militated against that respect for something within boards which used to make any book sacred—a thing on no account to be used and then flung aside. Nowadays a book

can be "rattled up" by author, printer, and binder. It is not meant to last, any more than a newspaper is. If it is a novel, it is given a season, or two at most. In view of this it is easy to see that some books will become exceedingly scarce by reason of their very popularity, for nobody will think it worth while to keep them. One of the trade journals has been raising a loud outcry against the remainder men; but it is difficult to find a remedy. Side by side with the cheap book are the expensive issues, such as Morris published. These are rising steadily in price, and private presses are springing up to supply the demand of the connoisseur.

Scholarly literary criticism has been subjected to a distinct diminution by the disappearance of *Literature* as a separate organ, for the journal, which the *Times* started five years ago with such a flourish of trumpets, has become incorporated with the *Academy*, which is the property of Mr. John Morgan Richards, the father of John Oliver Hobbes. *Literature* never felt quite sure of what it wanted to do. The late Mr. Traill had certainly a point of view of his own, but it was scarcely journalistic in the modern sense. He never quite recovered his balance after the severe drubbing that the early numbers of *Literature* received at the hands of the latter-day literary paragraphists. And then his death introduced newer hands and different methods, until at last *Literature* became a curious mixture of independent literary criticism and a collection of badly sub-edited publishers' preliminary announcements. On the other hand, the *Academy* has had a distinct policy under the editorship of Mr. C. Lewis Hind, who possesses the knack of associating himself with clever writers. Its policy is not always one which has commended itself to the expert, but the paper is thoroughly readable, and has

never in Mr. Hind's hands become so (needlessly) stodgy as *Literature* was in the early days. The comparative failure of *Literature* is all the more extraordinary when you consider the enormous influence of the *Times*, which remains, despite many misadventures, one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution. The field for scholarly criticism is now monopolized by the *Athenæum*, which is owned by Sir Charles Dilke, and is being brilliantly edited by Mr. Vernon Rendall, a young Cambridge man. Meanwhile the *Times* is issuing a literary supplement of the same shape as the one published by its New York namesake.

The older sides of London life which indicate its more leisurely and literary moments are vanishing before our very eyes. Holywell Street—that unsavory, if picturesque, vennel in the Strand—is a thing of yesterday, and now the "four-penny box" is threatened in the very moment of its migration, for the London civic authorities have threatened booksellers who expose their wares outside their windows on projecting shelves. The particular object of this prosecution, or, as many people would describe it, persecution, is Mr. Bertram Dobell of Charing Cross Road, one of the most literate of second-hand booksellers. Mr. Dobell is well known as a contributor to the pages of the *Athenæum*, and he has edited the poems of his kinsman, Sydney Dobell, and also of James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." Much sympathy has been expressed for Mr. Dobell, and a test case has been made of the action against him.

For good or for evil only two publicists in this country have any conspicuous hold on the man in the street. Lord Rosebery is eagerly read, whatever he may elect to handle, and Mr. Kipling's verses, even when they descend to doggerel, rouse the keenest attention—and, when he attacks a

national ideal, the most bitter enthusiasm. No verse has created such a stir for many years as Mr. Kipling's poem in the *Times*, in which he pillories the national admiration of sport; and the anger that his diatribe against the "muddled oaf" has aroused may be taken as a keen appreciation of the essential truth of his attack. No doubt we are changing; we must change; but it still remains true that a good sporting record stands a boy from a public school or the universities in better stead than high intellectual equipment. Thus the average obituary notice of Mr. Justice X. Y. Z. will lay greater stress on the fact that his late lamented lordship did the "record mile" than that he achieved great distinction on the bench; and it has been extraordinary to note how in the stress of a great national crisis middle-aged gentlemen, who ought to be thinking of something else, have dawdled their days at Lords or the Oval over some lads playing cricket. The go-as-you-please spirit which angers Mr. Kipling so much is evidenced once more by the project of Mr. Dent to start a literary monthly dealing with country life. The paper will be edited by Dr. Roberts, who has written a great deal on gardening.

The petition to the King to incorporate a British academy for the promotion of historical, philosophical, and philological studies has been influentially supported, and it may be granted. But really the temper of English people is very strongly set in the opposite direction. Thus the Royal Academy of Art is losing prestige every year, and has to face all sorts of rivals, and a few years would soon knock the bottom out of such a corporation as

that which the King is asked to sanction; for, like all corporations, it would set a standard, however arbitrary, and curtail individual effort. Have we not seen the decay of British association in science and the failure of other "academies"? And yet there is a party of enthusiasts who wish to carry the academy idea in the direction of a National Theatre. That seems farther off than ever, now that American managers, working on the purely business basis, are invading London, where the theatres of the actor-managers are run on anything but business lines.

The playwrights have given us little or nothing of any value. Indeed the times are particularly discouraging to serious work. Thus Mr. Pinero's masterly study of an irresolute woman, "*Iris*," ran only a hundred and ten nights, to be replaced by a comedy from the pen of Mr. Anthony Hope. Mr. Hall Caine is another of the novelists who are turning their attention to playwriting. The most interesting experiments are the two poetic plays by Mr. Stephen Phillips—"Ulysses," produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and "*Paolo and Francesca*," which Mr. George Alexander has in hand. "*Sherlock Holmes*" has been a great success, though one shudders to think what it would be without Mr. Gillette. Certain it is that the English melodramatic actor's method would simply kill it. Mr. Charles Frohman has now got his finger into five London theatres, and another American venture, "*Arizona*," occupies the Adelphi, which used to be the very temple of home-made melodrama. I should add that "*Ulysses*" differs very considerably from the Homeric story.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IT is not often that a modern book is issued which appeals so essentially to the collector as Mr. Andrews's new one does. First, the subject is one of more than ordinary interest, appealing alike to one's patriotism as well as to one's historic sense. From the artistic sense the book is one essentially beautiful, and all that the author, illustrator, and printer can do to make it symmetrical and artistic has been done. Seldom, if ever, has a more perfect piece of book-making been turned out in this country. The detailed description is as follows:

"Paul Revere and His Engraving," by William Loring Andrews. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, MCMI., 8vo, pp. xiv, 172. It contains thirty-three illustrations, viz.: 1 photogravure on copper (printed in colors); title-page, designed and engraved by E. D. French; 14 photogravures on copper by the Ringler process; a Plan of Boston Massacre, engraved on copper by Sidney L. Smith; 7 head-bands, 7 tail-pieces, and one ornamental design, engraved on copper by the same; 4 photogravings on zinc, etc. The edition is limited to 135 on Van Gelder, 35 on Imperial Japan paper.

It is issued in gray boards, with white vellum back; the title is printed in gold on the side in the manner of a book-plate, the lining paper, both back and front, representing a coarse woodcut of the Boston Massacre, with eight lines of verse underneath the whole, forming a most attractive feature. This is the nineteenth privately printed book issued by Mr. Andrews, and his taste is apparent not only in the *format*, but in the manner and matter of the text as well. It contains much interesting information about Paul Revere, the engraver.

Before this number of THE BOOK BUYER goes to press Part 5 of the sale of the library of the late Thomas J. McKee will have taken place. This part consists largely of manuscripts, play-bills, pencil drawings, pen-and-ink drawings, and a number of autograph letters and manuscripts, notably of Major André, Burns, Keats, Payne, Whittier, Allan Ramsay, Macklin, Adah Isaacs Menken, Hawthorne, Lamb, Longfellow, etc.

Among the play-bills is a notable series of Edmund Kean, and also of James W. Wallack, Madame Vestris, Peg Woffington, etc.

Among the more interesting original manuscripts is a manuscript sonnet of Keats, and letters of Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, John Tyler, etc. Other items of interest are drawings and prints relating to old New York, and a manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," by John Howard

Payne, dated Washington, September 13, 1841, inscribed, "For L. J. Cist, Cincinnati." As is well known, besides his interest in books, Mr. McKee was a collector of personalia relating to the stage and his favorite authors.

This sale also includes original drawings by George Morland, Chalon, Cosway, Chester, Harding, De Wild, George and Robert Cruikshank.

As the collectors in such material are a keen lot, high prices may be expected.

It may not be generally known that the library of Dr. Samuel Johnson was sold at Christie's, London, in February, 1785. The sale catalogue is of extreme rarity, no copy being in the British Museum; but there is one owned by the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is most interesting and curious to see and study what sort of books the grim old Doctor collected. There was all together 662 lots, comprising about 8,000 volumes, not counting the bundles of pamphlets.

The sale continued for four days. It was sadly unproductive, the whole amount realizing the small sum of only 242 pounds 9 shillings, or an average of about 19 pence per volume.

As might be expected, it was rich in the editions of the classics printed in the sixteenth century, containing the first folio edition of Shakespeare, and a fair sprinkling of books that were well known in those days.

"Boswell's Life" informs us that shortly before his death Dr. Johnson gave away a great many of his books.

Among the interesting books noted at random in a study of the catalogue, one notes the following, which show his catholicity of reading; namely, Boethius on the "Consolations of Philosophy," Barclay's "Ship of Fools," 1570 edition, and fifty-six other sixteenth-century books. Dr. Johnson once wrote to Mrs. Thrale that "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are the only books that readers ever wish were longer. We know from "Boswell's Life" that the old Doctor "read rapidly, ravenously, and like a Turk." There are many items in the catalogue which indicate his taste for controversial theology, as well as important items in law and medicine. A curious book for so democratic a man found in the library is Selden's "Titles of Honor," "which no gentleman's library should be without."

Here also is Dr. Brown's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica." No. 121 is a work on small-pox, by a certain Mudge, and we note that the old Doctor

stood god-father to the child of the author, and possibly this book was presented to him as an adequate fee. Dr. Johnson once wrote "I love Blair's Sermons," and naturally this book is to be found here.

In studying the catalogue carefully, one is at a loss to settle the exact principles which actuated Dr. Johnson in his selection. He was no collector of first editions, and points out in a letter that the last edition is very apt to be the most useful. The catalogue is a desideratum, and is to be sought for with enthusiasm by the collector.

In looking over the records of book sales at auction during the year 1901, one cannot but be impressed with the great increase in values of books that come under the head of "association books," or to use a technical word which has a much finer meaning—*Provenance*.

Formerly it added only a few shillings to the value of a book to have it a presentation copy. This has all been changed. As far back as the Foote sale notably, the American collector began to feel a sentiment for presentation copies—or copies which had some evidence of former owner-

ship—and this sentiment was backed by dollars. In Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and New York are libraries wholly or in part made up of such books. Not only does the collector show a *penchant* for a presentation copy of an author's book, but it has come to pass that he must have a presentation copy of the first edition, presented to a well-known friend! What would one not give for a presentation copy of Keats's "Poems," 1818, to Fanny Brawne, or Lamb's "Essays of Elia," given to Coleridge? A most interesting series of articles might be written on association books owned in this country. It may not be generally known that Milton's "Family Bible" is owned here in America, while his copy of "Terence" is owned in Boston. Books from the libraries of Thackeray, Gray, Dickens, Lamb, Pepys, Wordsworth, Keats, Luther, Calvin, Ben Jonson, Coleridge, Browning, etc., are scattered from Augusta to San Francisco. Who will say that the American buyer is devoid of sentiment! New York City alone can boast of a library almost entirely made up of such books—and the owner is still weeping for more worlds to conquer.

Ernest Dressel North.

FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER

ART

All things are doubly fair
If patience fashion them
And care—
Verse, enamel, marble, gem.

No idle chains endure:
Yet, Muse, to walk aright,
Lace tight
Thy buskin proud and sure.

Fie on a facile measure,
A shoe where every lout
At pleasure
Slips his foot in and out.

Sculptor, lay by the clay
On which thy nerveless finger
May linger,
Thy thoughts flown far away.

Keep to Carrara rare
Struggle with Paros cold,
That hold
The subtle line and fair.

Lest haply nature lose
That proud, that perfect line,
Make thine
The bronze of Syracuse.

All things return to dust
Save beauties fashioned well;
The bust
Outlasts the citadel.

Oft doth the ploughman's heel,
Breaking an ancient clod,
Reveal
A Cæsar or a god.

The gods, too, die, alas!
But deathless and more strong
Than brass
Remains the sovereign song.

Chisel and carve and file,
Till thy vague dream imprint
Its smile
On the unyielding flint.

—From "*The Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems*," By George Santayana. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

CURRENT LITERATURE

GRUNDY'S "PERSIAN WAR."

READERS of the *Classical Review* have for some years been aware that Mr. Grundy was making independent surveys of famous battle-sites in Greece, and the present stately volume, with six invaluable maps and thirty-one illustrations, more than fulfils any expectations which may have been formed regarding the publication of his work. As was to be expected, the work is most welcome and valuable for the topographical details which it gives with such pains, fulness, and, apparently, accuracy. These make it an indispensable companion for anyone who would review or study afresh the oft-told but ever-inspiring story of the ancient wars for Greek freedom. The modern world is and must ever be so deeply in the debt of the victors in this long struggle that it will welcome any sincere and promising effort to bring clearness into the obscure places in its tradition.

As mere topographical details would in the end, however useful, become wearisome, Mr. Grundy has doubtless done well to imbed them in a full historical narrative. The book will find far more readers from this fact. It is not unkind to say, however, that the scientific value of the book depends far less on the historical narrative and its discussion of the literary evidence for the Persian Wars than on the fresh topographical detail which it furnishes. And the contribution of the book to sound history is little, if at all, augmented by what it offers on the "preliminaries" in Chapters I—V. Here we miss the larger grasp of Oriental influ-

ences exerted on the Greeks of Western Asia, which would have come with a less intent fixing of the eye on Marathon and a more patient study of the evolution of the Persian Empire. A decided over-emphasis is put upon Lydian as compared with Phœnician influence on the Asiatic Greeks, and the rehabilitation of the Ionian character and efforts, *contra* Herodotus, is overdone.

The point of first importance in the work of any one who would retell the story of the Persian Wars is his treatment of Herodotus, the great ancient historian of those wars. Does he regard Herodotus with the eyes of a Plutarch, among the ancients, while he wrote his *De malignitate Herodoti*, or with those of an Ephorus, while he simply transcribed Herodotus; with the eyes of a Sayce, among moderns, or with those of a Rawlinson? Mr. Grundy's principles here are eminently satisfactory. Herodotus is an exponent for us of those memories of the Persian Wars, which were cherished by the dominant Athenians of the age and circle of Pericles, and particularly at about the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, two generations of men after the unrecorded Persian Wars, when new hates, arising from inter-Hellenic rivalries, had warped and obscured the genuine tradition. One is tempted, however, to say that Mr. Grundy's practice in dealing with the testimonies of Herodotus is not always as satisfactory as his principles. At any rate, he is uneven in his application of his own principles, now allowing too much, and now too little for the influence upon tradition of the Athenian atmosphere in which Herodotus prepared his history. It will often seem to the reader of Mr. Grundy's book, further, that, in his anxiety to emphasize the honesty and sincer-

THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR, AND ITS PRELIMINARIES. A study of the evidence, literary and topographical. By G. B. Grundy, Lecturer on Classical Geography, Oxford. With Illustrations. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, and London, John Murray, 8vo, \$5. 00 net.

ity of Herodotus, he loses sight of the intense desire which Herodotus had, as a literary artist appealing to an audience of literary artists, to *please*, not necessarily by the narration of certain facts, but by the narration of them in a certain artistic way. When Herodotus introduces matter which is clearly unhistorical, it is often not so much to give "that colouring to events which Herodotus himself believed to be the true one" (p. 103), as to give artistic pleasure to an audience accustomed to get pleasure rather than instruction from literary productions.

But enough of general criticism, and criticisms of details would carry our review beyond due bounds. We might question whether the orators supplement in any appreciable way Herodotus (p. 156); whether Marathon could have been a victory for a democracy which was at the same time *medizing* (pp. 170, 201); whether the early date (493) for the archonship of Themistocles (p. 203) can safely be assumed; whether the myth of the Spartan and Athenian treatment of the heralds of Darius is not too grotesque to be accepted so literally as it is (p. 226); whether such ignorance on the part of the Greeks of the topography of Tempe as the author emphasizes is not improbable (p. 231), and was not alleged by tradition in order to veil the unpalatable political reasons which led to the abandonment of Thessaly; but all such critical objections fall into a mental background when we read the elaborate and exhaustive story of the defence of Thermopylæ and Artemisium, with its fresh and attractive suggestions as to the reasons for the apparent sacrifice of Leonidas—a question not to be dismissed with Eduard Meyer's scornful note.

In the long and elaborate discussion of the battle of Salamis, the position of those who hold that the Greeks were surrounded in the harbor of Salamis without sending

a squadron around the island of Salamis to the coast of the Megarid is not fairly stated. There is nothing in the words of the eye-witness of the battle, Æschylus, which *necessarily* implies the sending of the Egyptian squadron so far from the intended scene of battle, and the explanations of Herodotus's omission of any such all-important movement, on which Mr. Grundy evidently prides himself, must be pronounced labored and ineffectual. And does not Mr. Grundy all at once (p. 498) make far too much of the testimony of Plutarch alone, as to the wind on which Themistocles counted to throw the Persian ships into confusion? In Plutarch it is a "breeze fresh from the sea," bringing with it a current up through the strait. The morning wind of Mr. Grundy's observation is a west wind, "blowing right down that part of the strait south of Ægaleos." Not Plutarch, but rather Thucydides, should be used to supplement Herodotean detail about Themistocles. Perhaps also the completeness of the Spartan accord with the plans of Themistocles, both at Artemisium and Salamis, is not sufficiently recognized by Mr. Grundy. This the hostilities of the opening Peloponnesian War, as well as the Persian residence of Themistocles, tended to obscure in current Athenian belief.

In emphasizing the offensive nature of the campaign in Boeotia, which ended with the glorious victory of Pausanias, and also the offensive meaning of the change of the Greek army from their first to their second position, Mr. Grundy makes distinct contributions to the vexed discussions of the eleven days' fighting near Plataea, though we may still feel reasonable doubt that the Greeks intended to surprise the Persian army by a flank movement out into the plain. And that Pausanias, on the morning of the last day, instead of joining the rest of his forces at the "Island," whither they had been or-

dered, planned to take his strong wing of Lacedæmonians off into the mountains to relieve a beleaguered provision train (pp. 492ff.), is not only contrary to all good military procedure in the face of a partially successful enemy, but also to the explicit testimony of Herodotus that the plan to relieve the provision train was to be carried out only after the new position at the "Island" had been secured (ix. 51).

Mr. Grundy's location of the "Island," one of the most vexed questions in the topography of the battle, is eminently satisfactory, and probably final. But his location of the temple of Eleusinian Demeter is much too far to the east to be reconciled with the clear testimony of Herodotus, and has been influenced, we suspect, by his novel idea of the plan of Pausanias to relieve the provision train in the passes of Kithæron. On this point in the topography the view of Mr. Hunt of the American school is far better, especially when one remembers the consonant testimony of Herodotus and Plutarch that in the last crucial moment Pausanias "raised his eyes to the Heræum of the Plataeans, and, calling the goddess to his aid, besought her not to disappoint the hopes of the Greeks" (Hdt., ix. 61; Plutarch, *Aristides*, xviii.). This Heræum Mr. Grundy does not hesitate to place close to the site of the city of Plataea, while his temple of Eleusinian Demeter is *far in advance* of the position which had just been abandoned by the whole Greek force under pressure of the enemy.

But enough of dissent and criticism. No two readers of all the evidence are likely to agree in all details. Mr. Grundy has laid all lovers of the story of this great episode in human history under large obligations. His style improves from beginning to end of his book, until there are passages of rare vigor. It is strange that

Delbrück's important studies on the military science of the Persian Wars, just now renewed in his *Geschichte der Kriegskunst* (Vol. I., *Das Alterthum*, 1900), and Eduard Meyer's great studies of the period in the third volume of his monumental *Geschichte des Alterthums*, have not been made friends in counsel. This will doubtless be done in Mr. Grundy's next volume on the Hellenic warfare of the remainder of the fifth century.

Bernadotte Perrin.

NATIONAL STUDIES IN AMERICAN LETTERS

THE point in our having this volume on *The Clergy in American Life and Letters* is that we may see what their influence as clergymen has been, and not that we may read a new account of certain Americans who happened also to be clergymen. Mr. Addison does not always keep this fact clearly in his mind, though his plan of attacking the subject is admirable. He devotes some introductory chapters to the general influence of the clergy, especially of the earlier and less important men, after which he discusses the life-work of six great representative preachers—Dwight, Channing, Parker, Bushnell, Beecher, and Brooks—giving a most interesting and valuable account of them. He shows just what was vital in each one's thought without going into unimportant differences in individual theologies, and he brings out strongly the value of each one's influence in political and social questions, especially in the great issue of slavery. In all this there is no prejudice nor favor—Methodist, and Unitarian, and Roman Catholic are treated so impartially and appreciatively that it would be impossible from this book to tell what Mr. Addison's own beliefs might be.

THE CLERGY IN AMERICAN LIFE AND LETTERS. By Daniel Dulany Addison. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

Only on one account does the book somewhat fail to fulfil its purpose. There is to be traced a remarkable progress in American religious thought from Jonathan Edwards to Phillips Brooks, reflecting one of the chief phases of our national life and character. By omitting all but the merest mention of Edwards's name, Mr. Addison cannot show how the "great awakening" which began at Northampton stamped Edwards's theology so firmly on New England and the Middle States that ghosts of it are still continually appearing in the pulpits of the towns and smaller cities, and, on the other hand, how the reaction against this very revival caused that torpor in the churches which held so many of them indifferent and sluggish far into the nineteenth century. Omitting Jonathan Edwards and his influence, Mr. Addison cannot show how wisely Timothy Dwight modified the cruel side of his grandfather's theology and, more than any other man, restored Calvinism to New England; how the reaction against Edwards found in William Ellery Channing its apostle of love, and in his simple, uncombative Unitarianism, introduced a new and contradictory principle into our religious life; how in Theodore Parker this conflict came to its inevitable crash, theology meeting theology in logic instead of in love; how the battle waged in the soul of Horace Bushnell, the first to show the possibility of a deeper synthesis; how by recalling us away from theology and back to life, hiding all petty controversies behind a great personality, Henry Ward Beecher did so much to restore peace and order; and finally, how this intensely human and practical solution was supplemented by the spiritual wisdom, the Christian tolerance and universal love shining through the clear soul of Phillips Brooks. All this will be evident to anyone who remembers the influence of Edwards and who reads Mr. Addison's book as it should be read—

from the first page to the last, and not by scraps and chapters. But if an introductory chapter on Edwards were added the whole statement would be much more clear.

In the six great preachers selected by Mr. Addison for separate treatment there is to be found a certain similarity which is typical of something besides religious conviction. There is a ruggedness, a depth of humor, a largeness and liberalism distinctive of great personalities which made them all as deeply interested in the problems of politics and sociology as they were in the problems of religion. They were New Englanders in character as well as birth, and only in Beecher's case was the ministry of any one of them outside of the New England States. This may have something to do with the peculiar similarity among them; but such patriotism and elevation of soul is wider than New England—it is American. Our six greatest statesmen would not show a record of loftier patriotism, nor be more truly representative of what is American at its best.

It is, perhaps, as well that Mr. Addison does not so much as mention any living preacher, for though there are several clergymen to-day of as great consequence as many of those who are discussed at some length in the earlier chapters of the book, yet there is a picturesque, if not quite a spiritual, completeness in any record which ends with the calm, strong presence of Phillips Brooks.

But what would become of Mr. Nicholson if he mentioned no living Hoosier? Edward Eggleston and James Whitcomb Riley, both of whom belong to his subject without question; Maurice Thompson, who was living when the book was written, and Lew Wallace, who is even less of a real Hoosier than Mr. Thompson was—these are the only names of special con-

sequence with which Mr. Nicholson has to deal. What he writes of these four men is well considered, and even stimulating, but there is very little of it. Nearly half of the book is devoted to an introduction on Indiana and its early history. What Mr. Nicholson writes of Caleb Mills and the problem of education, of Robert Owen and his socialistic experiment at "New Harmony," is full of interest. It is only when he calls up the names of unimportant writers that he shows how small his subject really is. One comes to feel that the Hoosier in literature and Mr. Riley's poetry are pretty much one and the same thing.

The last part of Mr. Nicholson's book, devoted to the miscellaneous poetry, history, and fiction of Indiana, is almost encyclopædic. Still, tables of statistics have their interest. Of the ten novels mentioned in this section, all but two were written in the last four years. The very beginners of Hoosier literature were men who still are living; and, among them all, there are no two who show a general similarity or definite line of progress. Mr. Nicholson suggests vaguely a development of interpretation from the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" of Dr. Eggleston through Mr. Riley's humorous and philosophical farmers to the "Gentleman from Indiana" type depicted by Mr. Booth Tarkington; but this is only because of the advancing civilization of the subject. Among the authors themselves there is no real connection—there is no Hoosier group, or "school." It is not Mr. Nicholson's fault, however, that these literary Hoosiers fought on both sides in the Civil War, and had no more of a common impulse in letters than in politics; and the fact that his results are in a certain way negative has not prevented him from dealing with great sincerity and discrimination with those literary people who happen to have lived in Indiana.

Henry David Gray.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

THIS little book of Le Baron R. Briggs, on *School, College, and Character*, possesses a value out of all proportion to its size and its fragmentary contents. It is the book of a man who is not only writing about what is practically his life work, but who is happily able to write about it both with earnestness and humor, with fullness and brevity, with sympathy and with force. No one can be better qualified to discuss the practical moral problems of collegiate life than the dean for more than thirteen years of Harvard College; and if there is any one who is able to put such qualifications to more effective literary use he has yet to show his face. In a short notice of this book, one might hesitate whether to do no more than describe its temper and style, or to fasten exclusively to a reduction of the author's opinions, were it not that the author himself has obviously so much the greater interest in his subject-matter that a royal reviewer must needs follow his lead.

An American college assumes, from the point of view of Dean Briggs, a plain responsibility not only for the intellectual training of the student, but also for his moral welfare. Yet in assuming this responsibility, it is very much hampered by the preparatory education which the average American boy receives, both at home and at the secondary schools. The influences which the college can exercise most effectually are not corrective and disciplinary, but positive and stimulating; and if a boy before he reaches college has not been put through the necessary preliminary discipline, he is not in a position to receive the full benefit of his college course. The essays of Dean Briggs are in general a plea for the maintenance at all the stages of preparatory training of the disciplinary idea. So far as the college is concerned, he

SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND CHARACTER. By Le Baron R. Briggs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.]

is a staunch upholder of the elective system; but he regards the introduction of that system into the preparatory schools with profound distrust. American pedagogical ideals are too much influenced by the mere good-nature and the easy-going indifference generally characteristic of American life; and the consequence is that, what with parents who humor their children, and an elaborate process of educational wheedling from the kindergarten to the high-school, the average boy, when he reaches college, is not fitted to make any proper use of his opportunities. He has been "weakened by the failure of the modern parent and the modern educator to see steadily the power that is born of overcoming difficulties."

The defective and desultory character of this early training increases enormously the danger of the transition from the sheltered life of the school to the "wide-open" life at college; and what Dean Briggs is above all urging is the necessity of lessening the dangers of this transition. On the one hand, the boy before he reaches college, must have some experience of the tonic value of hard disagreeable work; and, on the other hand, after he reaches college he must not be left entirely to himself, but must be provided with good advisers, selected both from the corps of instructors and the upper-classmen. For the great object of collegiate training proper is the turning out not of learned men, but of good citizens. One cannot help questioning whether such a conscious solicitude for the moral welfare of the students, and the elaborate organization it involves, will become both unnecessary and undesirable, as soon as the ideals and methods of preliminary training are properly corrected, but there can be no doubt that under existing circumstances the American college boy must to a large extent be "personally conducted" along the straight and narrow way.

Herbert Croly.

"MELOMANIACS"

YOU don't usually associate humor with music or musicians. Those who minister to the tuneful art in any capacity, as composers or singers, as critics or conductors, are serious, because they have a high sense of their own importance. Even the long hair which has come to be regarded as a trademark shows an inability to experience that internal tickle which keeps many ordinary persons from being ridiculous.

As a critic Mr. James Huneker is to be taken seriously. He brings to the seat of judgment great learning, both musical and literary, and renders his awards in English that is brilliant, luminous, and forceful. The "Mezzotints in Modern Music" and "Chopin the Man, and His Music" were marked by the acumen of a Supreme Court judge, united—Mr. Huneker will pardon us, for we mean no disrespect—with the enthusiasm of a young lady. To him the world of music is ever at its prime. He has not passed out of the Golden Age. Let us hope that he never will do so.

If you take up *Melomaniacs* in serious mood prepare to get into the right spirit. It is clear that the author has tried to relieve his mind, to unbend by becoming frankly fantastic. The whole thing is not only a musical joke, but a literary joke as well—all except the first tale, "The Lord's Prayer in B," which may have been inserted to delude the reader into the false notion that he is to sup full of horrors before he gets to the last page.

One of the best musical maniacs in the book is told of in "A Son of Liszt," who was kept from doing any original work by the supposition that his father was the great musician. When he learns the truth that he owed his existence to the piano-

MELOMANIACS. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

tuner of the genius, he goes out into the wet Holland night air and disappears forever.

In "A Chopin of the Gutter" there is a drivelling absinthe-drinker whose delusion is that but for him the student composer of piano music would never have come to anything. "I made him practise. I bore his horrible humors, his mad, irritating, capricious temper. I wrote down his music for him. Wrote it down, did I say? Why, I often composed it for him. Yes, I, for he would sit and moan away at the piano, insanely wasting his ideas, while I would force him to repeat a phrase—repeat it, polish it, alter it, and so on until the fabric of the composition was complete. Then, how I would toil, toil, prune, and expand his feeble ideas! *Mon Dieu!* Frédéric was no reformer by nature, no pathbreaker in art; he was a sickly fellow, always coughing, always scolding, but he played charmingly."

The "Power of Dreams" is the most striking of the tales. A weird Russian genius precipitates wholesale anarchy by producing at Paris an orchestral poem called "Nietzsche." The mock gravity with which Mr. Huneker uses the vocabulary of the arch-enemy of Wagner in this story is admirable. "An Ibsen Girl" is the story of a Nora Helmer of Mount Morris Park.

Perhaps there are some who may read this book without detecting the undercurrent of irony. But even they ought to wake up when they come on such a phrase as "the almost forgotten Wagner," or find a reference to an obscure English poet of the name of Browning. G.

FRESH TREASURE TROVE FROM LANCIANI

RODOLPHO LANCIANI needs no introduction to a European public, or, indeed, to an American. Decorated alike

by his own and neighboring governments, honored with degrees from our oldest university and the universities of older nations, Dr. Lanciani comes to us with the unassuming ease of a familiar.

Nothing could be more fitting than that this author's "New Tales of Old Rome" should be prefaced by no word of introduction. Even the American traveller who knows him only through his little "Guide de Palatin" at once feels as much at home with him as do the friends whom he attached to himself during his lectures in this country. So easy is he in his use of our tongue that it is difficult to bear in mind that the English language is his only by adoption. Scarcely in one instance can his syntax be bettered, and he has never appeared in a happier vein than in this book of tales.

Dr. Lanciani reclothes Rome's crumbled colonnades with exquisite beauty. Again the brook babbles from about the feet of the ilex-tree, and along the harbor of the Ostia strange ships crowd in, and stranger seamen throng the shores. Each of the chapters is complete in itself. The last three might almost be issued as separate books, taking up as they do, each within the compass of perhaps forty pages, the history of the Hebrew, English, and Scottish community in Rome. No Gentile, certainly no Jew, could lay down unfinished the chapter on Jewish Memorials. The not wholly ingenuous labors of the Jewish alchemist are brought out delicately and with feeling, and of the precepts attributed to the mysterious pilgrim, one of the few quoted, though not the best—"Hodie pecunia emitur spuria nobilitas, sed non legitima sapientia"—discloses Lanciani as a philosopher as well as antiquarian and scholar. To those brought up on school-

NEW TALES OF OLD ROME. By Rodolpho Lanciani. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, \$5.00 net.

* You can purchase with your wealth a spurious nobility, but not true wisdom.

book versions of the landing of zealous Augustine on the Isle of Thanet, the account of his very reluctant departure from Rome is refreshing. To hear the good Saint trying to beg off from Christianizing England is somewhat of a shock, but no less pleasing than unexpected. Scotland comes in a little shamefaced at the last. The Yankee's brisk rejoinder, "Yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on," to his Scotch neighbor's assertion that the Scotch kept the Sabbath, is more than once illustrated in the able service that Hamilton rendered the Roman government—and himself—in his excavation of Elgin marbles.

The entire volume is replete with history. The most recent discoveries in the Forum, on the Sacra Via, and through the grove of the Arvales are taken up in order, and points that were unsettled at the time of former publications are in part, or wholly, disposed of. The mention of regions unexplored strengthens the hope that there are still more crumbs to fall from the archæologist's table.

His earlier undertone of regret at the metamorphosis of mediæval beauty into modern ugliness—the metamorphosis of the butterfly into the worm—has given way as he has seen the spirit of Arbor Day tread on the heels of the charcoal-burner, and plant in Rome and her environs ten thousand trees a year, while swamps were drained of pestilence, and comfort, self-respect, and health have taken the place of the merely picturesque. The chapter on Saint Paul may with profit be read by every Bible student. Dr. Lanciani wisely speaks with less of the exactness and detail that characterize his lectures, and in consequence will have a hearing that outreaches a merely scientific circle.

To say the volume comes from the Riverside Press leaves little to be added in commendation of its execution. It is profusely illustrated with full-page

plates and cuts; is printed in large, clear type; and is attractively bound.

M. F.

RECENT VERSE

THE second book of verse by the author of *The Man with the Hoe* one opens with a reasonable expectation of finding therein something really noteworthy in the way of poetry. We venture to assume, however, that "Lincoln, the Man of the People," the poem Mr. Markham has selected to give the title to this volume, will scarcely be singled out for any such distinction. Indeed, this special effort, which suggests certain masterpieces of American poetry, may be said to suffer an almost total eclipse in the course of the comparison that inevitably results. Here, again, as in his first book, his finest work is inspired by a famous picture, and—what seems even more singular—it is again a canvas by the celebrated French artist from whom he caught the idea of the poem that has already brought him a wider recognition than falls to the lot of the minor poet generally. This poem, entitled "The Sower," beginning with the third stanza and on down to the end of the fifth, is imbued with that particular sort of rough majesty which Mr. Markham is quick to see and happily successful in celebrating. It is really a companion piece to the earlier production, and quite as worthy of serious consideration. Such phrases as "world will," "cosmic oneness," "world state," etc., whatever they may portend, obscure the meaning as well as mar the beauty of many of the pieces he has included in this later book.

A really notable first book of verse is *The Heart of the Road*, by Anna Hemstead Branch, whose contributions to the various magazines during the past year or so have already won for her a definite place among our poets in the estimation of many

readers. "The Watch-Tower of the Soul," is altogether an unusual piece of work, finely conceived, beautifully expressed, and distinguished throughout by a simplicity in marked contrast with the vagueness that is characteristic of much contemporary verse. That there are no couplets, no quatrains, and very few sonnets in her book may seem a fact scarce worth mentioning, but it impresses one most surprisingly at a time when many poets are busy carving intellectual cherry-stones.

The poetry of Martha Gilbert Dickinson is characterized by an elevation of feeling that is strikingly evidenced in such pieces as "The Cathedral," and this is a quality rare enough in contemporary verse to insure for her work something more pronounced than the half-hearted praise which does very well for most of it. Most of these poems have to do either with religion or with love, and her woman's intuition suggests many new and happy illustrations of the manifestations of those influences which women are particularly susceptible to, and in much closer sympathy with than men. Her exquisite choice of word and phrase, together with her fine reserve, add appreciably to the impression produced by whatever she writes. We quote one short lyric:

A TROTH.

I give myself to thee. Do thou control
 Passions and powers; mate my woman's soul
 Unto thy breast!
 Throughout Eternity, if God so will—
 I give myself to thee,—and marvel still
 To be so blest.

Everyone who enjoys dialect will want to own Mr. Drummond's new book of verse written in the patois of the French-Canadians. "Johnnie Courteau" and the other pieces here collected are all quite as good in their way as was his earlier work, "The Habitant," of which, the publishers inform us, there have been 25,000 copies sold. Whether or not the human interest in Mr. Drummond's verses

is of sufficient vital importance to insure him any lasting fame, it is quite probable that the folk-lore they embody will preserve them long after much that is now being written is forgotten.

Mrs. Sangster says in a modest foreword to her new volume of lyrics: "These home verses are for home folk, God bless them." We gladly recommend them to all that goodly company. They bear many a message of comfort and of cheer which all who love the fields, the garden, and the home-hearth will surely appreciate. Her poems, which are both graceful and noticeably sympathetic, have a pleasant way of remaining in one's memory.

Mr. Burgess's *A Gage of Youth* is not a very important contribution to the year's poetry, but it deserves more than merely a word in passing because of the inimitable manner in which it expresses the spirit of immortal youth. The point of view is very engaging, and the high-heartedness with which he writes gives the verses a "go" that is very perceptible in reading them. This little lyric is but one of many in the same strain to be found in this small sheaf of song:

SONG FOR SYLVIA'S LIPS.

The bees to Sylvia's lips have flown,
 For honey sweet they go:
 The flowerets all have jealous grown
 To be neglected so!

But Sylvia has reproved the bees,
 And sent them back again—
 The flowers are sweet enough for these;
 Her lips were made for men.

R. C. Lehmann, the widely known coach of English university crews, who but recently spent some months at our own Cambridge teaching the Harvard men his famous stroke, appears this year in the rôle of a college poet, adding to the season's harvest of song a modest volume. Many of the excellent pieces included are too long to quote, but we take pleasure in making room for several stanzas from the

last poem in the book, which is also one of the best:

THE GREAT AUK'S EGGS.

A hundred years or more ago
A Greak Auk laid two final eggs;
Then, since she found existence slow,
She drained life's beaker to the dregs,

And died; she was the last Great Auk,
And knew that she had lived too late—
It may be she had met a hawk,
And died of want of aspirate.

Down death's dark, dusty way she went,
Last of her race, alone, sublime.
Her eggs remained; the bird had meant
To hatch them, but she had no time.

Years passed; an egg-collector came,
A spectacled and eager man,
"Eureka! here," he cried "is fame;"
And took the eggs, and off he ran.

. . . the eggs were bought,
And twice two hundred guineas paid,
And no one gave a single thought
To her by whom the eggs were laid.

Yet doth her fate provoke my tears;
When poets shall have ceased to be,
Thus men may rush in future years
To buy my books, nor think of me.

Songs of the Days and the Year introduces a new children's poet in the person of Harriet F. Blodgett. The little ones who care for such things can be relied upon to realize the charm of her writing at once. Anyone who writes such lines as those in the poem entitled "Who Cares," showing such a fine understanding of the children's point of view can hardly fail to win from them all a ready welcome.

We take pleasure in quoting a few stanzas from this piece:

"Who cares for height of mountain-top
Just when a kite can fly
Above the highest clouds that float?
I'm sure it is not I!

"And if 'ten men can dig a well,'
Now who would give a pin

To know how many days each one
Would take to dig it in?

"If James and John have three pounds
six,—
Whatever that may be,—
In cents and dollars, I am sure
Is nothing much to me!

"If any boy or girl alive
Cares for such things as these,
Let them come in, and we'll go out,
And thank you—if you please!"

Mrs. Florence Emerson Brooks's *The Destiny*, is a tiny volume of mingled rhyme and verse with just enough of poetry in it to relieve the monotony once in a while.

From Louisville, Ky., comes a volume of the *Sonnets and Lyrics* of Mr. R. E. Lee Gibson printed on card-board, and containing a frontispiece portrait of the author in photogravure. On the second page of the book we find a sonnet addressed to the critic, in view of which any further remarks may be superfluous. This sonnet, "none the less," we take pleasure in passing along as a good thing:

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Scorn not to count me as one poet more,
Critic, for though I sing a lowly song,
My voice is sweet with promise, and, ere long
May well be burdened with the Muse's lore.
And though indeed I may not hope to soar
On skylark wings, nor on the pinions strong
Of eagle's sweep, yet forth amid the throng
Of humbler birds my plaintive notes I'll pour.

One of the songsters of the forest singing.
Simple my strains, and yet with power to bless;
One of the wild-flowers in the woodland springing,
Modest my garb, yet fragrance I possess;
One of the bees about the musk-rose clinging,
Lowly am I, but poet none the less.

At the Sign of the Ginger Jar, by Ray Clarke Rose, and Louis Alexander Robertson's *The Dead Calypso* are two collections of newspaper verse. They contain many pieces good enough of their kind, but scarcely deserving of perpetuation in book form. F. F. S.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 155-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

630.—What is the best edition of Shakespeare for a person of moderate education and still more moderate means to buy? Is not a one-volume edition better, under such circumstances, than an edition in several volumes? J. M.

"Moderate means" is a comparative term, of varying significance. One person using it might mean that he could afford to pay \$5.00 for Shakespeare, another that he could afford no more than \$1.00. The editions of Shakespeare are so numerous and so varied that this question can hardly be answered. There are good editions in several small volumes that cost hardly more than a good one-volume edition and are easier to hold. For the annotations, none are better than White's and Hudson's. We advise our correspondent to step into a good book-store and look at several editions.

631.—(1) Who wrote "The New Life of Virginia: Declaring the Former Successes and Present Estate of that plantation, being the second part of Nova Britannia" (London, 1612)? The dedication is signed R. I.

(2) Did Aphra Behn write "Incognito: Or, Love and Duty Reconcil'd. A Novel." (London, 1692)? If not, who did?

(3) Is there an earlier English translation of William Harvey's "Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium" (Amsterdam, Elzevir, 1651) than the one printed in London, in 1653?

(4) In what play of Shakespeare's is the expression "the still vexed Bermoothes," and to what does it refer? M. B. H.

(1) It may have been written by Richard Johnson, author of "The Seven Champions of Christendom."

(4) In "The Tempest." It means the Bermuda Islands, where the scene of the play is laid.

632.—(1) Where can I obtain the poems of Eugene F. Ware?

(2) Who originated the saying, or expression, "A wide liker"—referring to one who does not choose his friends from any one class, but has an appreciation of many diverse characters?

(3) From what poem is this stanza quoted?—

"How many songs, O summer wind,
How many songs you know
Of fair sweet things in your wanderings,
As over the earth you go,
To the Norland bare and bleak, from where
The red south roses blow."

(4) What is the best short, or comparatively short, history of Egypt?

(1) They are published in Kansas—in Topeka, we believe.

(3) It is from a poem by Ina Coolbrith, and may be found in her published volume.

(4) Samuel Sharpe's, now half a century old, is good; and a very recent one is by Flinders Petrie. Both are published in London.

633.—Can you or any reader tell me who said of the Holy Roman Empire that it was not holy, not Roman, and not an empire? J. E.

634.—Can you tell me for a reasonable certainty who wrote the hymn "Jesus, I my cross have taken"? I have always supposed a lady wrote it—a Miss Grant, as I remember the name; but the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and "The World's Best Hymns" ascribe it to Henry Francis Lyte, and so do some of our hymn-books. While "Hymns of the Ages" says Montgomery. E. A. J.

In our opinion, the best authority on this subject is Samuel W. Duffield's "English Hymns, their Authors and History" (1886, Funk & Wagnall). On page 282 Duffield says: Previous to 1859 'Jesus, I my cross have taken' was credited to Montgomery, to Miss Grant, to her brother Sir Robert Grant, or to her other brother Lord Glenelg. Dr. Belcher pointed out the fact that it appeared in Lyte's 'Poems, Chiefly Religious,' in 1838." On page 490 he tells us that this hymn was written in six double stanzas by Mr. Lyte in 1824.

635.—Can any reader tell me where this quotation comes from?

"Life, and all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

T. E. C.

636.—(1) Is it true that Tolstoi refuses to accept any money for his books?

(2) I have read somewhere an account of scientific experiments to determine what color of paper is most agreeable to the eye in reading. Can you tell me who made them, and what was the result? S. S.

(1) We believe he has taken this attitude.

(2) The experiment was made by Charles Babbage (1791-1871), the English mathematician, fa-

mous for his efforts to invent an elaborate calculating machine. He had logarithmic tables printed on paper of a hundred and fifty different colors or tints, using ten colors of ink; and from a compilation of the reports of those who used them, the conclusion was drawn that the least fatiguing to the eye was a tint of yellow paper, with black ink.

637.—Where can I find the count of the number of verses, words, etc., in the Bible? A. L.

It is recorded in various books of curious facts, and in some cyclopædia articles, we think. One close at hand gives the count as follows:—66 books, 1,169 chapters, 81,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,566,480 letters.

ANSWERS

622. The novel "Maids of Honor" was written by Robert Folkestone Williams, and was published originally by Colburn in London in 1845, a reprint in one volume appearing in 1861. Williams was Professor of History in Calvary College, Richmond, and wrote many other books, the most notable of which are the historical novel "Strawberry Hill" and several relating to Shakespeare. He also wrote about one-third of the "Little

Savage," which Marryat left incomplete. Some of his books were republished in New York, but not "Maids of Honor," which is now very rare.

G. S.

629.—So far as Longfellow is concerned, the "Children of the Lord's Supper," "Miles Standish," and "Evangeline" are written in what Edgar Allan Poe stigmatized as "Feltonian hexameters," which, according to him, is a "dactylic rhythm, interrupted, rarely, by artificial spondee, which are not spondees at all, and which are curiously thrown in by the heels at all kinds of improper and impertinent points." Tennyson wrote "The First Quarrel," "Rizpah," and "The Northern Cobbler" in what is commonly termed "pastoral," a combination including anapaests and dactyls as well as iambs and trochees. Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are also in this so-called "pastoral" metre.

O. R. H. T.

This correspondent is partly right, of course; but the correspondent whom he answers probably had in mind—not long narrative poems in Greek hexameters—but the use of the pure three-syllable rhythm for lyrical poems, as exemplified in Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," and Holmes's "Sun and Shadow."

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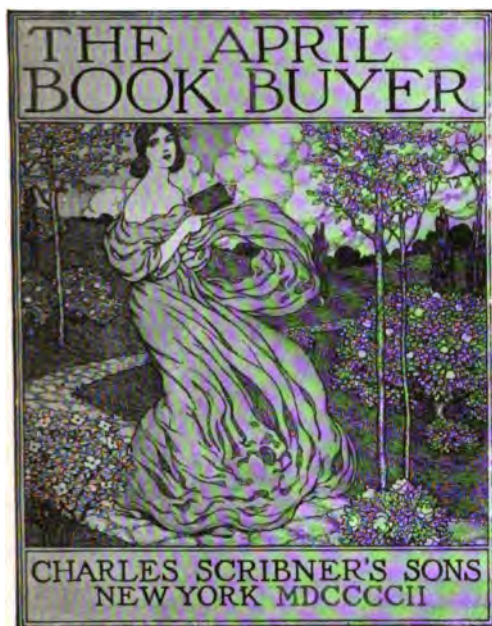
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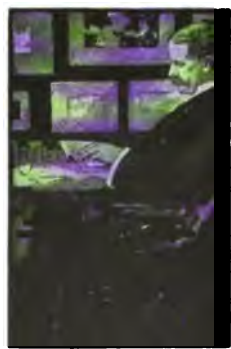
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An interesting exhibition of photographs of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's paintings and studies has recently been opened in the Print Rooms of the New York Public Library, in the Lenox Building. Besides the photographs, which show the poet

in every period of his life, and in varied surroundings, a number of books on Rossetti are also placed on view. Mr. S. P. Avery has lent a copy of "The Germ," that short-lived organ of the "Brotherhood," with a manuscript list of contributors, and other drawings and MSS. of interest relating to Rossetti.

Among volumes of memoirs published in England which have awakened the greatest interest is "The Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox" (1745-1826), who was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond and successively the wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., and of the Honorable George Napier. The Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale have edited the enormous mass of material which has been preserved upon the subject, and the result is a vivid and most entertaining picture of the public life and daily intimacies of the most notable figures in England during eighty important years in history. The Cornwallis correspondence is of peculiar interest to American readers, and there is much besides this in reference to the American colonies which is fascinating reading as well as material



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for the historian. While the Revolutionary War was in progress, Lady Sarah, predisposed by her Whiggery against the King, yet had no romantic attachments to rebels as such. She wrote:

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An American edition of the book is in preparation by the Scribners. There are numerous portraits in photogravure, many of them familiar, but all showing the grace



GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

[From a photograph by Eickenmeyer.]

and dignity with which Sir Joshua Reynolds dowered his subject.

Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton, for whose photograph we are indebted to her publishers, will probably find a large sale awaiting her new book, "The Conqueror," which is just issued by the Macmillan Co. She has written what professes to be a detailed biographical narrative about Alexander Hamilton; but as a reviewer points out on another page, what she calls her "flexible manner" of writing history, produces something which is a sail for every breeze of readers' taste—a new kind of biography in which the author quite deliberately and cheerfully supplements her facts with romantic invention and uses names of real persons to adorn her tale very much as Mr. Vincent Crummies used the pump and the real water.

Miss Ottilie Liljencrantz, whose portrait is printed here through the courtesy of



HENRY B. FULLER.

her publishers, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., has written a "Viking romance" called "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky." The exploits of Leif Ericson, the hardy Norseman to whom statues have been erected in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Boston during the past year, have appealed strongly to Miss Liljencrantz, who is a descendant of the sea rovers, although she now lives in Chicago; and this is her first book. It is illustrated with spirited pictures in color by Troy and Margaret Kinney, who are comparative newcomers in the field of book illustration.

Two more Chicago authors, whose names are better known, have recently contributed to the brilliant fiction of the moment. Mr. Henry B. Fuller's "Under the Skylights," published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., is reviewed in this number of THE BOOK BUYER, and Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's novel, "The Crimson Wing," issued by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., is said to justify the appreciation of



H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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his friends. Both Mr. Chatfield-Taylor and Mr. Fuller are leading spirits in the frolics at "The Little Room," the meeting-place for Chicago's literary, artistic, and musical society.

A "Playgoers' Edition" of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" will be issued shortly by the Scribners, illustrated in colors from photographs of the play, which scored an instant success upon its production last month at the Savoy Theatre.

There are collectors of all things—"from essays to echinoderms," as somebody put it recently—and there are even collectors of *fac-simile* reprints of rare books. All such, besides the lovers of Charles Lamb, will be interested in a little pamphlet issued by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., containing a *fac-simile* reproduction (even to the old, soiled paper



W. W. JACOBS.

cover) of that very rare Lamb "item,"—indeed, it is thought to be "unique" in the jargon of the catalogue-makers—"The King and Queen of Hearts." This great work, consisting of sixteen pages, including the title, is a burlesque gloss upon the nursery rhyme about the queen of hearts who made some tarts. The whole thing, the text and the absurd cuts drawn by William Mulready, was engraved on copper and first issued as a child's book in 1805 by the Goodwins, who, in 1806, were still publishing under cover of Thomas Hodgkins's name in Hanway Street, London. "The King and Queen of Hearts" was found, so Mr. E. V. Lucas tells us in his introductory essay, in Lot 59 of the catalogue of the late Andrew W. Tuer's children's library, sold at Sotheby's in 1900. It was bought by a dealer for Miss Edith Pollock, whose copy forms the basis of the present reproduction. It is now announced that the original copy is to be sold before long in London. The date on the printed cover is

1809, that on the engraved title-page is 1805, so that Miss Pollock's copy is of a later issue as regards the wrapper. It was a common habit of booksellers at that time to bind up paper-covered books year by year, with the current year as the wrapper, the rest of the book being untouched. This scrap of literature is worthy of shelf-room alongside those famous works of R. L. Stevenson, printed at the equally famous private press at Davos Platz.

"At Sunwich Port" is the title of a novel by Mr. W. W. Jacobs (always welcome since he gave us "Many Cargoes") which is in the Scribners' press. The scene is the English coast, and the characters are as quaint and the "atmosphere" as salt as in the earlier stories. Mr. Jacobs is now thirty-eight, slight of frame, and with the London pallor on his face. His success has not come to him overnight; for years he did his daily work as a clerk in the post-office, but his eyes were open and he could see the humor and quaintness of his "water-side characters," and turned out many a story for a guinea or two, till the public gradually came to look for his work, and its quality has never failed with its mighty rise in value in the literary market. He is not likely to become a "prolific writer," for composition is often an arduous task with him. He lives at Buckhurst Hill, near Epping Forest, a suburb of London, only to be reached through a particularly squalid district amidst whose dismal details his eye continues to perceive the humorous and the picturesque.

The firm foundation of excellence in typography in books printed at the Riverside Press was laid many years ago. An early edition of Lowell's essays, taken at random from the shelf, may lack the distinction in fulness of type-face of the most recent issues from this press, but it has an unquestionable beauty of well-cut black

A Report of the truth concerning
the last sea-fight of the Reuenge.



BY SIR WALTER RALEGH, KNIGHT.

The
Riverside
Press

letters upon the clear white page. In the Riverside Aldine Series, published in 1885, a long step was taken in the progress which has always been maintained. The special limited editions designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers, and now issuing from the Riverside Press, are scarcely more beautiful, typographically, than the "regular" publications of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., their distinguishing features being rather the finer paper used and the small number of copies printed. In the special edition of Lowell's "Democracy," for instance, the type was especially cast for this book, and, while of great beauty, it is of the same general order as the usual Riverside type. The page of this book may seem to many unfortunately narrow, an effect produced partly by the large type, which brings too few words on a line for

the most satisfactory result to the eye. But in an edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's account of "The Last Fight of the Revenge at Sea," now in press, the type, page form, and paper are alike beautiful with no need for qualification. We take pleasure in reproducing, somewhat reduced in size, the title-page of this book. The decorative wood-cut border, in the English Renaissance style, was designed by Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown; and the spirited drawing by Howard Pyle is in the manner which many consider his best. This book is printed on a hand-press, the title-page from the original wood blocks, and the text from type. Only 300 copies are to be printed. The Riverside Press possesses two faces of type of marked distinction, one called the "Brimmer" type, which is used in the edition of "Democracy" and several other books, and another called the "Montaigne," which is to be used in a folio edition of Montaigne's essays, the first volume of which is now in preparation. This is a large, bold type, modelled upon French designs of the fifteenth century, and cut by an American expert.



MARION CRAWFORD IN HIS "LOFT" IN NEW YORK.

The volume called "American Authors and Their Homes," edited by Mr. Francis W. Halsey, and published last autumn by Messrs. James Pott & Co., was so favorably received that a companion volume, entitled "Authors of Our Day in Their Homes," has been prepared by Mr. Halsey and is now issued by the same publishers. The book consists of personal sketches originally printed in the *Saturday Review* of the *New York Times*, and is introduced with an essay called "Authorship in America," by Mr. George H. Warner. There are twenty-two sketches in the volume,



ROBERT GRANT IN HIS LIBRARY IN BOSTON.

most of them illustrated with portraits. We reproduce the portraits of the President, Mr. John Bigelow, Mr. Marion Crawford, and Judge Grant.

New volumes of fiction announced for immediate publication by the Scribners include: "The Courage of Conviction," a novel of American life in New York City, by Mr. T. R. Sullivan; an old-fashioned love story by Miss Hildegard Brooks called "The Master of Caxton"; "The Opponents," a tale of contemporary politics in Kentucky, by Mr. Harrison Robertson, the author of "The

Inlander"; "The Game of Love," one of Mr. Benjamin Swift's ingeniously constructed romances; and "Monica, and Other Stories," by M. Paul Bourget. In connection with this book an exchange of international courtesies may be noted. "Monica" is dedicated "To Madame Edith Wharton," and Mrs. Wharton's

masterly romance, "The Valley of Decision," is dedicated "To Paul and Minnie Bourget."

The collection of bookbindings by Charles Meunier, of Paris, which is now on exhibition in the retail department of



JOHN BIGELOW AT HIS DESK IN GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK.

Messrs. Charles Scribners' Sons, is a remarkable showing of the work of a very eminent French binder whose profound knowledge of his trade has been taught him by life itself. "He began in the humblest practice," says his friend, M. Léon Thevénin, "before raising himself to the highest inspiration." His ambition consists in making a binding a sort of visible image translating the thought of the volume. The elaborate carving or inlaying of leathers, the definite triumph of tooling, and the perfection of skill in manipulating the most delicate of materials, mark his work. Nearly a hundred bindings are included in the exhibition, every one of which is impeccable in its kind. The very extravagance of his fancy cannot cloud the real splendor of his product. The two photographs which are printed herewith give



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT HIS SUMMER HOME IN OYSTER BAY.

little effect of the gorgeous coloring of the bindings. As a whole, the bindings are far beyond anything hitherto shown here, of course, in their own class of highly imaginative design applied in carved and inlaid leathers and enamels.



In the March BOOK BUYER we quoted one of the "inscription" poems in "Bramble Brae," the collected verse of Mr. Robert Bridges, with the remark that we did not recall any similar collection of "fly-leaf poetry." But in Mr. Austin Dobson's second series of "Miscellanies," issued within a few weeks, we find a number of this poet's charming inscriptions, brought together, as the writer says in his preface, because "a wish has been expressed in several quarters that a few specimens of the little votive pieces dispersed in various presentation copies of the author's works, should have the advantage of a wider publicity. Thus it comes about that the last pages of the book, in the historic words of Mr. Wegg, 'drop into poetry.' May they fall upon ears as attentive as those of Mr. Nicodemus Boffin! Like Time, he was an eminent dust contractor, but at least he was appreciative."

From the handful of polished verses we copy the thoroughly characteristic inscription:

FOR A COPY OF ROSINA.

What would our modern maids to-day?
I watch and can't conjecture:
A dubious tale!—an Ibsen play!—
A pessimistic lecture!

I know not. But this, child, I know;
You like things sweet and seemly,
Old-fashioned flowers, old shapes in Bow,
"Auld Robin Gray" (extremely);

You—with my "Dorothy"—delight
In fragrant cedar-presses;
In window corners warm and bright,
In lawn and lilac dresses;

You still can read, at any rate,
Charles Lamb and "Evelina";
To you, My Dear, I dedicate
This "Story of Rosina."



BINDING FOR "HISTOIRE DES QUATRE FILS AYMON."

[Full olive green levant, with panels of blind-tooled leather bearing designs reproduced in inlaid leather from colored illustrations in the book.]



"LA JOVIAL COMÉDIE.

[Full light brown levant, with fantastic decorations in mosaic, in the spirit of the book.]

"Dorothy," as good Dobsonians (for there are such disciples) will remember, is the heroine of the poem "suggested by a name upon a window pane," who lives in the "Old World Idylls." And from the present collection we must make room for one more—that sent in a volume of verses

TO THE LATE H. C. BUNNER.

Witness my hand (and seal thereto)
All ye who wrong by word or sign
This unprotected Muse of mine,
I wish you . . . Something else to do!

May all your bills at once fall due!
May She, whose grace you seek, decline!
Witness my hand!

But you, acute, accomplished, true
And *candid*, who in every line
Discern a spark (or sparks) divine
Be blessed! There's good in store for you,—
Witness my hand!

Let us add one short inscription from
Mr. Bridges's book, originally written

IN "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS."

The Sonnets—bounded by Revière
And newly illustrated!
As though the words that Shakespeare wrote
By outward dress are rated!

The soul—the fine, immortal part
That lives without the binding,
Is something from the poet's heart;
'Tis here—and worth the finding.

Late in the spring Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish a novel by George W. Cable, entitled "Bylow Hill." It is an absorbing character-study, the scene laid in New England, and it will be illustrated in color by Mr. F. C. Yohn.

Mr. Robert Shackleton, whose short stories are familiar to magazine readers, has written a novel entitled "Many Waters," which is to be published shortly by the Appletons. It is a story of newspaper life, and readers of Mr. Shackleton's volume of graphic tales, called "Toomey and Others," published a year or two ago, will be glad to have a longer and more sustained story from him.

A privately printed book of peculiar interest has been issued by the "Attie Press," in Portland, Ore. It is a slender 16mo, brilliantly printed in two colors, and bound in vellum, called "A Book of Tales, being Some Myths of the North American Indians." There are twenty legends, translated from various Indian dialects, and "heard in canoe, on horseback, or by the camp-fire, and told in all faith and simple belief by children of Nature," to quote an introductory note. The translator is Mr. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, formerly a lieutenant in the United States Army, and the printers are McArthur & Wood, the junior partner of which firm is Lieutenant Wood's young son. The colophon, displayed in perfect



ROBERT SHACKLETON.
[From photograph by Miss Ben Ycaul.]



GUSTAVE DORÉ.



EUGÈNE SUE.



REMBRANDT PEALE.



HIRAM POWERS.



THOMAS DIXON, JR.

typographic form at the end of the book, tells us that "One hundred and five copies of this book were printed from types by Lewis Ankeny McArthur and William Maxwell Wood. Begun January 16, 1898, when they were each aged 14, and finished at their Attic Press, June 16, 1901." The book shows no signs of immature taste in any detail of manufacture, and the small number printed will probably stimulate the activity of the collector of Americana. The legends are folk-lore taken from the very fountain; the translation suits the archaic simplicity of the tales. Altogether, this little book possesses an intrinsic interest besides the artificial value placed upon it by the small size of the edition printed. We believe it is almost fully subscribed.

We are indebted to his publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., for the portrait of Professor Henry A. Beers, whose new "History of Romanticism" was reviewed in a recent number of *THE BOOK BUYER*.



HENRY A. BEERS.

The portrait of Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., whose story dealing with the race problem in the South, under the title of "The Leopard's Spots," is reviewed upon another page, is furnished us by his publishers, Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Dixon declares that his novel is founded on facts of literal historic accuracy.



Four more old photographs from Mr. Coster's collection are reproduced on the opposite page; the portrait of Eugene Sue is said to be "unique" in American collections.



"A Pasteboard Crown" is the title of a novel by Clara Morris, which will be published by the Scribners within a few weeks. Miss Morris has demonstrated her pleasant literary style in her recently published "Reminiscences," and this long story of theatrical life, built directly upon her observation and experience, must prove of great interest to all admirers of Miss Morris and of the theatre, as well as to the novel-reader who only asks for an absorbing story, told with sympathy and power.

The Rambler.

ONE OF THE UNCONQUERABLE ARMY

SO sustained an effort on such a level compels admiration and a touch of wonder. I am reminded of the first skylark I heard and watched. Before it had nearly finished, I lifted my hand to my throat, sympathetically oppressed. Superfluously, I am sure. The copiousness of Mrs. Wharton's information, the effect of ease in handling it, and the long breath in recounting, suggest resources from which she can be trusted to draw, indefinitely unexhausted.

The scene of the story is Italy during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The most glittering, many-colored pageant of life imaginable passes on every page—to the point that at moments we fancy the object of the book to be a reflection of places, manners, a period, and feel a shade defrauded—to be presently wholly reassured.

Powdered gentlemen, rouged ladies, abbés, friars, French hair-dressers, Columbine and Scaramouch, chocolate, chairs, cards, masks, gilt coaches, levers, vapors, pet monkeys and turbaned blackamoors to mind them, apartments with stucco and mirrors, gardens with mossy statues and box-trees cut in shapes of peacocks—the atmosphere is that which goes with these, at the moment when a weariness of old forms and offences was dawning, and new ideals were expanding the hearts of men. We behold as if an edifice fantastically brilliant, trivial yet heavy, supported by haggard, bowed caryatids, with patient peasant-faces—and we see the palace begin to totter.

The episodes in the book unroll before us charmingly, interestingly, but yet “with scarcely a greater effect of reality than the episodes woven in some gayly

tinted tapestry.” But a tapestry of what amenity, what felicity! At every turn pictures to which one would willingly go back, sure to be pleased afresh. Such is the remoteness, however, lent by this medium of art that every sort of immorality, turpitude, suffering, comes to us through it without shocking or moving.

The greatest effect of reality, on the other hand, belongs to the inner life of the hero. The book might have been called “Odo: His Sensations and Ideas.” Indeed, the thoughtful, generous young Duke seems a descendant of Marius. Perhaps it is because his nature resembles that of the Epicurean that so do, vaguely, his fortunes. He finds his Flavian in Alfieri, in Fulvia his Cecilia, and, like that other, the great opportunity at the last of proving himself—of rising to the height of his ideal. When he stands before the angry populace, immovable and unafraid, feeling “a boyish satisfaction at his own steadiness of pulse and eye,” we remember Marius, who, the moment after he had “taken upon himself all the heavy risk of another's position . . . possibly the danger of death, felt only satisfaction at the discovery of his possession of nerve.” We remember him, too, at the reference to “deep springs of piety for inanimate things” in Odo; and again when Odo, at his foster-mother's reticence with regard to his former little companion, judges “that the girl must have died—of neglect, perhaps, or ill-usage—and that they feared to own it. His heart swelled, but not against them. They seemed to him no more accountable than cowed, hunger-driven animals.” This Aurelian justice Marius would approve.

Pity, simple native pity for men, the wish to serve them, to lift, to relieve their sorrows is the mainspring of Odo's most

characteristic actions and renunciations. It takes the outward form of trying to help them to liberty. Every effort of his in this, to all appearance, fails, and yet we feel in the end that his part has somehow been victory.

This persistent pity is touchingly symbolized. In the first pages of the book Odo is seen, a child—they call him the beggar-noble—gazing in a neglected chapel “at the vision of a pale haloed head floating against the dusky background of the chancel like a water-lily on its leaf. The face was that of the Saint of Assisi, a sunken, ravaged countenance, lit with an ecstasy of suffering that seemed not so much to reflect the anguish of the Christ, at whose feet the saint knelt, as the mute pain of all the poor, down-trodden folk on earth.” In that suffering face the child finds a melancholy kinship. He is a little fellow who shrinks from any amusement associated with the frightening or hurting of animals.

Again, in the full flower of youth, after draughts of distracting life, he stands in the chapel. “Twilight held the place; but as he stood there the frescoes started out in the slant of sunrise, like dead faces floating to the surface of a river—dead faces, yes; plaintive spectres of his childish fears and longings, lost in the harsh daylight of experience. He had forgotten the very dreams they stood for: Lethe flowed between, and only one voice reached cross the torrent. It was that of Saint Francis, lover of the poor.”

And at the end, after the ruin of all his designs and hopes, defeated in every worldly sense, a fugitive, he halts to revisit the old chapel. “The place laid its tranquillizing hush upon him and he knelt on the step beneath the altar. Something stirred in him as he knelt there—a prayer, yet not a prayer—a reaching out, obscure and inarticulate, toward all that had survived of his early hopes and faiths, a

loosening of old founts of pity, a longing to be somehow, somewhere, reunited to his old belief in life.

“How long he knelt he knew not; but when he looked up, the chapel was full of a pale light, and in the first shaft of the sunrise the face of Saint Francis shone out on him. . . . He went forth into the daybreak, and rode away toward Piedmont,” to lay his single sword again, unwearied, at the service of man, compassion and love for whom had persisted through every defeat and all ingratitude.

We are bewildered, with him, at the difficulties that arose on all sides to prevent his bringing to any fruit his most benevolent intentions. We are made to suspect once again that a man has no power—only seems to have it when he falls in with some Greater Intention than his own. “*Nous ne savons pas ce qu’il faudrait savoir.*” “*Nous ne faisons pas ce que nous voulons,*” we are forced to repeat. But the suspicion at the same time arises that the hero who, like this Odo, has, through all conflict and confusion unfalteringly striven for what is, according to his lights, the right, goes to form a stone in that temple which it is, perhaps, life’s object to build.

A thought akin to this passes through Odo’s mind as he listens to his learned love’s oration—in academic cap and gown—upon Liberty. “The wall behind her was covered by an ancient fresco . . . representing the patron-scholars of the mediæval world, . . . Origen, Zeno, David, Lycurgus, Aristotle. . . . As he looked and listened, a weary sense of the reiterance of things came over him. For what were these ancient manipulators of ideas . . . but the forbears of the long line of theorists of whom Fulvia was the last inconscient mouth-piece? The new game was still played with the old counters. . . . For generations, for centuries, man had fought on, crying for

liberty, dreaming it was won, waking to find himself the slave of the new forces he had generated, burning and being burnt for the same beliefs under different guises, calling his instincts ideas, and his ideas revelations: destroying, rebuilding, falling, rising, mending broken weapons, championing extinct illusions, mistaking his failures for achievements, and planting his flag on the ramparts as they fell. And as the vision of this inveterate conflict rose before him, Odo saw that the beauty, the power, the immortality, dwelt not in the idea, but in the struggle for it."

"Yes," he muses on, "it was better, after all, to be one of that great, unconquerable army, though, like the Trojans fighting for a phantom Helen, they might

be doing battle for the shadow of a shade; better to march in their ranks, endure with them, fight with them, fall with them, than to miss the great enveloping sense of brotherhood that turned defeat to victory."

The latter part of the book falls somewhat seriously upon the mood generated by the first. We feel we had been promised something different; we went on securely, despite the darkening sky. The bolt that strikes Fulvia finds us more unprepared than herself.

In the language of Pianura, let me say that this book of its Duke's fortunes is *simpatico—simpaticissimo*. It would be a genuine pleasure to watch the noble exile through the remainder of his career.

Gertrude Hall.

THE ORGAN

High priest to the hurt of the human,
Confessor of riteless lives,
How weariness rests in thy solace—
How thy tremblant mercy shrives!

To worship beyond meditation
Rise the daring chords of bliss,
In a rapture of exaltation
Breathes the Spirit's holy kiss.

And the woe of existence merges
Her pang in the triumph flight,
As the breast of the Unseen bending
Embraces despair in light.

Lone winds of the Mightiest whisper
Through the soul's each hid recess,
In a swoon of dreamy communion
The languors of heaven bless.

And the throb of the keys is passion,
The swell of the pipes is pain,
And the crash of the peal is pardon,
And peace is the old refrain.

How the lame leap glad at the summons,
And the blind forget closed eyes,
The doubter believes at the bidding,
And perchance,—the dead arise!

More than wail of the Stabat Mater,
Or cold Gregorian grim,
Thy reverberant miserere
Cries out of the deep and dim.

Breaking thy heart through the misty awe
Of the vaulted dusk above,
As a shattered alabaster-box
At the living feet of love! |

—From "*The Cathedral, and Other Poems*," by *Martha Gilbert Dickinson*. By permission of *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*.

TWO NEW BYRON LETTERS

WRITTEN IN 1822 TO AMERICANS AFTER A MEETING AT LEGHORN

PERHAPS it is not generally known that Lord Byron was a staunch admirer of America and Americans. But this fact is attested by more than one passage from the letters given in Moore's biography. Had this negative patriotism of his been known in England at the time it might have made the great exile even more unpopular among his countrymen than he actually was. And it may be that the affinity felt by the Old World poet for the spirit of the New World lent height and momentum—consciously or unconsciously—to that wave of Byronism which swept over this country during the early part of the last century.

"Whenever an American," wrote Byron to Moore in May, 1821, "whenever an American requests to see me (which is not unfrequently), I comply, firstly, because I respect a people who acquired their freedom by their firmness without excess; and, secondly, because these transatlantic visits, 'few and far between,' make me feel as if talking with posterity from the other side of the Styx. In a century or two the new English and Spanish Atlantides will be masters of the old countries, in all probability, as Greece and Europe overcame their mother Asia in the older or earlier ages, as they are called."

By the writer's recent discovery of some unpublished letters written by Byron to two Americans, new light has been shed on one of the most pleasing incidents of the poet's later years—an incident of special interest to Americans.

On May 21, 1822, an American squadron was lying in the harbor of Leghorn, and Byron (then living at Montenero with the Countess Guiccioli) was invited on board the flag-ship *Constitution*.

"When the poet," writes Mr. W. M.

Sloane, "accompanied by his host and the principal officers of the fleet, came up the companionway, his countenance immediately fell at the sight of the ladies among the new arrivals, thinking probably that they were Englishwomen who had taken advantage of the opportunity to spy him out. But on learning that they were Americans, he at once recovered his cheerfulness and became most approachable."

Among the party were George Bancroft and Major Stith, the American Minister to Tunis, with his wife and infant daughter. Tradition in the Stith family has it that Byron was instantly charmed with the major and his young wife, and presented her a red rose which had been given him only that morning by the Countess Guiccioli. This flower, on reaching the United States, suffered many things at the hands of Byron worshippers and was quite stripped of its green leaves. The story goes that Mrs. Stith, not to be outdone by an ex-Englishman, became the means of securing for him a handsome tribute from America. Orders had been issued for a salute to be fired to Byron on his departure. But through some disaffection this order was countermanded. Mrs. Stith succeeded, however, in delaying the countermand until the yard-arms of one ship had been manned and its guns had belched salutation to the most noted, if notorious, poet of the time.

On the next day the grateful Byron dispatched the following letters to his new acquaintances, together with his own autograph copy of the first English edition of "Faust":

[To MRS. STITH.]

Villa Dupuis,
May 22d, 1822.

Madam: I take the liberty of requesting your acceptance of a memorial less frail than that

which you did me the honour of requiring yesterday.—The volume which I send you contains an outline and some designs from the famous Faust of Goëthe—which have been much admired both in Germany and England.—I should have presumed to send some publication of my own—but I have none by me at present. . . .

I need hardly add that I feel much flattered and gratified by the interest which you have been pleased to take in my writings.—Well wishes to your Country and Countrymen—in common with all unprejudiced minds amongst my own.

Will you make my respects acceptable to Major Stith and do me the further honour to believe me

Yr. obliged
& obdnt. Svt.

Noel Byron

To
Mrs Stith
&c &c &c

[To MAJOR STITH.]

Sir : Of the lines which you did me the honour to request, I have no copy.—Mr. Wort has,—and will of course be glad to send them to you such as they are.—I hope that you are getting well although you bear sickness much better than men

most do health—and diminish our sympathy by increasing our admiration.—With my best compliments to Mrs. Stith—I have the honour to sign myself your ever obliged & faithful Svt.

N. B.

These letters, the "Faust," and the rose are in an excellent state of preservation. They are kept at present in the little, old town of Berlin, Conn., by the granddaughters of Major and Mrs. Stith.

Unfortunately it has been found impossible to obtain the owners' consent to

make reproductions of these interesting relics.

In his published letters Byron twice mentions his visit to the *Constitution*. Four days after the incident he writes to Murray from Montenero:

"Since I came here, I have been invited by the Americans on board their squadron, where I was received with all the kindness which I could wish, and with more ceremony than I am fond of. I found them finer ships than your own of the same class, well manned and officered. A number of American gentlemen were also on board at the time, and some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American lady asked me for a rose which I wore, for the purpose, she said, of sending to America something which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not add that I felt the compliment properly."

A few days later he writes to Moore:

"Since I came here, I have been invited on board of the American squadron, and treated with all possible honour and ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture; and, as I was going away, an American lady took a rose from me (which had been given to me by a very pretty Italian lady that morning), because, she said, 'She was determined to send or take something which I had about me to America.' There is a kind of Lalla Rookh incident for you! However, all these American honours arise, perhaps, not so much from their enthusiasm for my 'Poeshie,' as for their belief in my dislike to the English, in which I have the satisfaction to coincide with them. I would rather, however, have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor."

Robert Schaffler.

VI.

In the red April dawn,
In the mild April weather,
From brake and thicket and lawn
The birds sing altogether.

The look of the hoyden Spring
Is pinched and shrewish and cold;
But altogether they sing
Of a world that can never be old:

Of a world still young—still young!—
Whose last word won't be said,
Nor her last song dreamed and sung,
Till her last true lover's dead.

—From "*Hawthorn and Lavender*," by William Ernest Henley. By permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.



From "Scribner's Magazine."

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"THE LAST OF THE FAIRY WANDS."

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

THERE is so much in common between the members of that group of very clever young women who hang out modest shingles at 1523 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, that when you have said praiseful things of one you have said them of all. The kind of work with pen and brush they do, the training they have had, the aims they express, are close allied; and they live out their daily artistic lives under one roof in the gentle comradery of some Old World "school," a band of independent partners in talent who have no time for rivalries and who would admit none if they had.

Perhaps the salient force of the group is, however, that, notwithstanding kindred impulses and common gifts, each shows a sturdy habit of being a person, which gives dignity and poise to her own productions much as they happen to be like the rest. In Jessie Willcox Smith this is marked. She may, like children of a clan, have the family nose, but her artistic features are

distinctly her own, so that you need not expect to mistake her things for those of Miss Green, of whom I spoke last month; nor of Miss Oakley, nor of Miss Ahrens. Nor need you look to fall into the impoliteness of ascribing theirs to her. Even as they express pleasant individualities over the tea-cups in their hive of industry, so each maintains a unity in commonalty which gives zest to professional intercourse and serves as a touchstone to the guest.

Jessie Willcox Smith's particularity is the decorative use of every-day subjects. She paints or draws in broad flat masses and is almost Japanesque in her use of the planes of her composition. Perhaps she has this trait from Mr. Pyle, who likes to force his design beyond the picture, thus to give width and openness, or she may take it legitimately from the decorative impulses now in the air. That her method is a quite individual one, like, but distinct, from that of her comrades, will be



From "Scribner's Magazine." Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"THE CHILD STOOD AMONG THE OLD MAGAZINES."

evident to every eye that sees more in illustration than simply a device to carry the text. Such, indeed, it used to be, but nowadays it is different. As a learned editor said to me not long ago, "You know I want enough text to carry the pictures." Illustration has outstripped its parent and makes the pace.

Dealing with subjects like "Rappacini's Daughter" and a "New England Village," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Miss Smith has produced quite a new type of interpretation of the text. Of old this was a convention in which rather simpering figures appeared in a landscape or interior more or less unreal, as the composition or space at command required the sacrifice of truth. You were willing to accept the pictures in most books as a convenient resting-place, scarcely as a help in forming ideals of the characters, never as a needful adjunct to the story. Indeed, I have not got over feeling illustrations to a story a hindrance, simply because they used to be so often so. But in such work as this of Miss Smith and of her preceptors and her friends there are sympathy and reality which, apart even from the book, give pleasure, and, in conjunction with the text, are not only an embellishment, but a critical interpretation. Miss Smith's people are the people of the streets, the towns, the shops. Her houses are what charming typical houses ought to be. You would like to have her build you one and furnish its walls with her pictures. Her gardens smell of roses and old-fashioned blooms, and the children she draws so cunningly would pluck them as eagerly as you, were they not the foster-children of Silence, as Keats hath it.

Perhaps the delightful decorative impulse does slur the deeper possibilities in rendering a subtle text. But what illustration really is up to that high office, and, barring all but inspired work like Doré's best, for instance, which has the limitation that it engulfs and overshadows the text, I know of nothing more



From "Scribner's Magazine."

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"SHE READ ONE OF THE ANNUALS, OR GAZED THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE OLD BOOK-SHOP."



From "Mosses from an Old Manse."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DAUGHTER.

fresh and delightful than may be found in these new impulses.

Well, Jessie Willcox Smith is in the thick of these new impulses. She has had no long career and has had it exclusively in Philadelphia, of which maligned town

an art editor in a neighboring borough said the other day: "When any of these new boys and girls hail from Philadelphia you've got to give them a hearing. The best things in the field come from there now."



JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH.

[From a photograph by the C. S. H. Studio, Philadelphia.]

Miss Smith has never been abroad. She has several times planned to go and always been disappointed. In many respects I am glad of it. She has fresh and original talent which springs from the native soil, and the tarnish of older methods, perhaps as good but not so clean and new, is almost sure to dim some bright attributes in return for what the traditions give in poise and mastery. Some day she will go abroad with gifts well concentrated and technique firmly based. Then it will be a benefit incalculable. It will mean subtle things and breadth of view to be expressed with the confirmed freshness born of home.

Her teaching has been through the excellent channels of the School of Design for Women, a Philadelphia school which led in the instruction of girls in applied art in this country; and in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the natural stepping-stone to a professional ca-

reer. In the latter schools she worked diligently for two years and acquired the interest in composition and knowledge of sound drawing which are traditional in those venerable classes, where Abbey says he got the clew to things which have stood him in greatest stead throughout his upward career, where Pennell and Pyle and Frost and Alice Barber Stephens and Miss Beaux alike found the rudiments of distinguished knowledge, and whence every year arises some new talent, such as the Shinns and Glackens and Parrish, to show the value of a rich old vein well worked.

From the Pennsylvania Academy Miss Green graduated to actual work in the *Ladies' Home Journal's* advertising department, from which place she took up later study with Mr. Pyle, who has been to her, as to most of her comrades, an inspiring teacher and a valued friend.

Latterly she has been hard at work on the commissions which are crowding in upon her from many sides. She has done numerous posters and covers for magazines, and, with Elizabeth Shippen Green, designed the well-known and admired calendars for Bryn Mawr College.

She has taken several important prizes, even beginning this pleasing achievement when she took the George W. Childs Gold Medal at the School of Design for the best illustration of the year. The Boston Chickering Hall Programme prize of \$500 fell to her last year, and she was awarded the first prize of \$600 by Procter & Gamble, of Cincinnati, whose judges were Messrs. A. W. Drake, Edward Penfield, and W. M. Chase. At the beginning of a career like this it is hard to be temperate in judgment. One is apt to augur the end by the beginning. Miss Smith has many brilliant years before her. Let us hope that her promise, her solid qualities of taste, and growing knowledge may fulfil all the eager wishes we have for her.

Harrison S. Morris.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND MINISTER

TWO unpublished letters of Emerson and one from Charles Sumner may well serve to introduce here a sweet-souled Yankee worthy, Rev. Charles Brooks of Medford, "the father of Normal Schools," minister at Hingham, Massachusetts, during the second quarter of the last century.

Emerson's letters to his friend Brooks were written while in the struggle that prefaced his decision to leave the ministry, when Emerson was in his twenty-ninth year, and preaching in Boston. These letters show that he was sure of sympathy from Brooks, whatever their difference in point of view, quite as he might have been sure, had it been years later, of sympathy from the Hingham minister's kinsman, Phillips Brooks.

The Emerson letters read :

Boston, August 8, 1832.

Dear Sir : I am obliged for your friendly offer of an exchange on the last Sabbath of this month, but I cannot at once give you a decided answer. I am at present sick, though I hope recovering, and may not be able to preach next Sunday. Should I preach, I mean to inform my people that on the following Sunday I shall give them a full account of my views respecting the Lord's Supper. It may then be necessary for them to take some order on the subject, and meantime I shall not wish to administer the ordinance.

Our communion is on the last Sabbath, so that I may be very glad of your aid by exchange on that day. Still, as the occasion is a critical one, and something unforeseen may occur, I should be glad to let the arrangement remain undecided, and in the course of next week I will write you again.

Yours with great regard,
R. W. EMERSON.

Boston, August 14, 1832.

My Dear Sir : I shall be very glad to exchange with you Sunday after next, the last in the month. I did not preach last Sabbath, and though I propose to preach next Sabbath, I shall not have an opportunity to come to the explanation I alluded to in my last until September.

In the existing circumstances it will not surprise anyone that I should not be at home on the

next communion day. So if you will come and administer the ordinance for me, I shall be much your debtor, and I will understand it settled unless I should hear otherwise from you.

Yours respectfully,
R. W. EMERSON.

Sumner's letter is dated fourteen years later. The first "must" is underscored, and the second "you" has three lines below it, showing how people depended on Charles Brooks to get things done among men of influence in Boston :

Boston, December 10, '46.

Dear Sir : Here is the paper. You must secure Nathan Appleton, S. A. Eliot, and R. S. Shaw. If YOU do not do this work, it will not be done. When you get their names and others, let me have the paper for Mr. Thayer.

Yours very truly
(for peace and beggary),
CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. Brooks was a relative of John Adams, who was much attached to his amiable, witty, sunny-tempered young clerical cousin. When in 1824 the old patriot's son, John Quincy Adams, was candidate for President the people of Quincy celebrated the Fourth of July with a famous banquet. At this feast John Adams placed Charles Brooks at his right hand, and was greatly pleased by the minister's toast :

"The town of Quincy. It has been said that the world cannot bear two suns, nor Rome two Cæsars, but that does not prove that Quincy cannot bear two Presidents."

"Cousin," said John Adams, delighted, "that toast will fly from the White Hills to Florida and the Pacific."

It would not be difficult to multiply anecdotes of Mr. Brooks and his friends. His whole life smacks of that ancient New England salt for whose Attic savor the rest of the country has an increasing passion of relish. He was a fine type of the

old New Englander, devoted to high ideals, strong action, and gracious social intercourse.

Charles Brooks was born in the year 1795, in a pre-Revolutionary house in Medford. His later life, after the close of his one long pastorate at Hingham and a residence of several years in Europe, was spent in the Brooks mansion, in adjoining grounds, in happy family life. His only son, the late Charles Wolcott Brooks of California, was the second American decorated by the Emperor of Japan, and was a member of the first Japanese embassy to England. In the great house to-day lives a cousin's widow, Mrs. Sarah Warner Brooks, a lady now eighty years of age, author of the entertaining new book of Maine coast stories, "Poverty Knob," and a volume of poems brought out a year or two ago, "The Search of Ceres."

To follow our old New England minister through the course of his life by means of his journals, and letters received from many eminent persons in two hemispheres, is to associate closely with a character of great charity and of sane and saving humor. In his own words he had "a very slight attachment to that armed theology which bristles all over with the thorns of logic." From the day of his graduation at the theological school in Cambridge in 1819, when he took his second Harvard degree, to the day of his death in 1872, he was given to "pouring the oil of Christian peace on the rising waves of human passion." Sometimes, especially in the early controversies over the establishing of Peace societies, in which he worked as a coadjutor with the apostolic Worcester, he says that he sometimes found himself "between an acid and an alkali." It was he who at some political function first gave the toast:

"Party spirit. Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber."

It was while he was on his way home



Chas. Brooks.

from his first European absence in 1833 that he was, for the forty-one days of the voyage, room-mate of Dr. Julius of Hamburg, who had been sent by the King of Prussia to collect information about American prisons, hospitals, and schools. Dr. Julius had time to explain at length to our cultured and open-minded Yankee the Prussian system of instruction.

On his return to Massachusetts Mr. Brooks began operations to introduce Normal Schools or Teachers' Seminaries into this country, taking his stand on the German maxim, "As is the teacher, so is the school." He lectured, wrote, and published. Few read and fewer cared. He was considered a dreamer. He was accused in print of wishing to fill our republican commonwealth with monarchical institutions. Some amusing caricatures of him were printed which he found funny; but he seems to have kept serenely on, certain that truth would prevail, and "the two great ideas of the church and the school-house, which our Pilgrim fathers brought to this shore," be carried out.

For three years Mr. Brooks worked, holding conventions, speaking all over New England, visiting New York and Philadelphia. At last in January, 1837, the Massachusetts Legislature took up the matter, invited Mr. Brooks to come and make two addresses on Beacon Hill, and explain his plan for a Normal School. This was done. Mr. Edmund Dwight offered \$10,000 to found the first Normal School; the Massachusetts Legislature appropriated a like amount; the first "Board of Education" was established, and Mr. Horace Mann entered upon the labors familiarly associated with his name.

Mr. Brooks says in his journals that he did not originate the idea. "Oh, no! All I did was to bring it from Europe with me, and talk about it, and write about it until the Old Colony adopted it."

About this time he had the pleasure of seeing his book of Family Prayers go into a new edition. Many thousands were distributed before his death. He was also the author of a work on ornithology, and finished his admirable "History of Medford" in the mellow leisure of his latest years. His interests were many, and always in the region of the ideal. Once at a large public dinner of Americans in Rome, Mr. Brooks made a speech on the fine arts, very modern in note after fifty years, protesting against utility being the chief educational idea in the Union.

"I like utility as well as any man; but do not like that utility should turn all the rest of the family out of doors. Everything from the magnetic telegraph to the spinning jenny is for utility. In Massachusetts I would walk five miles in a tough storm to see anything that was *not useful*! I am tired of being answered, 'Sir, it will be of no use,' or 'it will bring no dividend.' We need extended culture for freedom's sake, and for freedom's sake not only among ourselves, but among the young republics of South America. They look to us for further light, and we cannot escape the moral responsibility of our prominent position."

There was a prophet for you!

In Europe as in the United States Mr. Brooks's friends were men and women of brilliant usefulness. Many letters from M. Victor Cousin testify to the closeness of their bond of friendship, and he knew Wordsworth, Rogers, Campbell, Schlegel, Lord Jeffrey, and many another.

Harriet Martineau visited in his family when she was in this country. That was in her younger days while she was still devotedly religious, before her change of views. She sends her love to Mr. Brooks's wife. "Give my love to Cecilia, for I *do* love her." When she died Miss Martineau urges upon the bereaved man the consolations of faith and trust in immortal reunion. One of her letters was written on board a vessel on Lake Michigan in July, 1836, on her way to Mackinaw with the Follens, on "the first trip on the first ship on the Lake."

Mr. Brooks had a letter from Elizabeth Peabody in May, 1832, one of many from friends confidently asking generous service. In this case it was to get him to push a manuscript with New York publishers, one which she had sent him because he was about to make what was then the long journey from Boston to New York. She wished him to place the manuscript with the Harpers, and ask them to write directly to her:

"Only, sir, I wish you would be very particular to impress on their minds that I am *not* the author of the work, as they might possibly think from the manuscript being in my hands."

It was undoubtedly by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Those were his days of early thwarted struggle. Elizabeth Peabody always pushed his fortunes, by whatever means. She always loved him. Now that she has gone, it may be told at last in print as it sometimes is told by word of mouth in Boston. Hawthorne cared first for Elizabeth Peabody, but when he



BIRTHPLACE OF THE REV. CHARLES BROOKS, IN MEDFORD.

saw her younger sister Sophia he wanted to marry her, and Elizabeth promoted the marriage. Mrs. Browning wrote her poem "Bertha in the Lane" in the inspiration of her first knowledge of this tender tragedy of love and sacrifice. Elizabeth Peabody lived a long life of untiring usefulness. She was the "mother of the

Kindergarten," as Charles Brooks was the "father of Normal Schools." His favorite saying, "Idleness is the Dead Sea of the soul," and a certain pet maxim he originated must often have pleased her also: "Take good care of the young trees if you want the best orchards."

Minna C. Smith.

THE ANIMAL STORY OF TO-DAY

ALIKE in matter and in method, the animal story as we have it now may be regarded as a culmination. The animal story, of course, in one form or another, is as old as the beginnings of literature. Perhaps the most engrossing part in the life-drama of primitive man was that played by the beasts which he hunted and by those which hunted him. They pressed incessantly upon his perceptions. They furnished both material and impulse for his first gropings toward pictorial art. When he acquired the kindred art of telling a story, they supplied his earliest themes; and they suggested the hieroglyphs by means of which, on carved bone or painted rock, he first gave his narrative a form to outlast the spoken breath. We may not unreasonably infer that the first animal story—the remote but authentic ancestor of “Mowgli,” and “Lobo,” and “Krag”—was a story of some successful hunt, when success meant life to the starving family; or of some desperate escape, when the truth of the narration was attested, to the hearers squatted trembling about their fire, by the sniffings of the baffled bear or tiger at the rock-barred mouth of the cave. Such first animal stories had at least one merit of prime literary importance—they were convincing. The first critic, however supercilious, would be little likely to cavil at their verisimilitude.

Somewhat later, when men had begun to harass their souls, and their neighbors, with problems of life and conduct, then these same animals, hourly and in every aspect thrust beneath the eyes of their observation, served to point the moral of their tales. The beasts not being in a position to resent the ignoble office thrust upon them, were compelled to do duty as concrete types of those obvious virtues

and vices of which alone the unsophisticated ethical sense was ready to take cognizance. In this way, as soon as composition became a *métier*, was born the fable; and in this way the ingenuity of the first author enabled him to avoid a perilous unpopularity among those whose weaknesses and defects his art held up to the scorn of all the caves.

These earliest observers of animal life were compelled by the necessities of the case to observe truly, if not deeply. Pitting their wits against those of their four-foot rivals, they had to know their antagonists, and respect them, in order to overcome them. But it was only the most salient characteristics of each species that concerned the practical observer. It was simple to remember that the tiger was cruel, the fox cunning, the wolf rapacious. And so, as advancing civilization drew an ever-widening line between man and animals, and men became more and more engrossed in the interests of their own kind, the personalities of the wild creatures which they had once known so well were obscured to them, and the creatures themselves came to be regarded, for the purposes of literature, as types or symbols merely—except in those cases, equally obstructive to exact observation, where they were revered as temporary tenements to the spirits of departed kinsfolk. The characters in that great Beast Epic of the Middle Ages, “Reynard the Fox,” though far more elaborately limned than those which play their succinct rôles in the Fables of Æsop, are at the same time in their elaboration far more alive to the truths of wild nature. Reynard, Isengrim, Bruin, and Cuwaert have little resemblance to the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the hare as patience, sympathy, and the camera reveal them to us to-day.

The advent of Christianity, strange as it may seem at first glance, did not make for a closer understanding between man and the lower animals. While it was militant, fighting for its life against the forces of paganism, its effort was to set man at odds with the natural world and fill his eyes with the wonders of the spiritual. Man was the only thing of consequence on earth, and of man, not his body, but his soul. Nature was the ally of the enemy. The way of nature was the way of death. In man alone was the seed of the divine. Of what concern could be the joy or pain of creatures of no soul, to-morrow returning to the dust? To strenuous spirits, their eyes fixed upon the fear of hell for themselves and the certainty of it for their neighbors, it smacked of sin to take thought for the feelings of such evanescent products of corruption. Hence it came that, in spite of the gentle understanding of such sweet saints as Francis of Assisi, Anthony of Padua, and Colomb of the Bees, the inarticulate kindred for a long time reaped small comfort from the Dispensation of Love.

With the spread of education and the broadening out of intellectual interests which characterize these modern days, the lower kindreds began to regain their old place in the concern of man. The revival of interest in the animals found literary expression (to classify roughly) in two forms, which necessarily overlap each other here and there, viz.: the story of adventure, and the anecdote of observation. Hunting as a recreation, pursued with zest from pole to tropics by restless seekers after the new, supplied a species of narrative singularly akin to what the first animal stories must have been—narratives of desperate encounter, strange peril, and hairbreadth escape. Such hunters' stories and travellers' tales are rarely conspicuous for the exactitude of their observation; but that was not the quality at first

demanding of them by fireside audiences. The heed of the writer was focussed not upon the peculiarities or the emotions of the beast protagonist in each fierce brief drama, but upon the thrill of the action, the final triumph of the human actor. The inevitable tendency of these stories of adventure with beasts was to awaken interest in animals, to excite a desire for exact knowledge of their traits and habits. This interest and this desire evoked the natural historian, the inheritor of the half-forgotten mantle of Pliny. Precise and patient scientists made the animals their care, observing with microscope and measure, comparing bones, assorting families, subdividing subdivisions, till at length all the beasts of significance to man were ticketed neatly, and laid bare, as far as the inmost fibre of their material substance was concerned, to the eye of popular information.

Altogether admirable and necessary as was this development at large, another, of richer or at least more spiritual significance was going on at home. Folk who loved their animal comrades—their dogs, horses, cats, parrots, elephants—were observing, with the wonder and interest of discoverers, the astonishing fashion in which the mere instincts of these so-called irrational creatures were able to simulate the operations of reason. The results of this observation were written down, till "anecdotes of animals" came to form a not inconsiderable body of literature. The drift of all these data was overwhelmingly toward one conclusion. The mental processes of the animals observed were seen to be far more complex than the observers had supposed. When instinct was called in to account for the elaborate ingenuity with which a dog would plan and accomplish the outwitting of a rival, or the nice judgment with which an elephant, with no nest-building ancestors behind him to instruct his brain, would choose and adjust

the teak-logs which he was set to pile, it began to seem as if that faithful faculty was being overworked. To explain yet other cases, which no accepted theory seemed to fit, coincidence was invoked, till that rare and elusive phenomenon threatened to become as customary as but-tercups. But when instinct and coincidence had done all that could be asked of them, there remained a great unaccounted-for body of facts; and men were forced at last to accept the proposition that, within their varying limitations, animals can and do reason. As far, at least, as the mental intelligence is concerned, the gulf dividing the lowest of the human species from the highest of the animals has in these latter days been reduced to a very narrow psychological fissure.

Whether avowedly or not, it is with the psychology of animal life that the representative animal stories of to-day are first of all concerned. Looking deep into the eyes of certain of the four-foot kindred, we have been startled to see therein a something, before unrecognized, that answered to our inner and intellectual, if not spiritual, selves. We have suddenly attained a new and clearer vision. We have come face to face with personality, where we were blindly wont to predicate mere instinct and automatism. It is as if one should step carelessly out of one's back door and marvel to see unrolling before his new-awakened eyes the peaks and seas and misty valleys of an unknown world. Our chief writers of animal stories at the present day may be regarded as explorers of this unknown world, absorbed in charting its topography. They work, indeed, upon a substantial foundation of known facts. They are minutely scrupulous as to their natural history, and assiduous contributors to that science. But above all are they diligent in their search for the motive beneath the action. Their care is to catch the varying, elusive

personalities which dwell back of the luminous brain-windows of the dog, the horse, the deer, or wrap themselves in reserve behind the inscrutable eyes of all the cats, or sit aloof in the gaze of the hawk and eagle. The animal story at its highest point of development—of which "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag" may be taken as an example—is a psychological romance constructed on a framework of natural science.

The real psychology of the animals, so far as we are able to grope our way toward it by deduction and induction combined, is a very different thing from the psychology of certain stories of animals which paved the way for the present vogue. Of these such books as "Beautiful Joe" and "Black Beauty" are deservedly conspicuous examples. It is no detraction from the merit of these books, which have done great service in awakening a sympathetic understanding of the animals and sharpening our sense of kinship with all that breathe, to say that their psychology is human. Their animal characters think and feel as human beings would think and feel under like conditions. This marks the stage which these works occupy in the development of the animal story. The next stage must be regarded as, in literature, a climax indeed, but not the climax in this *genre*. I refer to the wonderful "Jungle Books" of Mr. Kipling. In these consummate tales the animals are frankly humanized. Their individualization is distinctly human, as are also their mental and emotional processes and their highly elaborated powers of expression. Their motives are complex; whereas the motives of real animals, so far as we have hitherto been able to judge them, seem to be essentially simple, in the sense that the motive dominant at a given moment quite obliterates, for the time, all secondary motives. Their reasoning powers and their constructive im-

aginations are far beyond anything which present knowledge justifies us in ascribing to the inarticulate kindreds. To say this is in no way to depreciate such work, but merely to classify it; and to the same class, in their varying dignities, belong all those animal tales in which the animals, while otherwise conforming to the observed facts of nature, nevertheless express themselves with all the complexities of human speech. There are stories written to-day which, for interest and artistic value, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Mowgli tales, but, nevertheless, occupy a more advanced stage in the evolution of this *genre*.

It seems to me fairly safe to say that this evolution is not likely to go beyond the point to which it has been carried in the later stories of Mr. Ernest Seton (Thompson) and his disciples. In "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," the interest centres about the personality, individuality, mentality of an animal, as well as its purely physical characteristics. The field of animal psychology so admirably opened up by Mr. Seton is an inexhaustible world of wonder. Sympathetic exploration may advance its boundaries to a degree which

we hardly dare to dream; but such expansion cannot be called evolution. There would seem to be no future evolution possible, unless based upon a hypothesis that animals have souls. As soul is apt to elude exact observation, to forecast any such development would seem to be, at best, merely fanciful.

The animal story, as we now have it, is a potent emancipator. It frees us for a little from the world of shop-worn utilities and from this mean tenement of self, of which we do well to grow weary. It helps us to return to nature, without requiring that we at the same time return to barbarism. It leads us back to the old kinship of earth, without asking us to relinquish, by way of toll, any part of the wisdom of the ages, any fine essential of the "large result of time." The clean and candid life to which it reinitiates us, far behind though it lies in the long upward march of being, holds for us this quality. It has ever the more significance, it has ever the richer gift of refreshment and renewal, the more humane the heart and spiritual the understanding which we bring to the intimacy of it.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

OFF THE LIGHTSHIP

Into white clouds, as white as snow,
The smother springs as on we plunge and quiver,
And through the shrouds are blown the clouds
Or drift across the decks that lean and shiver.

Somewhere within the mists, I know,
Belike just where the silver sail is lifting,
Sweet Iris floats on pearly notes
To draw her magic bow athwart the drifting.

And "Iris! Iris!" cries the sea,
Leaping aboard to pluck her thin gown under,
And "Iris!" sings through harp-like strings
The wind above the green sea's mellow thunder.

She will not hear, she will not see,
Intent upon her colors, else unheeding;
Like mortal maid, she is not swayed
By prayers and tears and lover's tender pleading.

—From "*Such Stuff as Dreams*," by Charles E. Russell. By permission of the Bowen-Merrill Co.]

THE UNITED STATES IN THE PACIFIC

THE title of Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's book, *The Mastery of the Pacific*, might lead the reader to suppose that, like Captain Mahan's "Problem of Asia," it was a discussion of the problems of military, political, and commercial strategy involved by expansion in Eastern Asia. As a matter of fact, however, it is really a sequel to his last volume, "Overland to China." In that book he described at some length the economic conditions now prevailing in different parts of China, the opportunities that empire offered for European and American exploitation, and the probable share which the different Western powers would obtain in the division of the spoils. But the aim of the book was chiefly descriptive, and so it is with the new volume. The latter describes the arms and the resources of the different countries, savage and civilized, China and South America excepted, possessing any coast-line on the Pacific, whose interests will be vitally affected by the course of political events on the shores of that great ocean. He deals very sparingly in prophecy, and he does not enter at all into the strategic problems which the geographical situation, and the military and naval power, inevitably suggest. He is content to give a bird's-eye view of conditions as they now exist, together with a faint foreshadowing of the possible complications of the early future.

The book is of great interest to American readers, because, whatever may be the course or the success of our national policy in China, the United States is bound to be the dominant power in the Pacific. On the Atlantic Ocean she is faced by European countries possessing interests as

important as her own, and naval power at the present time somewhat greater. In the Pacific she is faced by decaying empires like China; by young and vigorous but still comparatively weak commonwealths like Australia; or by European countries, whose naval power may at the present time be greater, yet who are operating many thousands of miles from their effective bases, and whose strategic situation is consequently entirely inferior to that of the United States. The only progressive and expanding power that can compare to our own country in the strength of its position and in the vital importance of its interests is Japan; and so far as Mr. Colquhoun can see, the only proximate cause of difference that may arise between that country and our own will come from our exclusion of Japanese immigration on the ground of race-inferiority. However that may be, the long coast-line of the United States on the Pacific, and its outposts in Hawaii and the Philippines, give it, from the military and commercial point of view, an advantage over every other power except Japan, which, if it is backed by sufficient energy, cannot but give this country effective control of the politics of the Pacific.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters in Mr. Colquhoun's book for American readers are those in which he discusses the present condition of the Philippines, and the future of those islands under the rule of the United States. He brings to this discussion exceptional qualifications, for, as a member of the English Civil Service, he has occupied some important and responsible positions in India and Burma, and his experience in dealing not only with Orientals in general, but with people nearly related in blood to the Filipinos, has been long and varied. On the whole he

approves of American policy, but with some doubts. It differs essentially from the policy which England has used in Singapore and the Straits Settlement, or which Holland has used in Java, the difference being entirely one of liberality. England has been most liberal with her colonies in refusing to tax them for the benefit of the mother-country, and in enabling them to trade wherever they may find profit in so doing; but she is disinclined to encourage their progress either in education or in the art of self-government. Holland's policy has been illiberal, both commercially and politically, so that, while her subjects are contented, they are neither prosperous nor progressive. The United States, on the other hand, has adopted a policy, which, however autocratic it may seem to the American anti-expansionists, is, according to the precedents of colonial governments in the Far East, extraordinarily liberal. No other country has given the inhabitants of its subject territories anything like the same opportunities for education, or anything like the same degree of self-government. Mr. Colquhoun believes that the experiment will have momentous consequences, not only for the Filipinos themselves, but for people of similar race in the neighboring islands. His chief fear is not that this country is going too slow in giving the Filipinos a chance to educate and govern themselves, but that it is going too fast; and he repeats many times his advice to be cautious about granting privileges, which may be abused and will have later to be withdrawn. For he calls the Filipino clever, responsible children, who lack homogeneity, initiative, and true patriotism, and fears that the whole experiment will fail if it is pushed too fast. Whether or not this advice proves to be good advice, it is encouraging to keep in mind that, short as has been the time in which the United States has possessed over-sea

colonies, she is already undertaking an experiment which is a strict fulfilment of her traditional democratic belief in the possibilities of human improvement, and which, if successful, will provide a model which other colonizing powers may be driven or encouraged to copy.

The position of the United States in the Pacific will, however, never be consolidated and assured until the east as well as the west coast of our country is made easily accessible thereto. It is a trans-isthmian canal which will assure the superiority of its position, and which will enable us to compete in the Chinese markets not merely from San Francisco and Tacoma, but from New York and New Orleans. It is in this connection that the book of Mr. J. W. G. Walker, U.S.N., gets its relation to the problems of the Pacific. Mr. Walker does not indeed trouble himself with questions of national or international policy. He went to Nicaragua in 1897 with the Commission to investigate the feasibility of that trans-isthmian route; and his book is a narrative of historical events and engineering experience. But it is a mine of information upon the natural history of the country and the character of its population and government, as well as an entertaining and instructive account of his own individual experiences. Mr. Walker gives a much more favorable account both of the climate and of the people than one is apt to gather from ordinary sources, and his book leaves the impression that, in case the Nicaraguan route should be adopted, the American engineers, who will be engaged upon the work, will be repaid for much hard work and many discomforts by abundant opportunity for unusual and interesting experiences. And this is, perhaps, one of the greatest advantages which the country will gain from expansion over

the seas. It is a good thing that young Americans, whether their callings are scientific, administrative, or educational, should have chances to satisfy their appetites for adventure, while at the same time serving their country and themselves.

And it is to be hoped that, should these chances occur, they will seize these opportunities as unhesitatingly and put up with the necessary hardships as cheerfully as did the author of this book.

Herbert Croly.

KANT—DARWIN—KIDD

THE enormous popularity of "Social Evolution," which not all the protests of the critics have served to diminish appreciably, will undoubtedly insure for its author's latest contribution to sociological theory an immediate and enthusiastic welcome.

Western Civilization can, however, in no sense be regarded as supplementary to the earlier work. On the contrary, it is to all intents and purposes an exponent of a radically different point of view. For whereas in "Social Evolution" religion was characterized as essentially ultra-rational, Mr. Kidd now essays the establishment of the theory of ultimate responsibility on a rationalistic, not to say an empirical, basis. His *modus operandi* involves an ingenious dovetailing of the "Origin of Species" and the "Critique of Pure Reason"; a relegation of the "Synthetic Philosophy" to the pre-Darwinian period of thought; a denunciation of the Manchester School and of the English Utilitarians from Homer to Spencer, and an exaltation of Hobbes and Locke, in whose writings he discerns a recognition not only of the "ultimate principle to which the philosophy of history is related," but also of its corollary, that man stands in a "position of personal responsibility to principles, the meaning, the claim, and the operation of which are projected beyond the bounds of political consciousness."

The principle of projected efficiency is termed a natural logical deduction from the law of natural selection as formulated by Darwin—

"When we look at the statement of the law of Natural Selection as Darwin left it, it may be perceived on reflection that there is a consequence involved in it which is not at first sight apparent. It is evident that the very essence of the principle is that it must act in the manner in which it produces the most effective results. . . . In the process of selection from which the curtain now rises, we see not only individuals, but whole generations, nay, entire species and types, unconsciously pitted against each other for long ages in a struggle in which efficiency *in the future* is the determining quality."

Undoubtedly the reasoning process by which these conclusions are reached is conceived to be of so elementary a nature that it would be superfluous to set it forth in detail. It cannot be denied that Mr. Kidd's way of bridging logical gaps with such ingratiating phrases as "it is evident," "it can readily be perceived," "the mind instinctively turns," etc., is peculiarly persuasive. So effective indeed is the method, that when in his concluding chapter he nonchalantly declares that from a consideration of his exposition of the evolutionary process, "by one bound the mind springs, as it were, to the very centre of Kant's position," one is for the moment impelled to regard this remarkable feat in mental gymnastics as quite within the realm of the commonplace.

It is their crass blindness to this obvious "shadow of the future," and their

consequent slavish subjection to the claims of the present, that constitute the main counts in the indictment against the Utilitarians. The arraignment of Spencer as the chief apostle of the school is particularly searching—

“The central idea around which Mr. Spencer constructed his theory of human development in the ‘Synthetic Philosophy,’ namely, that the meaning of the evolutionary process in history lies in the progress of the struggle between the present and the past, has been relegated to a place in the background. The central principle of the evolutionary drama in progress in the world, namely, that it is the meaning of the struggle between the future and the present which controls all the ultimate tendencies of progress, and into which all the phenomena of history are being drawn, has remained, we see, outside the field of Mr. Spencer’s vision.”

Within the range of Mr. Kidd’s larger vision are two great epochs in the process of the subordination of the insignificant present to the all-significant future. The controlling principle of the first is described as the period of military efficiency, which reached its culmination in the civilizations of Greece and Rome, was the subjection of the individual to the state. The second epoch, the beginning of which is made coincident in time with the dawn of the Christian era, is “concerned with the rise to ascendancy of the ruling causes which contribute to a higher type of social efficiency by subordinating society itself, with all its interests in the present, to its own future.”

With the spread of Christianity came the projection of human consciousness into the future, and the emancipation of Western Europe from the overwhelming power of the present, which had been the distinguishing characteristic of its antecedent civilization. The course of social development, which in the first epoch had proceeded with practically no interruption to a satisfactory climax, threatens, however, as a result of this very perception of

the “shadow of the future,” to take an atavistic turn; for we are assured, at the conclusion of a brilliant *résumé* of the struggle between Church and State in the pre-Reformation period, that “No tyranny, therefore, within which the present could cramp the free play of human energies, could ever be so overwhelming as that which appears to present itself as lying latent and involved in the concept that what is defined as spiritual welfare is of more importance than temporal interests.”

This statement is quite in line with the admission made in an earlier chapter that no future efficiency would avail to preserve any type of society not sufficiently adapted to the existing environment to hold its own with competing types. The sweeping condemnation of the Manchester school, however, on the ground that the inevitable result of the *laissez-faire* policy is the absolute suppression of the weaker competitive forces by the stronger, is scarcely consistent with either theory. If individuals count for nothing save in their relation to future generations, and if their future or projected efficiency is in direct ratio to their present efficiency in the struggle for existence, if even the Utilitarian ideal of the greatest good to the greatest number of existing individuals is conceived as of no importance in the evolutionary scheme, is not the annihilation of the unfit a necessary condition of progress?

Mr. Kidd accounts for this apparent discrepancy by describing the recent past of the evolutionary process as a period of the emancipation of various forms of human energy, and asserting that this fact was involved from the beginning in the principle of Projected Efficiency. After the Reformation, the most important factor in this disfranchising process has been Western Liberalism, “which is a creed not of ease and of conscious political Utilitarianism, but of sacrifice, the principles of which cannot be conferred within any

theories of interests in the State as such." But the forces which have been potent to bring about so advanced a degree of toleration in the realms of religion and politics, have operated to but little purpose in the field of economics, for economic development is conceived as still imprisoned within certain inexorable limits, the limits in question being the "closed circle of the ascendant present."

Notwithstanding his detailed knowledge of prevalent conditions of trade and industry, Mr. Kidd's faith in the popular sense of responsibility to transcendent principles enables him to perceive a decided trend in the direction of equality of economic opportunity. It is in the failure to account for the origin of this sense of responsibility, and in the confusion of the process of evolution with human consciousness of the process, that the weakness of his argument is manifest. Granting his assumption that natural selection discriminates in favor of the types possessed of Projected Efficiency, does that fact impose upon the individual any obligation to sacrifice consciously his own interests to the process? Assumedly not, unless natural selection is a sentient being to whom man stands in a personal relation. Even in that case, as no inkling is given of the precise nature of the transcendent principles, and as the "battle-ground of the future is in the present," apparently the only resort for the individual, in the absence of revelation, is to regulate his

conduct according to Utilitarian standards.

As an exposition from the historical point of view of current economic and social conditions and theories, *Western Civilization* is both suggestive and stimulating. Regarded in the light of an amplification of the theory of natural selection it is inadequate because of the failure to establish satisfactorily on either a deductive or an inductive basis the so-called law which is made the medium of the interpretation of social phenomena. As a dissertation on ethics it is somewhat vague and confusing. So far as the doctrines of the author can be defined, they seem to be the result of an attempt to combine the tenets of Intuitionism and Utilitarianism, and for that reason will be likely to provoke a storm of criticism from the adherents of both schools.

It is probable that, owing to its intense rapidity, Mr. Kidd's thought frequently "breaks through language and escapes," and this fact undoubtedly subjects him to frequent misinterpretation. It might not, however, be unduly presumptuous to wish for him a little of that tendency which he so deplors in the Latin mind, "to see truth only in that elementary aspect in which it appears to be compressed into severely consistent and logical forms," even though these forms be related to the "governing principles of an earlier era of human evolution."

E. J. Hulbert.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S "FLEXIBLE MANNER"

HISTORY we know, and romance we know, and the thing that is a mixture of both we know. The historical novel is rampant. It covers the book-stalls and holds the stage. Those who practise it—tender virgins and elderly gentlemen—wake up every morning of the year to find themselves famous, and then a week later to find themselves forgotten, with nothing to console them but large bank accounts. The jibe of the maker of epigrams that in these days everybody writes books and nobody reads them, does not apply to this *genre* of printed matter. For is it not a chaste and simple fact that there are countless thousands who get their historical facts from books which are not history, while they also find in these same books romantic diversion, though they are not romances? To patch the holes in a neglected education, and at the same time relieve the mind is a combination of functions that can hardly be attributed to any other form of "art." And, talking of "Art" with a big A, how many things are done in that sacred name?

Now it must be said, in justice to the historical novelists, that they admit freely that the thing they produce in such profitable profusion is a hybrid. It has fallen to Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton, however, in her new book, *The Conqueror*, to do a new thing. She may console herself, in the face of criticism, with the reflection that if she is in the wrong, there are few who are successful in being in the wrong alone. There is splendid literary isolation for you!

Mrs. Atherton calls her book in a subtitle "The True and Romantic Story of Alexander Hamilton." Now that is enticing. Hamilton was one of the most inter-

esting figures, among profoundly interesting figures, at the most interesting period of our interesting history. Pardon the superlatives; they are obviously necessary. Hamilton helped to make a nation happy and made some women unhappy. The cloud of romance hung over his birth, and his death was romantic, with a pleasant spice of scandal to flavor the surrounding circumstances. So when Mrs. Atherton presents to us a handsome volume purporting to tell the "true story" of this great man, who was magnificent in finance and lucky in love, we get ready to enjoy ourselves. You see it is a notorious fact that the suppression of biographers has been more than ordinarily conspicuous in the case of her hero.

In the most artfully artless fashion Mrs. Atherton takes you into her confidence. She remarks that it was her original purpose to write a biography of Alexander Hamilton "in a *more flexible manner*" than is customary, but "without infringing upon the territory of fiction." After visiting the West Indies in search of local color and facts as to the early life and ancestors of her subject, she sat down to the task of writing. But here the divine fury of the novelist seized upon her. "What a story for a novel!" you can imagine her saying to herself. "More flexible manner," indeed. When the idea of a novel came in at the door, the staid muse of biography flew out at the window. And the clever lady with the ready pen proceeded to "throw the graces of fiction over the sharp hard facts that historians have laboriously gathered." The "more flexible manner" became "most flexible."

If Mrs. Atherton had stopped there, even, all would have been well. But she still had the biographical views in her blood. As she inspected her completed

task she was led to say, "Although the method may cause the book to read like fiction, I am conscientious in asserting that *almost every* [the italics are not hers] important incident here related in his [Hamilton's] American career is founded on documentary or published facts or upon family tradition; the few that are not have their roots among the probabilities, and "suggested themselves." "Therefore, I feel confident that I have had my romancing propensity well within the horizon of the probabilities."

So, as a matter of fact, the reader might imagine that it lay with him to decide whether he would regard Mrs. Atherton's book as a novel written like history, or history written like a novel. In other words, he might suppose that in this example of Mrs. Atherton's work "biography" and "romancing" were convertible terms. He would make a great mistake if he did any such thing, for Mrs. Atherton goes on to remark, "Having unburdened my imagination, I shall, in the course of a year or two, write the biography I first had in mind." Won't she please tell us whether or not she expects to do it in the "flexible manner"?

Now the trouble about the story lies just here. In the jumble of historical personages, authentic documents, love-making that did occur, and love-making that never took place; scandals that are a part of

our history and scandals that arose in Mrs. Atherton's prolific brain, you can't for the life of you tell where fact and fiction part company or meet. The portion of the account of Hamilton's illegitimate birth which is imaginary is more real than that which is the other thing. And so it is all through the book.

It is no more "art" to make lavish use of history to supply corroborative detail, than it is to introduce a real dinner on the stage. Yet Mrs. Atherton does this very thing. The petty squabbles of the time, big questions of policy and little questions of policy, are all dragged in by the hair. You stand amazed at the erudition, the industry, of the author. But it isn't to be amazed that one reads novels, but to be entertained by character-study and incident. Are we helped to æsthetic enjoyment by a novel which ends with a detailed account of a public man's funeral, and a reproduction of the inscription on his tombstone?

The "more flexible manner" of writing biography is not successful. This book is not a novel, and it is not a biography, though Mrs. Atherton thinks that it is both, or either, as you please. Neither can it be called a "historical novel." What is it? It is as clever as some of her former work, but as to its art—! And it will no doubt sell to the tune of many thousands.

Frederick James Gregg.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE growth of book clubs and societies for the encouragement of reading has had its effect upon literature as a whole, but the former has done much to encourage—the buying of the right kind of books and the setting up of the right kind of standards, for, after all, it is the securing of proper standards that makes the intelligent collector. The Grolier Club in New York, the Club of Odd Volumes in Boston, the

Caxton Club in Chicago, the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, each in its way has done much to show not only what books to buy and admire, but what constitutes a well-printed, appropriately bound book.

In the matter of local color and local history, the Caxton Club has shown commendable enterprise, as they have reprinted with notes and emendations several books relating to the Northwest

and the early discoveries in that region. Their latest issue relates to the early history of Chicago (which, by the way, is not so long ago), and consists of the reissue of a well-known book entitled "Wan Burn," by Mrs. John H. Kinzie. This first appeared in 1856 and was published by the well-known firm of Derby & Jackson, of New York. Its sale was sufficient to call for a second edition in 1857.

In 1873, J. B. Lippincott & Co. issued a third edition, which has remained until the present issue the most usually found one. All of these have gone quite out of print, and so the Caxton Club decided to secure the well-known authority on the Northwest, Mr. R. G. Thwaites, the editor of the new edition of "Jesuit Relations," to write introductions and notes. The volume is an 8vo, with numerous illustrations and is printed from type at the Lakeside Press, Chicago, and consists of 454 pages. The edition is strictly limited to 256, on hand-made paper, and three on Japanese vellum. The *format* is not one to commend highly, but is good enough for popular acceptance.

The apostolic succession of English printers is as follows: Caxton, Wynken de Worde, Pynson, Copeland, and Thomas Berthelet, the latter being known as the royal printer to Henry VIII. He is well known as a printer by his curious mark of Lucretius stabbing herself, but he is not so well known as the royal binder, though he occupied the two-fold office to King Henry VIII. It seems that this feature of his career has been little written or known about. Therefore when the Caxton Club issued a monograph upon him, it was a real contribution to our knowledge. The title runs as follows: "Thomas Berthelet, Royal Printer and Bookbinder to Henry VIII., King of England. With special reference to his Bookbinding. By Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum." Chicago: Published by the Caxton Club, 1901. The volume is a handsome 4to of 102 pages, of which only 252 copies are printed, three being on Japanese vellum.

The book is printed from type by the Lakeside Press. The authority of Mr. Cyril Davenport on such subject is well known and the club is fortunate in having secured his service for such a monograph. The book is divided into three chapters, the first being devoted to English bookbinding up to the time of Henry VIII., the second to Documentary evidence concerning Berthelet and

his work, the third, the bookbindings of Thomas Berthelet, with detailed descriptions.

It is not often a book printed by William Caxton is offered for sale. It is an event worth recording. Last year, in the auction-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in London, a copy of the "Royal Book," or book for a king, came up for sale, bringing £1,550. The book was translated, "or reduced out of frensshe in to Englysshe," by William Caxton, and was made at the request of "King Philyp of Franncce." It is printed in black letter, in what Mr. Blades calls type No. 5, and contains 160 printed leaves, thirty-three lines to the page. The copy now offered is in oaken boards, and the leaves measure $11\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A few ink- and rust-stains are the only blemishes—but what are these in a Caxton? This copy is described as in magnificent state, and is the identical one exhibited at the Caxton Exhibition in London in 1877. All the other copies, excepting the one sold last year, are in public libraries, the one sold last year having been bought by Mr. Quaritch and sold to an American gentleman. It is most improbable that another copy will ever again be offered at auction.

Two items of more than usual interest to the Lamb collector are to be sold in the same sale. The first is entitled *The / King and Queen / of / Hearts: / with the Rogueries of the / Knave / who stole the Queen's Pies. / Illustrated in / Fifteen Elegant Engravings. / London: / Printed for M. T. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, / No. 41 Skinner Street, Snow Hill: and to be / had of all Booksellers. / 1809. / Price 1s. plain, or 1s. 6d. coloured. / The plates, strangely enough, are dated 1805, and are believed to be by Mulready, who illustrated the "Tales from Shakespeare," printed by the same impecunious publisher. It is thought that the date 1809 may be a misprint for 1806. This volume is authenticated by a reference in one of Lamb's letters to Wordsworth. This copy is bound in the original yellow paper wrappers and measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $3\frac{1}{4}$. The second item is a copy of a volume of verse by Lamb's father, John Lamb, entitled "Poetical Pieces on Several Occasions," 17**.*

Lamb wrote of his father "that he possessed a fine turn for humourous poetry—next to Swift and Prior." So far as we are aware this is the first copy to come up for sale.

Ernest Dressel North.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

WE are apparently going to have a very royalistic year in the publishing world. Even at this early period of the season it is perfectly clear that we shall be deluged with books about the royal family, written round the coronation. Several lives of King Edward are announced. One of them, published in parts by Sir George Newnes, has been written by Mr. J. E. Vincent, who is known by his "Memoir of the Late Duke of Clarence and Avondale." Mr. Vincent, who is Chancellor of Bangor Diocese, has done a great deal of journalism. He began his literary career by writing a "History of Football" some eighteen years ago.

The Virtues are publishing quite a big book on his Majesty, in four volumes. It is written by Mr. J. Penderel Brodhurst, who is also a journalist. He is a descendant of the Penderel who saved King Charles's life at Boscobel, so that he may claim to have had quite a family interest in kingship. About the end of April a book dealing with the King's horses, "being a history of the action of his Majesty King Edward VII. with the National Sport," will appear from the press of the Constables and published by Mr. John Long. The author, Mr. Edward Spencer, is one of the best known sporting journalists in London. His real name is Mr. Edward Spencer Mott, and he writes over the pseudonyme of Nathaniel Gubbins. Mr. Mott, who was educated at Eton, began his career in the army, and served in India. He joined the *Sporting Times* exactly five-and-twenty years ago. He describes his recreations as having been formerly gambling, now gardening, trimming hedges and country walks. Mr. Spencer's book will deal, among other things, with royalty and the turf from Henry II. downward. King Edward has placed his racing stud under the manage-

ment of Lord Marcus Beresford, the younger brother of Lord Charles.

The number of women who are taking up historical work is a significant sign of the times. A new life of Sir Walter Raleigh is being written by Miss Ada Ashworth Taylor, and Miss Dorothea Townshend is at work on a biography of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork (1566-1643), the Irish statesman, whose youngest son Robert was quaintly described as the "father of chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork." Miss Townshend is known as the eulogist of that "truly noble gentleman," Mr. Endymion Porter, whose life and correspondence she gave us five years ago. A life of Bishop Burnett is being prepared by Miss Foxcroft. Only the other year Miss Eva Scott wrote a capital sketch of Prince Rupert, and now the Prince's mother, Elizabeth of Bohemia, is to be included in a book on *Five Stuart Princesses*, published by the Constables and edited by a very industrious young Scotsman, Mr. Robert S. Rait, of New College, Oxford. The best existing book on the princesses was that written (in 1849-55) by the late Mrs. Green, who died in 1895. This extraordinary woman edited no fewer than forty-one volumes of our Domestic State Papers. Her daughter, Miss Evelyn Everett Green, is one of the best known writers of books for girls.

The new thirty volume edition of Ruskin, which is to be published by Mr. George Allen, will not make its appearance until the end of the year. The editor is Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, a well-known lawyer, who has been Recorder of Gravesend since 1897. He was one of Mr. Ruskin's executors. It is rumored that the general editorship of the issue will be assigned to Mr. E. T. Cook, who remains the most faithful disciple of the master of Coniston. Mr.

Cook, who left the *Daily News* when it turned "pro-Boer," is now a leader writer on the *Chronicle*. He has compiled by far the best book of reference to the treasures of the Tate and the National Gallery, and he helped his clever wife to write a brilliant guide to London, which has driven all rivals out of the field. Mr. Wedderburn and Mr. Cook were both present at the recent unveiling of the Ruskin memorial in Westminster Abbey. It takes the form of a bronze medallion representing Ruskin as he was about the time he wrote "Modern Painters," and will be found in the Poet's Corner above the memorial to Sir Walter Scott. It was the last piece of work that Mr. Onslow Ford executed before his untimely death.

Sir Spencer Walpole, who is editing the new volume of "Letters by Sir Horace Walpole" for the Longmans, is a descendant of the first Lord Walpole. His father, a distinguished lawyer, was Secretary of State for the Home Department on three occasions, and his mother was the daughter of Spencer Perceval, the Premier who was assassinated in the House of Commons, in 1811, by a man called Bellingham. Sir Spencer has followed the footsteps of his family, which belongs on both sides to the bureaucratic caste. He began his career as a clerk in the War Office, in 1868, and retired in 1899 as Secretary of the Post-office. He has written a Life of his grandfather Perceval, and another of Lord John Russell.

The interest in genealogy seems to grow in direct proportion to our modernity. Family histories of every kind are constantly appearing, and on the authority of an American who recently sued a London omnibus company for an accident, there "is nothing that people pay so much for as genealogical inquiries." The latest genealogical venture is a quarterly, appropriately called *The Ancestor*, which will be published by the Constables, and should

form a very useful adjunct to their elaborate "County History Series." Indeed, it has been suggested that Messrs. Smith & Elder might very well start a magazine which should become a sort of biographical notes and queries, correcting and adding to the elaborate "Dictionary of National Biography." *The Ancestor* will be edited by Mr. Oswald Barron, and among the contributors are Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, who is the Keeper of our National Records and the grandson of the author of "Abide with Me." Mr. Barron has also secured the services of that pugilistic genealogist J. Horace Round, whose recent pungent volume, "Studies in Peerage and Family History," has already gone out of print. Mr. Round's style should make the pages of *The Ancestor* very lively. Mr. Guy Laking, who is the son of the King's Doctor and has just been appointed Keeper of the King's Armory, also figures amongst the list of contributors. Meantime, Messrs. Freemantle's "Family History" series has opened well with Sir Herbert Maxwell's "House of Douglas," and the New Spalding Club will very soon be represented by the first volume of an elaborately planned genealogical history of the House of Gordon. One of the most notable of recent genealogical publications is Mr. Joseph Foster's "Some Feudal Coats of Arms." Mr. Foster published his first genealogical work forty years ago, and has been extraordinarily industrious ever since.

A new history of Egypt, which will occupy eight volumes, is being compiled for Kegan Paul by Dr. Wallis Budge, the Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. Dr. Budge's subject is perhaps not particularly popular, but since 1878, when he published his book on "Assyrian Incantations," he has written a large number of books on Egyptology, and scarcely a year has passed without his being represented. Last year alone he issued three volumes, including "The

Book of the Dead," an English translation of the Theban Recension. Dr. Budge was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as a Hebrew scholar.

The Anglo-Japanese agreement has proved a boon to many recent writers, for Japan has been the happy hunting-ground of the globe-trotter. One of the most interesting books on Japan is Mr. Mortimer Menpes's "Colored Sketches," produced by Mr. Carl Hentschel, which serves to show the excellence that this country has reached in color process work. Much has been done to popularize Japan in this country by the Japan Society, most enthusiastically run by Mr. Arthur Diosy, who is a Hungarian by birth. The most recent book on Japan is by Mr. Alfred Stead, a son of the sensational journalist who hectored Chicago a few years ago.

Mr. H. G. Wells has got the length of addressing the Royal Institution, and his lecture on the "Discovery of the Future" was crowded. Mr. Wells, who lives at Sandgate, and is the son of the well-known professional cricketer, has grown increasingly in popularity, and has put his knowledge of science to the most astute use in the sphere of fiction. Scientific speculation of every kind is extremely popular, and does not seem to undergo those changes in fashion which make cape-and-sword romance one day popular and the next day unmarketable. Thus Mr. Benjamin Kidd's new book; "Principles of Western Civilization," has been widely reviewed even by those papers that do not give themselves to dealing with the literature of speculation. Mr. Kidd's famous book "Social Evolution" has now reached its twenty-first thousand, and it has recently been translated into Czech and Danish.

Mr. Arthur Waugh has transferred his services from the house of Kegan Paul

to that of Chapman & Hall, which has witnessed many changes during the last few years. Mr. Waugh is the son of a Somerset doctor, and he was educated at Oxford, winning the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1888. For some years he practised the gentle art of journalism and joined Kegan Paul in 1895. He is best known perhaps by his study of Tennyson. Two years ago he wrote a little biography of Browning, who seems to be returning to something of his old popularity, for Professor Hall Griffin has just written a new life of him, and edited a selection of his early poems. A performance of Browning's "Strafford" was recently given by a company of very distinguished amateurs, among whom was the Lord Chancellor's daughter.

The question of "log-rolling" is always with us, and it has just been raised again with Mr. G. K. Chesterton, one of our youngest critics, who does a great deal of the reviewing on the *Daily News*. Mr. Chesterton must indeed be a very hermit not to have noticed the process of puffery in varying degrees of subtlety. Literary society, as I have frequently pointed out in these pages, is broken up into a series of small segments, and you must either attach yourself to one of these or to none of them; you certainly cannot belong to more than one. Thus, the gentlemen who dine together at one of the literary clubs will not readily sit down at another, and sometimes they will even go the length of ridiculing the rival function. This, perhaps, is only human nature, but for Mr. Chesterton to assure the readers of Mr. Astor's magazine that with such a state of matters "log-rolling" is not prevalent, only goes to show that he has a good deal to learn of human nature. Some of the critics are perfectly cynical upon the whole matter, while other "log-rollers" afford distinct amusement to the outside spectator by waxing very indignant at the praise which is bestowed on

certain writers beyond their own circle. I do not think there is very much praise of a book by critics who really despise it. What does occur is this, that writers are praised by critics of their own way of thinking; and after all, that might be defended on the ground that a book must be approached in a spirit of sympathy with its general outlook, and not in complete antagonism.

The most recent statistics show that 195 daily newspapers are published in this country. That number is likely to be increased by the issue of half-penny papers, published in the provinces as appendages to a parent paper in London. One cannot help noticing the adoption, or at any rate the adaptation, of certain American methods in London journalism. For instance, we have seen the establishment of the "news editor." Until quite recently, the man at the head of affairs in an English daily paper has been a political expert who wrote a leader a day. As he has had to shut himself up in a sort of office study the greater part of the evening, it has been obviously impossible for him to conduct the 50, 60, or 100 columns of news which really constitute the journal, and, yet despite very expensive warnings on the absolute fallacy of this system, it still obtains. Only the other day the *Times* called attention to the "large number of books now appearing in England which seem to be of purely American interest." These facts, added to the six American-managed theatres in London, show how readily we are becoming Americanized.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is going to deal with Mary Queen of Scots in his next story. The interest in the Stuarts is endless, for distance gives a picturesqueness to the family. Mr. Lang's recent investigations have shown that many things will probably never be explained about Queen Mary, but she remains, perhaps for that

very reason, an intensely fascinating personality.

Who would have thought that an edition of Miss Susan Ferrier's novels would be published in 1902, nearly half a century after the writer's death? Miss Ferrier wrote her first book, "Marriage," so long ago as 1810, and Blackwood paid £150 for the story. It was such a success that he gave her £1,000 for her next story, "The Inheritance," which appeared fourteen years later. The new edition, which is being published by the Methuens, is introduced by Lord Iddesleigh, son of Sir Stafford Northcote.

In spite of the many discouragements that everybody interested in the Higher Drama has to face, the fact that two poetic plays like "Ulysses" and "Paolo and Francesca" should be running at the same time in London, gives heart to the enthusiasts. The year has been practically barren so far, for, though Mr. Anthony Hope has tried his hand at a comedy, with a certain amount of literary charm about it, in "Pilkerton's Peerage," he can scarcely be said to have improved his position as a dramatist.

The introduction of certain American methods has introduced a spirit of business-like management into our theatres, which has been very conspicuous by its absence in the past; but, curiously enough, that movement has been met by a growing desire to form a subsidized National Theatre. It would be difficult to say how that will be accomplished, but, speaking for my own part, I have no doubt that it will ultimately become a reality just like a national gallery or a public library. The proposal is being exploited "for all it is worth" by a club of playgoers, and it is very significant that some of the chief supporters of the scheme are democratic leaders like Mr. John Burns and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. J. M. Bulloch.

CURRENT LITERATURE

A STUDY OF CECIL RHODES

THAT the time has not yet come for the writing of that biography of Cecil Rhodes which the future must accept as final is proved by Mr. Howard Hensman's voluminous and painstaking work on his career. At present no man knowing enough of the empire-maker to attempt a study of him can be a philosophic and impartial historian. British ultimatums on the South African situation have had too many and too irreverent replies from South Africa to permit great clarity of vision on either side in regard to the man whom most of the world honors or censures as the author of that situation.

Mr. Hensman starts his task promisingly. He admits that those who do not entirely subscribe to Mr. Rhodes's doctrines may have some justification. "I have made it my constant effort," he says in his preface, "to hold the scales of justice evenly, and I may at once say that I decline absolutely to regard Mr. Rhodes either as a heaven-sent statesman or the incarnation of all that is wicked." But in the following 350 pages Mr. Hensman sees his subject, if not directly heaven-sent, at least trailing clouds of glory.

For Mr. Rhodes is seen by Mr. Hensman as the friend of the Dutch, as the protector of the natives, as the loyal, far-sighted British subject. "Rhodes's policy," says the author early in the book, conveniently forgetful of events which he will have to chronicle later, "from the first day he entered political life, has been to conciliate in every way possible the Dutch or Afrikaner element"—a state-

ment which is not without its grim humor.

That at any time, both before and after the Jameson raid, "he was prepared to extend the hand of friendship to the President of the Transvaal, and to work in amity with him for the welfare of both Dutch and British in South Africa," is a frequent and favorite contention of Mr. Hensman. Though the preceding page may have contained an account of how Mr. Rhodes checked a Boer trek to the north, or may have quoted a speech in which "Mr. Rhodes said in the plainest and most unmistakable language that 'there would be no more Boer republics permitted to be set up in South Africa'"; though the following chapter is to contain an account of Mr. Rhodes's behavior when his friend, ally, and lieutenant, Dr. Jameson, invaded the Transvaal—still Mr. Hensman insists upon his subject's friendly attitude toward the Dutch.

So, too, the fact that Mr. Rhodes engineered through the Cape Parliament an act prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to the natives in Cape Colony is regarded as a "monument to his desire to protect the natives under British rule against the vices which civilization brings in its wake." This establishes him, apparently, almost a missionary among the natives. Not even that famous "deal" with Lobengula, by which the King of the Matabele gave to Mr. Rhodes and his representatives the sole right to search for minerals in Matabeleland in return for \$500 a month, 1,000 Martini Henri rifles, and 100,000 rounds of ball-cartridge shakes Mr. Hensman's view of Mr. Rhodes as the native's friend. That the introduction of the arms of "civilized" warfare among savages ignorant of the rules of the game could ever lead to mischief, the charitable

CECIL RHODES: A STUDY OF A CAREER. By Howard Hensman. With portrait and illustrations from photographs. Harper & Brothers, 8vo, \$5.00.

biographer does not believe entered Mr. Rhodes's calculations.

Yet, in spite of its somewhat blandly partisan tone, the book is an interesting one. For, however one may regard the acceptance of the doctrine that the earth is Great Britain's and the fulness thereof, the facts in the career of the man who has most strenuously lived out that creed are accurately set forth. He is seen going out to South Africa, a sickly boy; he is seen acquiring his first small rights at the Kimberley diamond fields; he is seen sitting there on an upturned bucket, one eye directed toward his workmen, one on the book he was studying—for Rhodes was an Oxford man, returning to England each year for such university terms as his health and his business permitted.

He is seen acquiring more diamond mines, and, finally, forcing the only rival company, with Barney Barnato at its head, to amalgamate with him. He is heard voicing his materialistic creed, that great ideas are useless "if one has not the money to carry them out."

That vision of his—of a true empire, with an imperial parliament meeting at Westminster to manage affairs of empire, while local affairs were managed in local colonial parliaments—and the influence which that vision had, in 1888, upon his relations with Parnell and the Home-Rule party, are interestingly set forth. According to Mr. Hensman, it was this vision alone, and no ulterior thought of the conciliatory effect upon certain parliamentary voters on his own South African matters, that prompted his £10,000 check to the Home-Rule party.

The most dramatic episode in Mr. Rhodes's career—his visit as a peace emissary to the Matabele during their rebellion, after Dr. Jameson had withdrawn the white police from Rhodesia to accompany him on his Transvaal raid—is dramatically recounted. With only three

other white men he set out to try his power among the idunas of the tribe. The Matabele were glutted with blood; they had been massacring whites, and the fever to kill was on them. But the four men, declining such a guard as the military authorities in South Africa were able to offer them, went almost unarmed to the stronghold of the rebels. And there, in a dramatic moment, Rhodes found his influence still powerful, when, in answer to his denunciations and his pleas, "one of the oldest idunas present raised a light wand or stick above his head, and advanced toward Rhodes, saying: 'See, this is my rifle. I cast it at your feet!' Repeating the movement, he cried: 'And this is my spear, which I likewise cast at your feet!' As he retired to his place once more, all the chiefs around set up a loud cry of assent, and the Matabele rebellion was at an end."

A remarkable personality, this—one which, even were claims of a Sunday-school morality denied it, could not fail to interest and to command. And in regard to it Mr. Hensman's accurate and ample collection of facts will be a real assistance to the biographer who must come later.

A. H.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AGAIN

SOME years ago, in a rather neat little epilogue to his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," Mr. Austin Dobson posed the question:

"What is it, pray"—some reader asks—

"What is it that attaches

You fancy so to fans and masks,

To periwigs and patches?"

Mr. Dobson's reply was more satisfactory to himself, perhaps, than to others

CAROLINE THE ILLUSTRIOUS, Queen-Consort of George II. A Study of her Life and Time. By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. With illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., 2 volumes, 8vo, \$12.

general probably on sure ground as to what is Giotto and what is not, though probably also most of his readers who have made any study of the subject for themselves will here and there find cause for scepticism. But the book is not for experts, and students will find the book a safe guide. It satisfactorily sweeps away much that is traditional and conjectural, and leaves very little, for example, of either Vasari or of the "literary" writing of which there has been so much about Giotto. Mr. Perkins, to be sure, might have distinguished between the literary and the æsthetic point of view and not have achieved the latter so completely. He had but 150 pages at his disposal, but if he had pruned away a great deal of what is really the surplusage of chronicling his own intentions and exclusions and the reasons for both—writing, in a word, the history of his own mental processes during the composition of his book instead of merely the book itself—he would have had a good deal of room. As it is, where he prætermits for a moment his scientific pre-occupation, it is not because of æsthetic solicitations, but to burn another candle—a pseudo-scientific one, so to say—at Mr. Berenson's shrine. For instance, he says: "We might easily fill many pages with a lengthy dissertation upon these qualities of *Form*," etc.; but "to do so would be mainly to repeat what has already been so well and clearly said by Mr. Berenson." And then he does repeat some of this—a passage in which are described those famous "tactile values," the discovery of which, though it may not perhaps confer as certain an immortality, must surely be recognized as a striking parallel, in the narrower field of art-criticism, of the discovery of Monsieur Gourdain in the broad distinctions of human speech.

Two volumes of the late Mr. Hamerton's works, *Painting in France* and *Con-*

temporary French Painting, are issued in a new edition, copiously illustrated with photogravure reproductions of French pictures, but apparently from old plates. Narrower margins reduce the form to greater convenience, and the volumes are altogether extremely presentable. The illustrations vary in interest as their originals, of course, do; and many of them are so familiar as to be hackneyed. But no two editors would make the same choice out of the very considerable mass of available material, and it is inevitable that many selections, to be representative, must be very old friends. The text is rather desultory than systematic, and it is superfluous, at this day, to describe it. The qualities of Mr. Hamerton's writing on art are nearly as well known as the pictures that illustrate it. He wrote of what he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with, and wrote, thus, intelligently for the general reader whom he always addressed. His views were always catholic, and expressed with a simplicity sometimes exaggerated. He was as literal as he was copious, and more instructive to the utterly ignorant than suggestive to the tolerably informed. What he wrote about art is easy reading, but it is hardly likely to be as much read as formerly, now that the public he helped to educate has got along far enough to demand something more incisive.

The latest volume in the Riverside Art Series is entitled *Correggio*: a collection of fifteen pictures and a supposed portrait of the painter, with introduction and interpretation by Estelle M. Hurl. The pictures are excellent plates by Andrew, some from photographs by Alinari, Braun, and others, some from Toschi's well-known and extremely serviceable, however

PAINTING IN FRANCE. CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PAINTERS. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Little, Brown & Co., 16mo, \$1.00 each.

CORREGGIO. By Estelle M. Hurl. Riverside Art Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo 75 cents net.

unsatisfactory, drawings after Correggio's original. The text is obviously adapted to the tastes and the comprehension of beginners in art and in life. W. C. B.

HYPOLYMPIA

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has come forth from his editorial and critical sanctum to sport with the gods in the open air. Hypolympia, the scene of his fantasy, which is in prose, is an island, hitherto inhabited by Lutherans, in a remote but temperate province of Northern Europe. The persons are the gods of ancient Greece, and the time is early in the twentieth century. By twos and threes, or in larger groups, the gods discuss their exile from Olympus and the imposition on them of mortality.

The twelve scenes are laid around a large, low country-house of eighteenth-century model—on a terrace high above the sea, in a glen, and in a dell below the house. Aphrodite, Eros, Poseidon, Pallas, and Zeus unfold the plot, then Circe, Kronos, and Rhea appear. The mind of Kronos wanders, and he believes it was Zeus who turned him out of Olympus. His mind is worn so smooth that it fails any longer to catch in ideas as they flit against it.

To Æsculapius the seeming calamity is a blessing. The impenetrable immortality of the gods has been a constant source of exasperation to him. His work has been mere theory. Now his patients will know the sense of alleviation, the cessation of the throb, the resuming glitter in the eye, the restoration of cheerfulness and appetite.

Zeus finds lack of responsibility and a certain amount of humor in the situation. His idea of the duty of a deity has not been to sit passive beside a cup of nectar,

and whereas his personal conduct has always been above reproach, he cannot truthfully say as much for that of his children. But now all is changed, for where there is no one to notice that errors are committed, no errors *are* committed.

Thus they console themselves, until, of a sudden, Iris appears on a vast rainbow stretching from three white ships to the island, to announce that the rebellion in Olympus is over, for the usurper has fallen from power, and that the gods may return as immortals to their old home.

Underlying the little drama is a current of philosophical consolation for us poor mortals, who have not that "satiety of mental ease where all is known because it merely is." "What a vain thing it was," says Nike to Æsculapius, "the perpetual clash and resonance of a victory that no one could withstand; the mockery that conquest must be to an immortal whom no one can ever really oppose; no veritable difficulty to overcome, no genuine resistance to meet, nothing positively tussled with and thrown, nothing but ghostly armies shrinking and melting a little way in front of my advancing eagles!"

A CLASSIC REPRINT

THIS book is interesting rather because of the time of its appearance and of the man who wrote it than because of its contents. Sir Henry Wolton was what we now should call an office-seeker. For the great part of his life he sturdily and at times obsequiously sought at the hands of Elizabeth and James I. positions in the English diplomatic and civil service, and, after many vicissitudes of fort-

HYPOLYMPIA; OR, THE GODS IN THE ISLAND. An Ironic Fantasy. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARCHITECTURE. Collected by Henry Wolton, Kt., from the best authors and examples. Published for Gay Kirkham, F.A.I.H., by the F. A. Bassette Company, Springfield, Mass.

une and much variety of lean employment, he finally brought up securely in the comfortable post of Provost of Eton. But an English office-seeker of the seventeenth century had certain qualifications and advantages. He was a well-educated and much-travelled man, familiar with large issues and stirring events, and possessed of an indefatigable and miscellaneous curiosity. His most interesting literary remains are poems and letters, but, like a true son of his time, he tried his hand at many things. His long residence in Italy had given him an amateur interest in architecture, which he expressed during a period of impecuniosity and enforced retirement from the public service by writing this little thin volume on the *Elements of Architecture*. The man himself, as one of his contemporaries said, had "built nothing but castles in Spain," and his book is little more than a paraphrase of Vitruvius, but it has much literary and historical, if only a slight technical, interest, and its reprint in Springfield, Mass., in the busy year of 1902 is something to be noticed and approved.

H. C.

EUROPEAN NEIGHBORS

IN "Our European Neighbors Series" Mr. Alfred Thomas Story has produced a readable volume on *Swiss Life in Town and Country*. The little volume is fully illustrated by photographs taken from scenes and people at first hand and in the national costumes of the various cantons and communes. Many facts already fairly well known are here amplified and illumined by side-lights thrown on the domestic, political, religious, and literary nature of Swiss life in general.

SWISS LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Alfred T. Story. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.20.

Mr. Story touches but lightly on the early period, when the Roman invasion under Cæsar broke up the homogeneous Celtic tribes, Rhæti and Helvetii, who met the foe with such "indomitable opposition" as decimated their ranks so that they never again could raise their heads as a separate people—distinct from the Alemanni and Burgundians, who flocked in at the breaking up of the Roman power and became permanent occupiers of the land. The differences between the German, French, and Italian-speaking sections of the land to-day are interestingly pictured.

But from all told, the Swiss peasant leads a hard, laborious, and stinted life; and to this our author attributes the general physical aspect of the women, who, though plump and strong, are never handsome, rarely pretty, and only occasionally comely. No people in any land are better schooled. Yet, oddly enough, no people in Europe cares so little for literature, even its own. They are too hard worked to have time for books; but all are readers of newspapers, of which there are a prodigious number and variety. Hence, the best writers are mostly associated with the newspapers. Despite this odd state of affairs, however, no country of equal population is richer in writers of distinction, though these remain unrecognized at home and are almost always discovered by France or Germany. Mr. Story cites as examples Keller, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, and others, not forgetting Leutboden, "that singer of harmony supreme, who addressed to his country verses full of anger and fierce invective, because of her indifference to those who sing for her psalmodies of sweetest measure drawn from suffering hearts."

Our author also points out the fact that the best literature of *la Suisse romande* becomes merged in the literature of France, and names, among others, Rous-

seau, de Staël, Benjamin Constant, Marc Mounier, Victor Cherbuliez, Edouard Rod, and Töpffer. "But," continues the author, "it is not quite exact to say the best, because there is a poetry equally good, like that of Juste Olivier, which cannot be detached from the place of its birth, where, as he himself wrote:

"Un Gène caché dans tous ces lieux que
J'aime" . . .

Of these peculiarly national writers many are named. Antonio Huonder, Charles Spitteler, Otto Hagenmacher, O. Stutlermeister, Adolph Frey, August Bechlin, Isabelle Kaiser, Alice de Chambrier; and another authoress, daughter of Jeremias Gotthelf, who invented a new form of literature, the peasant epopee.

In all its aspects the national life is sympathetically touched and brought before the reader.

In the same series Mr. P. M. Hough gives an account of Holland, as attractive as it is thorough. The author, a long-time resident of the Netherlands, is at home in its life, both urban and rural. In describing the homogeneity of the land, he makes the reader feel as never before how closely is this connected with its smallness—"pressed," as he says, "into a corner of Europe comprising twelve thousand square miles of lowland. . ." The cities are not populous; the houses are not large; the canals are wide, and one can go from the most northern point in the country to the most southern, or from the extreme east to the extreme west, in a single day; and if it be a summer's day in daylight, while from the top of the tower of the cathedral at Utrecht one can look over a large part of the land.

The average Dutchman, we are told, fails to take in even Holland's colonial possessions—extensive as these are—as col-

onies are taken in by some other nations. "Nothing is more common than to hear the remark, from both old and young, 'We have been great,' 'We have had our time,' 'Every nation reaches a climax. . . .' The state of mind of the average Dutchman has been well described as that of a man well on in years, who has amassed a fair fortune, and now takes things easily, and loves to talk over the somewhat wild doings of his youth."

In describing the marvellous feats that little Holland has achieved in the past, Mr. Hough is in no wise chary of his enthusiasm. He warms to the work of showing how she fought Spain, suffered at the stake, and died at the dykes. With equal generosity he describes her achievements in letters, theology, statesmanship, and art, and dwells upon her great showing in the latter, even in the present day.

"The Dutchman," he says, "hates to be interfered with, resents the advice of candid friends, and cannot stand 'chaff.' He has his kind of humor, which is slow in expression and material in conception, but he does not understand 'banter.' He is liberal in theories, but intensely conservative in practice. He will agree with a new theory, but often do as his grandfather did; and so in Holland there may be seen very primitive methods side by side with *fin-de-siècle* thought. In a salon in any principal town there will be thought the most advanced, and manner of life the most luxurious; but a stone's throw off, in a cottage or farm-house just outside the town, may be witnessed the life of the seventeenth century."

To explain such anachronisms the author gives, in some detail, the differences of race, dialect, pronunciation, religion, and character-features found among the people who make up the seven provinces which comprise the Netherlands. The life-habits of workmen, artisans, peasants, merchants, even children, are all touched

upon; wages paid, status of the working class, women's position, customs at weddings, kermesses, funerals, are all depicted. Many readers may be surprised to learn of the strength, numerically and literary, of the Roman Catholics in a country thought of as so very Protestant as Holland; and also to note that colonial Holland is about three times as large as European Holland, and in point of success second only to England.

Club life is as yet unknown to Dutch women, and in comparatively scant favor with the men, who use clubs only to pay flying visits to them for business purposes in the morning, but never for social resort in the evenings. A Dutchman's fireside is always the place for the latter. Even the newspapers are never read elsewhere. It is his club-room, where even a business friend, needing to see him in haste, is sure to find him.

It is impossible to indicate even slightly the hundreds of interesting things concerning Dutch life to be found in this little volume.

A SPORTSMAN'S GOSPEL

WHEN Mr. Thomas Martindale originally decided to become a sportsman he may have had no idea of writing a book and calling it *Sport Indeed*. In fact, he admits himself that his first thought was to get away from Philadelphia. The same idea has occurred to a good many other men in that city, particularly if they happened not to belong there. One excursion pleased Mr. Martindale mightily. He tried another, and many more. Deeds came first; but the idea of perpetuating them in a book seems to have followed soon after, for we find the author, early in his volume, shooting a fine caribou, and

then, with guides' help, roping the horny monster to a tree, while a photograph was taken of the entire group. The countenance of the author himself betrays not less the story-teller than the sportsman. The narration of what he calls "A few of the many pleasant and exciting incidents and experiences enjoyed in my tussle with the wilds of nature" carries him through 346 pages of well-printed text and some two dozen graphic representations of happy hunting-grounds or fishing-rivers.

Guides were at first regarded by Mr. Martindale with sentiments of implicit trust. A sorry day for woodsmanship it was when one denizen of the wilderness led him a long tramp in a circle. Thereafter he used his own eyes, too. Once he subsisted for three days on a diet of soup capsules. That was heroic. His first moose—or was it the second?—stood gallantly while he fired three times at the great bull, who was guiding and driving a timid mate to safety. That particular bull moose survived. There is a different story to tell, however, as the record progresses.

The veteran of 10,000 miles of journeying in quest of sport has met the biggest moose of New Brunswick's Little Tobique, found an angler's paradise in the Canadian Northwest, bagged brant on Cape Cod, shot quail in North Carolina, hunted rabbit and pheasant in western Pennsylvania, and even tried a hand at trout tickling in the north of England. He tells it all very good-naturedly, and lays claim to no very incredible "killing." His sidelights on manners and customs of that remarkable individual, "the Native," wherever found—and especially in the quaint Gaspé district of Quebec—will be best appreciated by those who have seen natives where they are made.

"Any book," pleads the author, in a preface with "Apologetic" for its title—"any book whose aim is to lengthen and

SPORT INDEED. By Thomas Martindale. With Illustrations from photographs by the Author. George W. Jacobs Co., 8vo, \$1.00 net.

make better the life of the American business man, and to show him the most enjoyable way to do it, must be a good book." The present volume is all of that.

A parting word to the care-driven, town-bound business man is worth quoting: "Leave your desk and turn your back on the steaming streets of civilization and your thoughts where nature tempts with her trout-streams, her mirrored lakes, and her game-abounding retreats; to her forests, fragrant with balsamic odors, and watered with living streams made wholesome by the leechings of the spruce, and pine, and cedar—nature's own nectar. A draught of it, and you'll need no other stimulant. Then, when the day's sport is over and the night comes, what a revelation is in store for you! Cuddled in your warm sleeping-bag, with plenty of blankets, you 'lay me down' on your bed of spruce boughs, whose odors play thick about you, filling the air and soothing you quickly into babe-like slumber. In the morning, spryer than the sun, you leave your bed before him, armed with a double-edged appetite so keen and new you wonder where it came from. Trust me for what I tell you." Mr. Martindale's varied chapters prove him a guide, not to say a philosopher and friend, who is altogether to be trusted.

W. B. Chase.

BOOKS ON ANIMAL LIFE

TO know anything well is largely dependent on the amount of love put into the labor of learning, and if this is true of things in general it is especially true of the study of animals. It is well to remember this while perusing such a book as *Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories*, by the late Hannon Lee Ensign, for much in these stories will be likely to

tax the credulity of readers who have given little time or attention to the art of making friends with animals. This posthumous work has been gathered from Mr. Ensign's papers by his friend, Mr. Francis Fisher Browne, of Chicago, who also adds to the book an interesting sketch of Mr. Ensign's life.

Besides the charming animal who gives name to the book, there are stories of nine others. The author made the acquaintance of the beautiful little mare one day while she was disobeying her owner, from whom Mr. Ensign bought her. Her subsequent characteristics are given, and her achievements related with as much minute realism and love as if she had been a human being, and her death, while in discharge of her duty, makes a climax more fitting than if she made her exit after having run the full limit of equine existence.

"Gentleman Jack" makes us acquainted with the career of a high-bred canine whose human qualities seem both true and entertaining, and who furnishes an excellent example of how nerve and quality can overmatch mere brawn and muscle. Less attention, doubtless, has been given to the study of cats than of dogs, and this may account for the fact that remarkable intelligence in the feline finds less ready acceptance with most people. It must be confessed that the story of "Union Square Jim" goes far beyond the usual limit of cat resourcefulness and bravery. "Jim" was the offspring of a cat in the Union Square Theatre who met death from the kick of an angry star actor. "Jim" became the pet of the theatre people, and especially of one young actress on whose dressing-table he was wont to sit while she prepared herself to meet the audience—making him the recipient even of all her secret ambitions. One night "Jim" followed her upon the stage, hiding behind a chair while he watched her acting. As the actress went toward the au-

dience to acknowledge a recall, neither she nor anyone else observed that the hem of her thin dress caught fire from the foot-lights. The disaster was not suspected until the approach of "Jim," who sprang upon the ignited mass of fluffiness and rolled himself in the already burning fabric until he quenched it, burning every hair off his own body in the effort. Then began commotion on the stage; the heavy curtain was hastily rolled down—crushing as it fell the life out of the devoted animal! This whole story is very well told, the early portion of the cat's career making the climax seem the more probable. "My Friend, The Elephant" presents thrilling episodes illustrative of the intelligence of renowned Jumbo, and also portrays the tragic end of that high-souled animal. A charming story is told of the devotion of "Sallie Russell," a beautiful Kentucky mare given by her mistress to her lover to serve through the war for the Union. At the close the reader is glad to learn that the noble creature died in peace and love, and that she was the mother, three generations back, of the renowned trotter, Maud S. "Daniel Pratt" presents the humorous experiences of a dog who was so inveterate a traveller that, despite devotion to his master, he could not remain at home. The book is very well written; its style has the grace and sympathy which the subject demands. It cannot fail of appreciation among the ever-increasing number of readers interested in animal lore.

It is but a step from domestic animals to the wild, free creatures, and that step is taken by Mr. Daniel Loe Sharp in his *Wild Life Near Home*. The book is made up from papers which first appeared in various journals. Mr. Sharp's workmanship is uncommon and his style comes delightfully near perfection; he also proves

himself a humorist of subtle quality. Temperamental and scholarly knowledge chime together and are harmonized. There is no trace of the jottings down, the seaming and joining so often observable in the work of the naturalist. His play of fancy affords the skeleton no room to obtrude itself. The first chapter, "In Per-simmon Time," is cast in narrative form, which affords the more scope for the author's play of taste and style, and wherever it is permissible he resorts to this method. "Birds' Winter Beds" shows us the sleeping habits of the feathered tribe. In other chapters we witness the habits of muskrats, "coons," "possums," rabbits, etc. "In the October Moon" reproduces the very poetry of an autumnal night, "A Bird of the Dark"—dealing with the whippoorwill rather than the owl—is so sympathetically and charmingly described that it might be called a nocturne in words. How truly he calls the whippoorwill "a disembodied voice. . . . Night has put her spell on them, changing them from birds into wandering shadows and voices. There is something haunting in their call, a suggestion of fear, as though the birds in their flight were pursued by a shape in the gloom. It is the voice of the lost—the voice of the night trying to find its way back to the day. . . . Usually the cry comes to us out of the darkness and distance—the loneliest, ghostliest cry of all the night." Wherever Mr. Sharp writes of night life in the woods we are impressed—without conscious thought on the subject—of the countless nights he must have passed in a first-hand study of the free outdoor life he loves. His pages are so eminently quotable that lack of space alone forbids such indulgence. The illustrations are as artistic as the text.

Neighbors of Field, Wood, and Stream;

WILD LIFE NEAR HOME. By Daniel Loe Sharp. Illustrated. The Century Company, 12mo, \$2.00.

NEIGHBORS OF FIELD, WOOD, AND STREAM; OR, THROUGH THE YEAR WITH NATURE'S CHILDREN. By Norton Grinnell. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Company, \$1.50.

or, *Through the Year with Nature's Children*, presents what might be called a more homely drama of wood life in which familiar birds of every species figure, also familiar four-footed denizens of the woods, by that capable authority, Mr. Morton Grinnell. It covers much the same ground as that traversed by Mr. Sharp, but offers a complete contrast in treatment. Mr. Grinnell has observed nature closely and spent time in his quest. Mr. Sharp sees from the view-point of an idealist, a poet; and as such touches the more subtle secrets, all of which he lights up with a very human sense of humor and intense kinship with all he discovers. Mr. Grinnell, too, has a sense of humor, but it is of the quality with which people have a more every-day intimacy. His book is cast in the narrative form, in which people figure as well as their dumb friends. It is admirably adapted to meet the wants of a large number of readers.

Quite another aspect of this kindred subject is handled by Mr. Charles Bradford in his *The Wild-Fowls*. The author enters with zest into a description of several notable sporting scenes in which he has participated, presumably as a leading spirit. To the natural history of the wild-fowl, and their habits, are added most practical information regarding ammunition; together with information as lucid as it is valuable in regard to sporting implements, sportsmen's methods, and comparative results. To this is added numerous hints from personal experience, and also in the unwritten laws of courtesy and chivalric behavior in game-taking. The whole is enlivened with bits of colloquial anecdote among sportsmen and guides. The amateur will here find much of value.

M. T.

STUDIES IN TREES

TREE-LORE seems to be veering as far as the subject will permit from the manner of old-time treatises on the subject. The whole field of floriculture is coming surprisingly to the front, if the increasing output of books, season by season, on this theme, furnishes a fair estimate of its popularity. And the more books that appear, the more noticeable becomes their departure from didactic methods. Botany seems determined to shelve her text-books—save for reference on disputed points—and make her votaries learn her grammar through actual contact with the vegetable world, both in its full-dress parades and informal hours and seasons. Each book seems more desirous than its predecessor to do away with dry formulæ and scientific nomenclature, and make its pages vie in interest with the latest story.

One would hardly expect the aspect of trees in winter to furnish a theme that would warm readers into interest. Yet Miss Annie Oakes Huntington comes very near to doing this in her new book, entitled *Studies of Trees in Winter*. The work is mainly confined to a study of the deciduous trees of Northeastern America, and an *à-propos* introduction is furnished by Charles S. Sargent, LL.D. Professor Sargent explains that the real lover of trees finds them equally beautiful and interesting at all seasons of the year, and that trees are never really known until one can distinguish the different species as easily and surely in winter as in spring or summer. We are assured, moreover, "that every tree has some special and peculiar beauty which is seen to the best advantage in winter." Among other things the sturdiness of the oak and the fine spray of the beech are best seen in

THE WILD-FOWLERS. By Charles Bradford. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.00.

STUDIES OF TREES IN WINTER. By Annie Oakes Huntington. Illustrated. Knight, Millet & Co., Boston, \$3.00.

winter—the beech being more attractive then than at any other season. The marvellous structure of the great elms and the habits and relationships of trees can then also be seen and realized as they can be at no other time.

Miss Huntington's descriptions are so terse, clear, and evidently the outcome of fulness of knowledge—conned and observed—that her work impresses one somewhat as might a drama of tree-life coming into touch with every-day intelligence. The tree families dealt with are the horse-chestnut, maples, ashes, walnuts, beeches, elms, oaks, lindens, locusts, willows, poplars, larches, magnolias, tulips, mountain ash, apples, pears, cherries, etc. Whoever reads the book will learn a great deal more about things with which he may already be more or less familiar, and concerning which a further knowledge will be a pleasant load to carry. Although the author's touch is light, she pauses to note some of the queer legends connected with trees, as well as the mechanical uses to which certain of their leaves and juices have been put. She also strikes back here and there to their derivation, showing that names popularly supposed to be Latin are only Latinized forms of the old Celtic names that did duty before Latin was born, and grew out of the shrewd observation of the aborigines as to the distinctive properties or values of the respective trees.

Forest Trees and Forest Scenery is in size an unpretentious volume, yet in it Mr. Frederick Schwarz goes over a good deal of ground, and carries the inquiring reader into the beauty and attractiveness of American forest trees and sylvan scenery. This done he gives some space to a description of the system of forestry practised in various countries of Europe, and ends by making a comparative estimate of

the æsthetic values of artificial forest effects against the beauty of natural forests in America—with the balance in favor of the latter. This estimate is the more timely just now when the science of forestry is beginning to be applied in certain sections of this country where industrial growth seems to call for it.

"Evidently," writes Mr. Schwarz, "the work performed upon our forests will be manifested in a new outward appearance, a change that cannot but be preferable to the scenes ordinarily presented by our cut and abandoned timber lands, and one that will be appreciated not only by our forest-lovers in general, but also by those who are engaged in the lumber industry itself, who are often forced, through competition and prevailing methods, to leave a desolate picture behind."

Mrs. Frances Theodora Parsons, under title of *According to Season*, contributes another book, properly classified as a standard work, to the literature in which she may be called the pioneer. This work covers the habits and peculiarities, together with the seasons of rest and blooming, of all the flowers and shrubs best worth knowing. Mrs. Parsons very truly observes, "When we learn to call flowers by their names, we take the first step toward a real intimacy with them." But in making known their popular names she by no means neglects their botanical derivations and relationships, and also indicates those by which they are sometimes miscalled. The many colored plates are capitally executed and serve as unerring auxiliaries to the text. The habitat as well as the blooming seasons are given in a way that cannot fail to aid the searcher in field or wayside, and the book is clearly planned and indexed. Mrs. Parsons also touches upon the medicinal uses to which certain plants and flowers have been put, but hardly

enough so to satisfy the curiosity of a younger generation of readers who would fain be better informed in regard to practices now falling into disuse. It seems time that somebody should treat fully and entertainingly of the supposed efficacy of things long believed and practised by their ancestors—such as birch twigs, for instance.

UNDER THE SKYLIGHTS

THOSE who have read Mr. Fuller's "Chevalier of Pensieri Vani," that book freighted with fancies which seemed to come from a world more remote and leisurely than this of our own day, will be likely to read, with equal pleasure and a different zest, this latest volume from the same pen. There are three stories; all drawn from the author's observations of life in a Western town, and all brought under the play of a humor which is at once both sportive and lambent. The insatiable novel-reader, indeed, might fail to rate them as stories at all, since there is little plot and no superlative love motive, the latter being made to play amid the conflicting social currents of the stories no more than the part which any keen observer sees it play in the elbowing struggles of every-day, common life.

"The Downfall of Abner Joyce" depicts the career of a bucolic genius, who, after having written a book and achieved fame, found it about as difficult to adjust himself to the requirements of polite life as if he had been the proverbial bull in a china-shop.

Mrs. Palmer Pence, a type of Western society leader with whose dash and daring the newspapers have long made us familiar, wishes to cultivate Abner, but finds on her hands more mental avoirdupois than she can handle. Her niece, Clytie, tries

to manipulate Abner, and finds herself squelched and wilted, and then rises by virtue of her innate lightness and plays on the big man a cannonade of persiflage which leaves him weaponless and, in effect, speechless. He is invited to swell receptions, where he tries to entertain fashion's votaries with radical opinions drawn from his own works, published and unpublished. An amiable capitalist, one Leverett Whyland, tries to propitiate this modern Samson, but Abner will have none of the plutocrat. A very charming girl, who unites artistic talent with domestic virtues, and passable cookery, next takes Abner in hand, and in due course of time tames him to the degree of making him sue to enter the matrimonial yoke. Finally, the gentle wife of the plutocrat charms him to the total loss of his unsocial fangs. His own stubbornness prostrates him through a fit of sickness, which leaves him helpless in the rich man's house.

The subtle, satirical art which plays like a masked battery on Abner till it brings him down, and also hits right and left of him, piercing the shams and foibles of the flamboyant *nouveau riche*, cannot be even indicated here. The humor is delicious.

More broadly humorous, perhaps, is "Little O'Grady and the Grindstone," which depicts a struggle between the disciples of art and seekers after "sweetness and light," and the Philistines—in the form of a group of close-fisted bank directors—in the same Western town. The latter desire suitable decorations on their new building, "The Grindstone," and magniloquently announce that the work shall be given to local artists. There is an instant flutter among the society leaders who set to work giving teas in the interests of booming their favorite artists. There ensues a struggle between the society pets and the unknown and unkempt Bohemians of the "Rabbit-Hutch," of whom Little O'Grady was one. The inimitable

quality of the humor, too, never fails in sustaining a just balance on the side of the real and possible.

The third and much shorter story shows how the reverend and scholarly Dr. Gowdy got himself into trouble all around—financial trouble, newspaper notoriety, disgrace with his church—all through having delivered a public discourse on art, and having, in the warmth of his defence of truth, taken occasion to condemn the blatant vanity of the author of a recent painter of a squash, a self-taught artist, who in the interests of further sensation framed the squash with boards from his own fence and exhibited the same throughout Western towns. How the Rev. Dr. Gowdy extricated himself from the public opprobrium of being an enemy of the people, forms the burden of the story.

Yet despite the homeliness, the everyday aspect of the themes selected by Mr. Fuller, the style of his humor removes them far from the treatment such themes commonly receive. It remains to be seen whether the subtle irony, the incessant play of keen good-nature that never breaks into force, will insure the book popularity.

MORE COWBOY STORIES

UNDER the title of *Wolfville Days* Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis sends forth another volume of short tales in the dialect of his cattle-ranch worthy, ripe in years and experience. To specify these stories separately is needless—and far from feasible in limited space. One and all they are brief, some occupying no more than three or four pages, and the longest from six to ten. All go straight to the point, with no more circumlocution or description than barely enough to bring scene and accessory before the reader while the one dramatic

episode which furnishes the theme is being reached.

The very names of these tales convey a fair estimate of their character and quality. For example, "When the Stage was Stopped," "The Treachery of Curly Ben," "The Grinding of Dave Tutt," "Toothpick Johnson's Ostracism," "Charley Hull Plays Poker." How vividly such tales recall the moral environment of Bret Harte's early and inimitable heroes!

The manner of life recall them, too, in its recklessness, its distorted yet straightforward sense of honor—even among thieves—the indifference to the conditions under which that life is passed, together with the desperate philosophy with which it is yielded up at any place or moment.

Sometimes, too, the really pathetic is reached, as in "When Whiskey Billy Died"; wherein Billy's comrades go in a body to pay him the honors of a respectable burial and unitedly succeed in lifting Billy's mother above her crushing grief through the noble character they manufacture impromptu and foist upon her deceased son.

With the color of circumstance withdrawn, all resemblance to Harte's heroes, of course, ceases, for the charm and elusive humor of the latter, the inimitable air of assumed naïveté is as far from being reproduced by Mr. Lewis as by anybody else. Then, too, Harte's effects are all produced through the medium of an intelligence aloof from the things depicted, while Mr. Lewis's cattleman is essentially one of the people he tells us about with the cattleman's moral sense no less than his vernacular. The heroes of the early California period had among readers no more devoted admirers than women; one can hardly imagine, on the other hand, any feminine clientele worth mentioning being drawn to the yarns of the cattleman. They are essentially the sort of stories to be enjoyed by a large class of boys and men.

READABLE NOVELS

AT what point does gratitude cease to be an obligation in peculiarly confusing circumstances? This question furnishes the plot of Mr. E. W. Hornung's new story, *At Large*, in which, *more suo*, he takes his characters from the Australian bush to an English country-house. A bushranger who refrains from robbing a new chum of his hard-won first earnings is the cause of it all. The young man makes his fortune with the modest sum thus generously left to him, returns to England, and—finds his friend, the desperado, under the roof of the father of his fiancée, a welcome guest, and, apparently, a favored suitor. This is all that can be told of the plot without injustice to the author, whose ingenuity has furnished a series of events, in which harm comes of the young man's feeling of obligation toward his friend, the enemy, the *Ewig Weibliche*, so puzzling to the simple, straightforward Englishman of fiction, adding immeasurably to his misery. It may be added that there are other episodes in the bushranger's past besides this one act of generosity, which enables Mr. Hornung to reach a dramatic ending without doing violence to the probabilities.

Whatever may be one's opinion of the policy of this country since the Spanish-American War, and of "militarism," he will be forced to acknowledge the cleverness of Mr. Ernest Crosby's satirical novel, *Captain Jinks, Hero*. One may not judge the soldier's profession as does this author, but he is none the less obliged to admire the ingenuity wherewith all that has become military history in Cuba, the

Philippines, China, and South Africa is dovetailed and combined in the most telling manner. Captain Jinks, playing with tin soldiers in his infancy, hazed at West Point, made a hero by the yellow press, returning home to be kissed by fair damsels, marrying and thus giving the death-blow to his romantic interest, is a notable satirical character, whatever may be his chances of success as a preacher to the world. There is wit here, deft irony that never loses its smooth polish, however deeply the author may feel; but we fear that that author attempts to prove too much. There is something else behind war than stupidity, savagery, corruption, and *blague*. It is not the soldier, but the civilian, who makes war, and his motives are not always entirely selfish. As a satire, however, the book deserves attention from all who admire a masterly handling of a rapier that is so often converted into a bludgeon by lack of wit. Mr. Dan Beard furnishes a number of illustrations truly interpretative of his author's meaning and spirit.

Why did not Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., having selected a well-known text from which to draw his title, boldly make it "The Ethiopian's Skin," instead of *The Leopard's Spots*, as he has done? It would have been more appropriate for a story which tells the woes and struggles of the South with the negro, from the dark days of "the Surrender," through the darker ones of Reconstruction, down to the present day. It is a historical novel—of that there can be no doubt—and an interesting and valuable one; the Southern point of view is well worth having. The horrors of car-

AT LARGE. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO. By Ernest Crosby. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated, Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

pet-bagger, scalawag, and negro rule are past; the record is not one for Northerners to be proud of. Mr. Dixon spares us nothing: conditions as they were are placed before us from the stand-point of the Southrons upon whom they were forced; the triumph of the white man is told with restraint, but the problem remains, Mr. Dixon just touching upon Northern inconsistency, which loves the negro in the South, but ostracizes him more pitilessly in its home than is done there. The author sees no solution of the problem. Booker T. Washington's plans, if successful, will but intensify it, he holds: the question of white or negro supremacy will but be made more acute by the civilization of the negro, and his strengthening by material well-being. This book is contemporary history, a serious and withal an intensely interesting discussion of the greatest of all internal problems which the American people will be called upon to confront in the near future. It should be widely read in the North, as well as in the South, where it is sure of a large audience.

We have neglected current European literature in recent years. Gorky has come, and has conquered; but France, Germany, Scandinavia, have ceased to yield of their work; and even Spain, which once shared with Russia the suffrages of the American reading public, has received but scanty attention. Armando Palacio Valdes's *José*, well rendered into English by Miss Minna C. Smith, comes to us as a reminder that much remains that is worthy of translation, even though the great masters elsewhere have grown silent. Here is a book to furnish Mr. Howells with a text for a lecture on the perfection of realism. The author is nowhere visible, nowhere perceptible, in this tale of a Spanish fishing village: it tells itself, and, to

her credit be it said, the translator has succeeded in preserving the clarity of the medium through which the reader sees this life. The book is a realistic companion piece to Pierre Loti's "*Pêcheur d'Islande*," strongly suggestive of a comparative study of the methods of the two authors. Valdes is above the temptation to enter personally into his tale, to make the most of several situations. If they do not appeal to the reader's imagination, unadorned, unexplained, as they are seen in life, so much the worse for him. In his utter aloofness, the Spaniard is here one with Guy de Maupassant, with this distinction, however, that under his crystal there is room for the good of life as well as its evil.

Mrs. Elizabeth Godfrey has largely forsaken music in her new novel, *The Winding Road*, whose charm has been sung by many poets, among whom Mr. Bliss Carman is apparently one of her favorites. To be sure, the man with the *Wanderlust* in his blood is a violinist and a gentleman, but he is, above all else, a wanderer; and the woman shares the life for love of him until the tragic end. We need not go to Borrow to find Mrs. Godfrey's inspiration, which, we suspect, is, however, mostly literary, for not the delights of the road so much as its incidents find treatment in her pages. This story comes as a welcome relief from the current trend of fiction; it gives renewed novelty to what has long been forgotten, or, rather, what has changed into the "nature" and "out-door" book of more recent vogue, and, on the other hand, been taken up seriously in social studies by Mr. Flynt. The wife of the wanderer is the central figure of the story, a figure that grows in strength and pathos as the end approaches, for, after all, Phenie was not of the tribe of the born

wanderers, and craved rest. This is decidedly the best story Mrs. Godfrey has told us thus far.

A love-affair must needs be at the bottom of every historical tale, its relative importance over or below the other ingredients determining its status as an historical novel proper, or a romance with an historic background. Mr. Harris Dickson has endeavored to enlarge his canvas sufficiently to furnish both the novel and the romance. *The Siege of Lady Resolute* is laid first in the Cevennes, then in Switzerland, whither the Huguenots fled after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it is renewed in Paris, whence the scene of action is finally removed to Louisiana, to have its *dénouement* on the banks of the Seine. So much territory cannot be covered to the reader's satisfaction with love-making alone; the author, knowing this, has provided an endless variety of adventure and misadventure, always managing, however, to keep his Lady Resolute and her wooer well in the foreground. It is ever her refusal to confer the love she feels, her scorn born of misunderstanding, that furnishes the motive for all the action; and when Mme. de Maintenon is called in to send the chief actors across the sea, it is done with the same purpose. The plot is ingeniously planned, with infinite care, the hand of the director of it all being too plainly visible in only a few places. Mr. Dickson is not a great novelist, but he is an ingenious story-teller.

Mr. Herbert M. Hopkins sufficiently outlines the character of his *Fighting Bishop* to make us understand and appreciate the sterling human qualities of the character. He might have gone deeper into the psychology of his subject, and

strengthened it; or, again, he might have spoiled it in the process. The question of the extent to which the author should make his reader his collaborator in the development of his characters, is one of those academic questions whose discussion is a pleasant pastime, fruitful undoubtedly of abstract good results. Too much technical *finesse*, however, is likely to kill the work of the average teller of tales; fictional bumblepuppy may be as entertaining as scientific whist. Mr. Hopkins's work, be it added, is certainly not bumblepuppy, but good, popular, interesting "stuff," to use a traditional term of the art of the pen. There is strong human blood in this autocratic patriarch, who went out into the new settlements of the West, and grew in power and rank with the development of the region. A defender of the divine institution of slavery, he "comes out strong" in the great struggle for the Union; and his family, divided against him, adds vastly to the movement of the tale. Here is a book that, in an unassuming way, with palpable limitations of its author's art, succeeds in keeping up our interest unflagging to the end.

The anonymous author of *The Lover's Progress* begins his autobiography with a limit of Rousseau's "Confessions," only to cut loose from all such precedent. The book which his work most closely resembles is Daudet's "Sapho," of which, by the way, he does not approve, because its author heeded art more than the reality of his own experience on which it was based. But it is for that very reason that "Sapho" is a better novel than *The Lover's Progress*. It is probably as much based on fact as was the greater story, but, scorning art for reality, this author tells us also his first love-affair, which was very tame, and his last, which led to lasting happiness.

THE SIEGE OF LADY RESOLUTE. By Harris Dickson. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE FIGHTING BISHOP. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Bowen-Merrill Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LOVER'S PROGRESS. Told by Himself. Brentano's, 12mo, \$1.50.

The second one would really have sufficed, and have furnished a better work of art, as, by the way, the interest of the story would have been strengthened if the author had related more fully the experiences of his progress as an English newspaper correspondent on the continent. He evidently is the possessor of a fund of anecdote of the Franco-Prussian War, the earlier days of the Third Republic, and artistic and Bohemian Paris that is well worth utilizing. But, after we have made all these strictures, justice obliges us to say that this is an eminently readable book, amusing and diverting, well worth reading for the second and by far the longest stage of the pilgrimage, which deals with the love of the dancer and the newspaper man turned secretary of a Parisian minor theatre. Here the work is of unexceptionable quality in its realism, its good taste, and its laudably correct local color.

West Point is Government domain, but its real ruler is the American girl, and one of her numbers proves this fact in *Chevrons*. The initials, B. H. L., on the title-page of this story, are non-committal; the story itself betrays its author. She is a woman without doubt, and a young woman, for whom life still holds all its early freshness. The serious side of cadet life is not neglected, but the parades and Fourth of July exercises, and the Academic slang are all for the delectation of the American girl. Still, the novel has a more serious side. Cadets become officers, and officers go to war when their country calls them. Spain was to be driven out of Cuba; honor was to be gained; the young woman who is B. H. L.'s heroine was sent to Europe, her letter—the letter in which she laid bare her heart—remaining unanswered. It all ends very prettily, and appropriately, with wedding-bells; the reader, especially if she

be young herself, and have the world still before her, enjoying every bit of the progress of the story, every delay in its unfolding. The novel is bright, simply told, and attractive. Its author faces bravely a situation which, whatever the changing conditions, remains always an open question—the course to be pursued by a young woman who, all but pledged to one man, discovers in time that she has made a mistake, and that her love has gone into another's keeping.

We are still alternating between the German and the Irish dialect in one department of our national humor, with Chim-mie Fadden and Mr. Ade to represent the native element. The Italian has thus far been neglected. On the stage, the Irishman has retired before the German, who is honored, season after season, and rewarded in the persons of two "teams" of dialect comedians whose places of entertainment are packed night after night. Mr. Elliott Flower honors the Hibernian in *Policeman Flynn*, who comes rather timely as a reminder that we are perhaps somewhat indiscriminating in our condemnation of the New York police force. Flynn is not of those who are made captains and inspectors, who become part of the "system," and line their pockets; and in this he is probably representative of the majority of his fellow-bluecoats. A few criminals in the right places suffice to do all the mischief. Mr. Flower has, however, no serious purpose in these sketches; it is humor he seeks, and finds, in his hero, whose Celtic origin expresses itself not only in his brogue, but in the mind whose vehicle it is. Flynn is not a "fly cop," as has already been intimated, but he is a good policeman, with a tender heart, a refreshing fund of honesty, and a wife worthy of him in dialect and methods of reasoning. Mr.

Frederic Dorr Steele furnishes the illustrations of this entertaining book, which was not written to be read at one sitting.

Science applied to fiction is no new thing; it was a foregone conclusion, therefore, that the step—a short one—from psychology to psychopathy in novels should be taken, sooner or later. Mrs. Voynich took it in "Jack Raymond," with deplorable results; a physician, Dr. William Lee Howard, takes up the subject again in *The Perverts*. That he is a better equipped psychopathist than Mrs. Voynich, there can be no doubt; but he lacks her artistic training. Surgery and medicine are unwearied in correcting and curing physical shortcomings and deformities from childhood upward; mental perversion, the result of progressive congenital degeneration, is still too often neglected. This book is in reality a scientific paper, illustrated with cases taken from the psychopathist's experience; as a novel it leaves much to be desired. Dr. Howard's study of psychic epilepsy, manifesting itself in dipsomania alternating with a high degree of intellectual activity, is not fiction, but science; he tells the history of a case that will prove of more interest to the alienist and psychologist than to the reader of stories. The scientific spirit applied to such material spoils it for the purposes of the fictionist; for, after all, only the attitude toward it is new. Unscientific tales of disordered minds we have had since man began to weave the results of his observation into the warp of his fancy—tales of dipsomania, of the gambler's passion, of homicidal mania, and of that other mania with which Mrs. Voynich dealt, and which, in varying forms, has through centuries untold been used in the manufacture of the books that are nowadays forbidden by law.

The *barrière*, the Latin Quarter, student riots, the Dreyfus case, the French secret service, all these ingredients go to the making of Charles Theodore Murray's *Mlle. Fouchette*, who begins life as an abused little rag-picker, is almost murdered, sent to a convent school by the police, ill-treated there, and who makes her escape to land in the Latin Quarter, where she becomes famous as a dancer, a fighter, and a model of virtue. She sacrifices her happiness to insure that of another, the author leaving her own future in utter doubt. The story is told with a rush that is somewhat confusing; and if there be at one moment a hint of a possible revival of *Trilby*, the impression is lost in the next in a slight reminiscence of the "Mystères de Paris." The author's method ranges from rapid reporting to hasty story-telling; the rather conventional romance of the self-sacrifice of woman's love hardly receives its due share. There may be a place for this novel among the books of the moment; its publishers tell us that two editions of it were sold before publication. As literature it can have no standing whatever, while, as a picture of a certain phase of Parisian life, it is of slight value. But for simple, unsophisticated minds its strange mingling of the sensational and a bit of the dramatic may well have its attractions.

Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy, the author of "Juletty," one of the popular stories of the last two years, has turned to the settlement of Kentucky, after the close of the War for Independence, for the material for the making of *The Silent Pioneer*, which deals, however, more with the adventures of an American ex-army officer in pursuit of the Indians who have stolen his sweetheart, than with the pioneers at their

MLLE. FOUCETTE. By Charles Theodore Murray. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE SILENT PIONEER. By Lucy Cleaver McElroy. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE PERVERTS. By William Lee Howard, M.D. G. W. Dillingham Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

silent, laborious task of settlement. The wilderness, not the clearing, is the principal scene of this tale, whose second hero is Daniel Boone. Pursuit, ambushade, captivity, escape, lost trails, and renewal of the pursuit, therefore, form the substance of most of these pages, in which the Indian is patterned more or less after Cooper's red men, even as Boone is not unrelated to Natty Bumppo. There are here, also, two wonderful animals—a horse and a huge dog—which serve their master with rare intelligence. The book is a slight sketch simply outlined, not a novel—an episode such as must have been of frequent occurrence in those early days of the westward movement of the young nation.

A whitened sepulchre of the worst kind is the villain of *Wallannah*, a "colonial romance," by Will Lofton Hargrave. He is not even an Indian, that best of reasons for being a fiend or a pattern of nobility; the Indians, indeed, of this story put him to shame. His plots are deep-laid, and involve all kinds of crimes, from forgery to the planned murder of his own illegitimate son, but he is brought to justice; otherwise the book could not be called a romance. North Carolina is the scene, and colonial history is introduced in the person of Governor Tryon, of hated memory, and his quelling of the Regulator revolt, which episode, be it observed by the way, furnishes the author with an opportunity for some good descriptions of the guerilla warfare of the woodsmen. This story has few positive faults and no positive merits; it is readable, if not always convincing; the characters, notwithstanding the opportunities offered them by the intricate plot, are rather conventional, and the spirit of the time, the color, the period, so to speak, is but slightly reflected.

People in touch with the times have wondered often during the past few seasons, while histories and magazine articles on Cromwell have poured from the press, that no romances on the Cromwellian period have been forthcoming. As if in response, now appear Mrs. Barr's *The Lion's Whelp* and Edna Lyall's *In Spite of All*, both of which plunge the reader into the very vortex of that great upheaval. It is hardly supposable that the respective authors knew aught of one another's intended creations, and this makes the more curiously interesting the almost identical plot of the two stories, both of which picture the fortunes of two families—the one Cavalier, the other Puritan—throughout all the civil war. But with plot all resemblance ends; the working out is totally dissimilar. It must be admitted that Mrs. Lyall's work falls short in not bringing before the reader Cromwell himself, or attempting any portrayal of the women of his family. At the same time it is hardly fair to cavil at an author because of what she has omitted. Every author ought to be the best judge of his own strength, and to attempt a handling of the many-sided, baffling, and contradictory Cromwell is a task from which any writer might well shrink who is not conscious of an immense store of illumination emanating from his own subliminal self. With the people that Mrs. Lyall does present we can find little fault. In picturing the lives and loves of Gabriel Harford, Puritan, and Hilary Unett, royalist and granddaughter of a bishop, who in spite of all vicissitudes and party hate loved, and finally wed, she has acquitted herself well. In the wake of this love drama are drawn the frightful antagonisms, feuds, cruelties, and narrow bigotries that seem almost incredible to us of to-day. Incidentally the author treats us to many

items of authentic history, together with songs and carols of that period. We catch vivid personal glimpses of the King, Prince Rupert, Falkland, Laud, and other prominent actors of the time. Like Mrs. Barr she attempts dramatic impartiality and artistic all aroundness; but, like the former, also, she makes it quite obvious to one who reads between the lines that she leans decidedly toward the Roundheads. This is to be expected, and, indeed, almost unavoidable, perhaps, when Cromwell—after lying accursed by historians for nearly two hundred and fifty years—is again to the front and very much of a live hero. However, the last word is not yet said concerning one of the most momentous periods in all history, and we may reasonably look for other novels yet to appear on the same practically inexhaustible theme. Let us remember that the field was not confined to England. Scotland and Ireland had an equal share—the latter somewhat more than her share—in the slaughter; and while the wild zeal of the Covenanters left little room for varied play of light and shade in “Auld Scotia,” the four parties that then divided Erin created a variety of social condition than which nothing more thrillingly picturesque was ever seen in any land. Where is the coming novelist bold, dramatic, informed, and impartial enough to portray it?

Mr. H. A. Stanley's *The Backwoodsman* is an attempt to revive the life of the trapper and Indian as Cooper first painted it. To place his work beside that of the creator of “Deerslayer,” would be to laud it unduly; in fact, it may well be asked if Cooper will ever find a successor, and even, if the life he dealt with will ever again charm others than youth. Mr. Stanley, however, has found more momentous affairs to weave into his fiction—the fight-

ing of Continentals and British, of Whigs and Tories in the Mohawk Valley during the war of Independence, the ravages of the Six Nations, and their punishment by our troops. John Brant, Sir William Johnson, and other prominent figures of the time consequently figure in the story, whose events lead its hero as far as Philadelphia. There is plenty of the old material here—the woodcraft of Indian and ranger, tracking and track hiding, fighting and scalping, but the romantic atmosphere is lacking: it is all too carefully planned and carried out. Mr. Stanley, it would appear from this book, is well familiar with conditions on the old New York frontier in Revolutionary days, but he lacks the touch that gives life to the romance of adventure.

Justice to the Woman is an instance of *lucus a non lucendo*. No justice is done to the woman, and the retribution that overtakes the villain has nothing whatever to do with his crime. The subject of “justice to the woman,” this whole question of the dual code of morality, which condones in the one case, and condemns in the other, is not one to be taken up lightly by a writer whom, from the substance of her work, we judge to be utterly unequipped for the task, in experience, range of thought, and even in literary training. It is one of the problems of life that have inspired poets and dramatists, one that, of late years, has sent speeding across the page the pen of many a “problem novelist,” driven by honest indignation and a desire to right a wrong, but impeded, perhaps, by a sense of the inevitable, of a strength as of a law of Nature which, for woman's own preservation, the keeping holy of the family upon which all social life is founded, makes hard the road of the transgressor, even though she be but a

victim. Justice is done to the woman: perhaps it appears unjust only because justice to the man is still to come in a higher state of civilization. As a contribution to the thought on this wide, this puzzling subject, the book is practically valueless. As a story it has earnestness of purpose to recommend it, an honest, if blind, indignation, and little more.

Ellen Olney Kirk's *Our Lady Vanity* reveals once more the easy mastery of this polished, witty writer of all the resources of the novelist. A tale of New York, as its title suggests, though it does not plainly indicate it, the book is of the Avenue which is already seeing its glory receding into the past, and it is also of that older day when Stuyvesant and Washington Squares and the streets below them were the abodes of fashion, breeding, and birth. This author holds her audience, not by the lingering repute of good things done in the past, but by an unvarying standard of excellence, which is not merely an acquired technical skill, but of the essence of her mind. The novelists of our metropolitan social life are many; the ranks of the aspirants to a place among them still greater. Mrs. Kirk works in one of its many circles, rarely omitting the *nouveau riche* whom we have always with us, and who, notwithstanding facile ridicule, is oftenest of the salt of the earth, the renewing, health and strength-giving element without which all societies decay. A happy touch of humor, a perception of the more serious side, the deeper problems of life, a skilful manipulation of plot, a well-bred air—all these are part of her equipment. She finds her audience waiting for her books; therefore praise is superfluous, beyond the statement that we have here again the Ellen Olney Kirk whom we long since learned to appreciate.

OUR LADY VANITY. By Ellen Olney Kirk Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

At the very beginning of Fredrik Viller's *The Black Tortoise*, which Gertrude Hughes Braekstad has translated from the Norwegian with commendable skill, we meet our old friend, the amateur detective, and as we read on we learn to like him and the mystery in which he is concerned better and better, until, when the last page is turned, we come to the conclusion that here is a detective story that rings true, a book of the first class of its kind, fulfilling all the requirements of the mission that kind is supposed to have. It is not merely a book for those who like that kind of thing; it is very likely to prove entertaining even to the psychological, problem-hunting reader, to win the approval of all who are broad-minded enough to recognize and applaud good work, whatever its nature. In the present abundance of good native work, translation becomes almost a labor of supererogation, justifiable only by rare excellence. This justification the translator of *The Black Tortoise* has in ample measure. The Norwegian author to whom she introduces us is a born teller of tales, and it is to be hoped that he may again appear in English dress with tales just as good as this.

The bundle of short stories called *Tennessee Sketches*, whose author is Louisa Preston Looney, illustrates as clearly as anything we have seen in a long time the dangers of that fatal facility with the pen which is now common to nearly all of us, thanks to the spread of education and the habit of omnivorous novel reading. Here we have a number of tales which on the surface appear just good enough to be read desultorily and then utterly forgotten, but which, when analyzed, exhibit an amazing ignorance of all the rules of story-telling.

THE BLACK TORTOISE. By Fredrik Viller. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

TENNESSEE SKETCHES. By Louisa Preston Looney. A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

The first and longest sketch meanders along with, metaphorically speaking, neither periods nor exclamation marks: nothing but commas accentuates this tale of happenings which, in the hands of an experienced writer, would have led to fairly satisfactory climaxes; and, of course, the thing is utterly without focus. The same criticism applies to practically all the other sketches. There is such a thing as logic in art. This young writer—we conclude her age from every line in her work—has a measure of imagination, but no knowledge of the use of the tools of the craft, nor, indeed, of the existence of the tools themselves. We all “learn to write” nowadays; evidently few of us learn to read, for the lessons of the work of the masters seem to remain unperceived. Writing as a pastime is one thing; writing for publication quite another. But many fail to understand the difference.

The sketches of the Irish peasantry which Mr. Shan F. Bullock has gathered

IRISH PASTORALS. By Shan F. Bullock. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

together from the pages of one of our magazines, are among the best of their kind. An Irishman himself, he knows his people, their light-heartedness alternating with fits of the gloomiest depression, their miseries, their toil. The climate of their country is as a measure of their mental states: despairing in the bleakness of winter and the rawness of March, they are transformed by a single touch of sunshine and warmth into the light-hearted, laughter-loving beings whom all the English-speaking world has come to know and to love. This susceptibility to outside influences is made the keynote of Mr. Bullock's *Irish Pastorals*. The seasons and their branches of husbandry give the tone—bleak March and its potato-planting, summer and its haying, autumn and the reaping. The touch of humor is never absent, the pathos is sincere, and, in one or two of the tales, there is a glimpse of tragedy powerfully told. Work such as this is something more than fiction. Mr. Bullock is one of the historians as much as one of the story-tellers of his race, one of its ablest, most sympathetic interpreters to the outside world.

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

MR. JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, the author of the brief biography of Henry Drummond, is a member of an Edinburgh family in which Drummond was a frequent visitor. He possessed for his task the additional advantages of being a trained man of science and of having occupied the chair in the Glasgow Free Church College which was made vacant by Drummond's death.

Dr. Simpson's brief *Life* is not intended to supplant, or even to rival, Dr. George Adam Smith's very full and satisfactory

HENRY DRUMMOND. By James Young Simpson. Famous Scots Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1902. Pp. 164.

biography of his friend. It serves quite a different purpose. It will help to popularize the knowledge of Drummond among those who would find the fuller *Life* too costly or too voluminous.

The volume is divided into two parts. The first sketches in a graphic manner Drummond's career, and the second describes and estimates his scientific and literary labors. Considerable fresh material is introduced and the whole subject is treated with admirable freshness, clearness, and vigor. American readers will find many interesting reminiscences of Drummond's three visits to our country.

It is to be hoped that the book will obtain a wide circulation on this side of the Atlantic.

Whether photography is a fine art or not appears largely a matter of opinion, and its discussion, though certainly not without interest, seems never "to get anywhere." Certainly a good photograph, one that shows temperament, trained judgment, and an intention of artistic expression is superior to much commonplace painting. The mere use of color or of brush and pencil does not make an artist. Just where art really does begin, however, is always a difficult matter to define. Mr. Charles H. Caffin's book, *Photography as a Fine Art*, is an entertaining and in several ways an enlightening special plea. Many of the illustrations are admirable examples of an intelligent and sympathetic use of the camera. Mr. Stieglitz, Mr. Steichen, Mr. Keiley, Mrs. Kasebier, and other well-known leaders of the so-called "new movement" are well reprinted. In the copy of the book before us we note with regret that the reproductions miss much of the charm of the originals. If fault is to be found with Mr. Caffin's text it is that he too often takes the will for the deed, an artistic intention for its accomplishment. There is a lot of sentiment wasted over purely accidental effects in much recent photography, and Mr. Caffin's point of view is certainly enthusiastic.

Mary S. Austin's new book about *Philip Freneau, the Poet of the Revolution*, made up, as it is, to a great extent, of material judiciously chosen from various sources,

presents a picture of the man and an account of his life that must take its place in our literature as the best biography of this interesting personality of our early history. Freneau easily measures up to a figure of "the strenuous American" which we, who invented the characterization, will do well to find an equal of to-day. Not only did he sing the soldiers' songs in those stirring times; he built a ship and sallied forth to fight for the young Republic on the high sea besides, and when the war ended he established a newspaper through which he made the influence of his patriotism felt long after. He was not content to be simply the poet of the Revolution, and he deserves a greater fame than that title insures. He was a patriot and something of a hero as well.

The latest volume in the interesting series of historical reprints which Mr. William Abbott is publishing is a new edition of *Major-General William Heath's Memoirs, by Himself*, edited by the publishers of the series, and containing five portraits in photogravure, which are of General Heath, two in uniform, and the others in civilian dress. Mr. Abbott furnishes a biographical sketch of the General, abundant notes, and an index, which make this reissue one that will appeal especially to the general reader as well as the student of our Revolutionary history. In these days of many Sons and Daughters of the Revolution it would seem that there ought to be a pretty large demand for the various issues of this series of books, and one wonders a little at their being brought out in limited editions. Five hundred numbered copies only of the *Memoirs* were printed.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART. By Charles H. Caffin. Doubleday, Page & Co. Illustrated from photographs, 4to, \$3.00 net.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

638.—A few years ago I saw, I think in *The Overland Monthly*, an attempt at filling out the pirate's song, "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest," etc., the strains of which run through Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." I have searched for it recently, and have not been able to find it. I should like very much to know the name of the author, and when and where the poem was published? C. C. S.

639.—Is the little story of King Conrad, told in Mrs. Wharton's "Valley of Decision," true? And, if so, where does it occur originally? E. S. E.

640.—Can you or any reader tell me where to find the words and music of a song in vogue in the early seventies, or earlier, beginning

"There is a little bird that sings
 'Sweetheart!'
I know not what his name may be,
I only know his notes please me
As loud he sings, and this sings he,
 'Sweetheart!'"

The words have been mistakenly attributed to Eugene Field. In the tune, which I am particularly anxious to find, the word "Sweetheart" is repeated three times at the end of each stanza, at first with a grace-note, rising finally to a high, birdlike trill. I would be glad to know the names of both author and composer. J. T.

641.—Who wrote "The New Atlantis. A Poem, in Three Books, with Some Reflections upon the Hind and the Panther. Printed for the Author, 1687"? A. J.

642.—I should like to get answers to any or all of these queries, from you or some correspondent:

(1) Who wrote the poem on "The Court of Death" which suggested the large picture by Rembrandt Peale, and where can I find a copy? Also, is the picture still in existence? I remember that it was exhibited through the country when I was a boy.

(2) Who wrote "The Last Man"?

(3) Who was called "The Shepherd of the Ocean"?

(4) Who wrote a story or sketch entitled "The Wickedest Man in New York," and where was it published? B. R.

(1) It is by Beilby Porteus (1731-1809), who was an English clergyman and became Bishop of Chester, and subsequently of London. It was concerning him that Samuel Parr uttered his alliterative sarcasm: "A poor paltry prelate, proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preach-

ing to petticoats." Porteus's works were published just after his death, but we do not know where a copy can be found.

(2) If you refer to a poem, it was written by Thomas Campbell; if to a novel, by Mrs. Shelley.

(3) We think it was Sir Walter Raleigh, but have some doubt.

(4) It was written by Oliver Dyer (still living), appeared in *Packard's Monthly*, and created a sensation.

643.—(1) Dana, in his "Household Book of Poetry," quotes two striking stanzas from Tom o' Bedlam as a motto to the section entitled "Poems of the Imagination." Who was Tom o' Bedlam, and where can I find something about him?

(2) What is the best translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*? A. S. R.

(1) Tom o' Bedlam was a general name for harmless lunatics who, in Queen Elizabeth's time, were discharged from Bedlam (Bethlehem) Hospital and licensed to beg. They became in time a sort of fraternity, with a tatterdemalion costume. The hospital did not provide them with clothes, and their friends often neglected to supply the deficiency. Some of them being poets in a small way, composed and chanted wild ditties to such as would listen; and some of the best of their verses have been preserved, while there are others that were ingeniously written in imitation of them and cannot be distinguished. Then, too, there were beggars who were perfectly sane, but pretended to be Toms, and even went so far as to have their arms scarified to represent the mark of the iron ring worn in Bedlam. Randle Holme, in his "Academy of the Armory" (1688), says: "The Bedlam has a long staff, and a cow or ox horn by his side; his clothing fantastic and ridiculous; for being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not; to make him seem a madman or one distracted, when he is no other than a wandering and dissembling knave." The spurious Toms were called "Abram men." In Shakespeare's "King Lear," Edgar feigns madness and assumes the character of Tom o' Bedlam (act iii., scene 4), and the familiar quotation from his pathetic speech, "Tom's a-cold," is an allusion to the lack of clothing mentioned above.

(2) It is difficult, if not impossible, to say which is the best translation of Dante. Longfellow's is, perhaps, the most literal and scholarly, but we believe it is generally agreed that it is unreadable. Some hold that Dr. Parsons's (the *Inferno* only) is by far the most satisfactory. We once heard one

of the foremost of American scholars, who read Dante in the original, remark, "I doubt, after all, if Dante is worth translating." But, of course, this was rank heresy.

ANSWERS

630.—My question concerning the various editions of Shakespeare was evidently badly expressed, but to look at the various editions would not help one. I could pay \$5, or even more, for a good edition; but unless there was some distinct advantage in so doing (beyond that of getting a handsome book), would prefer to pay \$1, and put the rest of the money in other books. A friend tells me that there is a distinct disadvantage in having several volumes when one has but little time to read; that I will read one or two plays, and the rest will be crowded out simply because I have no occasion to take the volumes from the shelf; but that if they are all together my eye will catch bits here and there as I turn the pages that will draw me back to them and lead me to make time for them. The same friend says that, while notes are sometimes helpful, they are more apt to be tiresome, except to the student, and that I shall know more Shakespeare by reading Shakespeare alone than by trying to do too much. This sounds reasonable, but it is the opinion of only one person. I would like to know what others think.

T. J. F.

It appears to us that your friend's theory is rather fanciful. If you have any real love for a particular author, the number of volumes in your copy of his works will make no difference with your reading. The advantage of small volumes is that they may be held without tiring the hand, and for a journey you can throw one into your grip-sack. If you do not care for annotations, your Shakespeare question reduces to a choice between large print and small. For very large, clear print, with few notes, there is nothing better than the old Boston edition in eight volumes. It is out of print, but it is not difficult to find a copy. For small but clear print, in twelve small volumes, see Appleton's edition. There are others, but they are more costly.

621.—In *Scribner's Magazine* for February, 1901, is an article by Carolyn Wells on "The Sense of Nonsense," giving examples of old and modern nonsense verse. The verses called "Limericks" are written in the stanza most frequently used by Edward Lear in his "Nonsense Book." Following is an example of a recent one:

"There was a young lady from Rio,
Who tried to play Beethoven's Trio;
But her technique was scanty,
So she played it *Andante*
Instead of *Allegro con Brio*."

A. M. K.

635.—The quotation is from Wordsworth's "Laodamia."

T. R. R.

Items of Interest

Since our last announcement in these columns there has been another substantial increase in publishers' advertising printed in *The Commercial Advertiser*. The gain during the last year over 1900 amounts to 19,073 lines, and this follows an increase of 13,968 lines for the year 1900 over 1899. All the leading publishers of this country were represented in this showing.

On lines of legitimate merit and enterprise *The Commercial Advertiser* shows constant increase in circulation among discriminating readers. The daily average of circulation during the two weeks ending March 10, 1902, amounted to 25,538, a substantial quantity of the best quality.

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So much has been already written about Mr. Davis's long-awaited serial, "Captain Macklin," that it is only necessary now to remind magazine readers that this is Mr. Davis's most ambitious and best story thus far published, and one of the most important works of fiction of the year. It begins in the April *Scribner*, and will run through six numbers, with illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark.

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A fresh and stirring account of sea life by J. B. Connolly, a writer well-known to *Scribner* readers by his breezy stories of the sea. Mr. Connolly tells of real experiences, and his article is illustrated with pictures made from life by M. J. Burns.

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"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," already pronounced by the press "Mr. Smith's best story," continues with growing interest. It is illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

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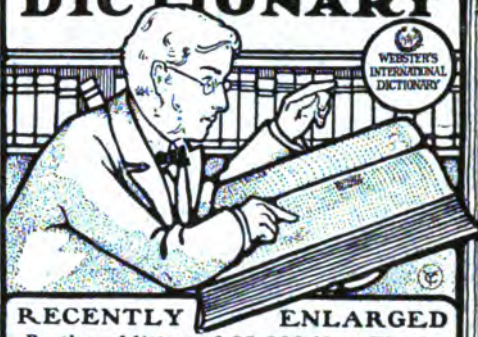
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MISS CLARA MORRIS has made a distinct literary success, and to do this as the crown of her distinguished career as an emotional actress of the best type, connotes a depth of feeling and an intellectual grasp of the realities of human life which only comes to the man or woman who sees life in its true perspective, and understands the actual and relative values of human happiness and suffering, achievement and discouragement; and who knows the meaning of the phrase, "the eternal Yea and the eternal Nay." The recently published volume of her personal reminiscences, called "Life on the Stage," has been recognized instantly as a real piece of life, written in words to be understood of the people, and as a memorandum of personal experience not matched in recent years, particularly in the special field in which Miss Morris's activities have been displayed. Her literary style is of the simplicity which marks the best autobiography—naïve almost, sometimes, yet clear as spring water, and with each sentence striking squarely upon the reader's mind and heart. This book has met with quite as much applause in England—where

they are not so sentimental, travellers tell us, as we are—as in her own country. At the end of a long and enthusiastic review a recent number of the *Academy and Literature* remarks: "All which is literature. We hope we have shown that 'Life on the Stage' is beyond question a notable book, a book worthy to be read (and certain to be read with joy), and then placed on the shelf along with the best of its kind. At the end Miss Morris bids the reader *Au revoir!* There is more to come. It is well."



Miss Morris said there was more to come. The form which it takes now is that of a novel, but it is the same very story of the actor's life, and she regards this forthcoming tale, called "A Pastebord Crown," as her most serious literary effort. In a recent interview she said of it: "It is the product of long years of observation and thought. My head is fairly crammed with the subject. I am making my heroine an example of the flock—sheep and goats both—all the legion of stage-folk and playgoers. Perhaps it may warn some wind-tossed mariner off the shoals."



HAROLD JACOBY.

She went on to say that her literary work was a source of constant pleasure to her, and more besides, for she felt that she had a mission to perform. Her knowledge of the stage and its people and her wide personal experience can, she thinks, be of benefit to others; and it is to this new story that she looks forward, most of all, to convey the lesson which she believes it is her work to impart. The book's title gives a hint of her point of view; a "pasteboard crown," after all, is what the actor spends life and strength to gain, and yet she does not miss the point that, though it be only a flimsy, gilded thing, it yet stands for artistic triumph, for true excellence in the chosen field, for the world's approval won by most killing effort and fairly achieved before the public—the "many-headed monster," as Miss Morris calls it, which the great actress can "cause to think as one mind, to feel as one heart, and over which she holds the reins and drives!"

Professor Harold Jacoby, of Columbia University, has collected a number of his popular lectures in a volume called "Practical Talks by an Astronomer," which the Scribners have just published. From the wide field of his science he has chosen subjects of the greatest general interest, and treated them in a most attractive style. Professor Jacoby was born in New York in 1865, is a Columbia graduate of 1885, has been a member of numerous astronomical expeditions, and written much upon his specialty. He has been professor of astronomy at Columbia since 1894.



Mr. Frank Lewis Nason was born May 12, 1856, at New London, Wis. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1882, being a Phi Beta Kappa man, and two years later received the degree of M. A. For six years he was an instructor in mathematics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., and then held positions as assistant State geologist for New Jersey and Missouri. Since 1892 he has



FRANK LEWIS NASON.

16 Cheyne Walk
 27 August 1867
 My Dear Linton
 I fancy the best man you could mean you could apply to is Scott with his recent print collecting successes.
 I myself possess the Hypnerotomachia some prints from the Weiss König

ROSSETTI'S LETTER TO LINTON—FIRST AND FOURTH PAGES.

[From the original owned by Mr. Avery, now on exhibition at the Lenox Library.]

had wide experience as mining engineer and mine superintendent in Honduras, British Columbia, and the mining districts of the western United States and Mexico. For the past few years he has been living at West Haven, Conn. He is a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the Tetlow Geological Society of America, and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He has written considerably on scientific subjects, and his first novel, "To the End of the Trail," which deals with life in the Western mining country, is just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The following letter from Rossetti to Linton, hitherto unpublished, came to Mr.

S. P. Avery from William James Linton, the engraver:

116 CHEYNE WALK
 27, August 1867

My Dear Linton

I fancy the best man you could apply to is Scott, with his recent print collecting successes.

I myself possess the Hypnerotomachia, some prints from the Weiss König of Burgmaier, & the same artist's Cicero. Of Albert Durer I have only a recent German set of photos: (same size) from the Life of the Virgin. They might be mistaken for the originals. Of course I would lend you any of these if of great use & elsewhere unattainable, feeling sure that in your hands they would meet with the greatest care (being in first rate condition (the Hyp^{nia} especially, which as you know is very valuable) and that you would not keep them longer than necessary, as I do not like long separation from my favorites.

I am truly sorry to hear of the trouble you allude to. I do not know its nature, having seen Scott hardly at all just of late. On the other



HAMBLEN SEARS.

hand I rejoiced to hear of your success in America though it is likely to take you again from among us here. I verily believe America is becoming the Englishman's best country for quick and just appreciation.

With kindest remembrances (and hoping to see you)

I am ever yours
D. G. ROSSETTI.

W. J. LINTON ESQ.

The letter has been loaned by Mr. Avery—together with a set of the original numbers of the *Germ* (uncut, with the covers, and with a MS. list of contributors and contributions by W. J. Linton and W. Bell Scott) and a proof, corrected by Rossetti, of a woodcut by Linton after one of Rossetti's drawings for the Moxon Tenyson—to the Rossetti exhibition arranged by Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library.

Mr. Hamblen Sears, for years associated editorially with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is a young writer of distinct promise on the horizon of American storytellers. He was born in Boston in 1865, was educated at the Roxbury Latin School and at Harvard, graduating with the class of '89. After a year spent in study at the University of Berlin and for another year in the *École des Sciences Politiques* in Paris, he returned in 1891 to work on the *Youth's Companion*. After a time he joined the Harpers' staff, and has been there ever since. Mr. Sears was much interested in athletics during his years in school and college, and says he thinks they did him more good than his studies. He has just written his first novel, "None but the Brave," which is audaciously historical, and which is noticed on another page.

A correspondent in Springfield, Mass., calls attention to a typographical error in the April BOOK BUYER, by which the reprint of Sir Henry Wotton's "Elements of Architecture" was ascribed to Sir Henry Wolton. With apologies to the good knight, we make this acknowledgment.

"A Drone and a Dreamer," by Mr. Nelson Lloyd, author of "The Chronic Loaf-er," has been received with unusual favor in England, where it has jumped into popular favor, and has been ranked with the best examples of American humor. New editions of Mr. Lloyd's two books have just been issued in this country by Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Co.

"The Tory Lover," by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, which was one of last season's popular novels, has now been translated into French and Italian.

Mr. Henry Austin Clapp, whose "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic" has just been published, was born at Dorchester, Mass., July 17, 1841. He was graduated at Harvard in 1860, and at the Harvard Law School in 1864. During a year of the war he served as a private in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and later practised law in Boston. In 1875 he was appointed assistant clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court for the County of Suffolk, holding that position until 1888, when he was made clerk of the Full Bench, which place he still holds. Has been for many years a dramatic critic, and is widely known as a lecturer on Shakespeare. In 1894 he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard.



MR. HENRY AUSTIN CLAPP.

At the time when he submitted the manuscript of "The Old New York Frontier" to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the author, Mr. Francis W. Halsey, had taken out a considerable volume of matter that was purely local in its interest and character, and comprising about one-third of the whole. He has just caused this matter to be published separately as one volume in two parts, one entitled "The Pioneers of Unadilla Village, 1784 to 1840," and the other "Reminiscences of Village Life and of Panama and of California, 1840 to 1850," the latter having been written by his father, the late Dr. G. L. Halsey. In the "Reminiscences of California" are detailed many interesting experiences pertaining to the search for gold. San

Francisco, at the time of Dr. Halsey's arrival, had no other dwellings than tents, and Sacramento was in the same condition. The party to which he belonged dug gold through the summer of 1849 on the middle fork of the American River. They went out by Panama at the same time as the late Collis P. Huntington, and were detained nearly two months on the Isthmus waiting for a steamer in the Pacific. The first part of "The Pioneers of Unadilla" details the circumstances among which men from New England crossed the wilderness and founded that settlement in what was then the frontier region of New York State. The volume has nine illustrations and a map. The



MR. WILLIAM SAGE.

[From a photograph by Rockwood.]

edition has been presented to St. Matthew's Church in Unadilla, N. Y., which will devote the proceeds of the sale to the care of the burial ground in which these pioneers lie buried.

Mr. William Sage is the youngest son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, who is known as a writer of works on American history and English literature. Mr. Sage descends from a long line of Massachusetts and Connecticut ancestors, but was born in the State of New Hampshire. When about twelve years old he was sent to the "Gunnery," a school first made famous, many years ago, by one of Dr. Holland's novels. From there he went to France as a schoolboy, and afterward to Stuttgart, Germany, where he finished his education. On his return to America he began a business life, entering as a clerk the banking house of Baring, Magoun & Co., New York City, where he remained several years; but, his health failing, he went again to Europe, and on his return at first wrote short stories and

sketches, some of which were published in *Short Stories* and the *New York Ledger*. His interest in history, especially in American and French history, has always been very great, and his knowledge of and interest in the localities and the incidents of the French Revolution very naturally suggested to him his first book, "Robert Tournay," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., two years ago. Encouraged by the cordial reception given this first novel he has just brought out, through the same house, "The Claybornes," an American romance of the days of '61. Mr. Sage recognized what a fertile field for romance the times of our Civil War presented, and his book is by no means a mere chronicle of fights. Mr. Sage makes his home in New York City.

Mr. Ripley Dunlap Saunders, author of "John Kenadie," a novel of Arkansas, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



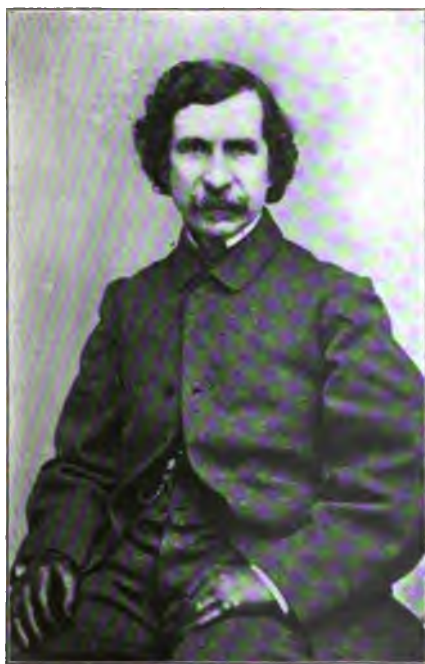
MR. RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.



FRANK B. CARPENTER (1866).



F. O. C. DARLEY.



G. P. A. HEALEY.



JASPER F. CROPSY.



HARRIET G. HOSMER.



LOUIS AGASSIZ.



EMANUEL LENTZ.



LOUIS LANG.



STEPHEN CRANE AT HIS DESK.

[From the last photograph taken of this brilliant writer.]

have just published, was born at Ripley, Miss., December 17, 1856. He had his schooling in Memphis and at Marianna on the L'Anguille River in Arkansas; also at a private school near New Orleans. In 1874 he went to St. Louis and entered the cotton business. But he always had a literary leaning, and in 1888 he began newspaper work on the *St. Louis Republic*. He is now an editorial writer for this paper, having been connected with it continuously, with the exception of one year when he was the New York correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. During the Spanish War he served in Porto Rico as corporal in Light Battery A of St. Louis. "John Kenadie" is his first novel, although he has written several short stories dealing with the L'Anguille country.

We make room, this month, for eight of Mr. Robert Coster's old photographs, which include two American portrait painters whose celebrity was great in their time, though newer fashions and better laws, or a better understanding of laws, in art, may

have caused their work to be rated less highly at present than when it was done. Frank Carpenter died not long ago; Healy's pictures have outlived him. The portrait of Darley and that of Harriet Hosmer are very rare.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the author of "Miranda of the Balcony" and other novels, has undertaken the difficult task of finishing the remarkable novel called "The O'Ruddy" which was left half-written by the late Stephen Crane. This story is in much lighter vein than most of the later work of this writer, and has a dare-devil Irishman for its hero. It is likely to make a wider appeal than the sombre imaginings of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage." The portrait of Mr. Crane at his desk published herewith is made from the last photograph taken of this erratic and brilliant man, who died before his time.

"Elizabeth Godfrey," whose novel, "The Winding Road," recently published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., was re-



MISS JESSIE BEDFORD.

[From a photograph by Owen, Bournemouth, Eng.]



MISS BEDFORD IN HER GARDEN.

viewed in the April BOOK BUYER, is the pen name of Miss Jessie Bedford. For a long time she was a resident of the cathedral city of Winchester, in England. Her father, the Rev. James Bedford, was an Anglican clergyman who achieved more than a merely local reputation as head of a preparatory school at Twyford, near Winchester, and as the author of some educational works. Miss Bedford's education was gained rather unconsciously from daily contact with her book-loving father, and free run of his library.

After the death of Miss Bedford's father, she spent much time in travel, especially in Germany, where she got the admirable local color of "Poor Human Nature." A few years ago she and her mother moved to Southbourne, near Bournemouth, where "Poor Human Nature" and the other novels followed.



The East of Asia is the title of a new magazine of which the first number was issued in January, in Shanghai. It is called "A non-Political Illustrated Quarterly," and is published at the office of the *North China Herald*. A German edition,

containing the same articles, is published simultaneously by the same house. In an introductory paragraph the editors say that while "the fires [of war] are quenched for a time, the *cineres dolosi* are still there; the extinction has not been so perfect that all the firemen can safely be sent away. At any moment there may be another blaze that will attract again all Western eyes, and such magazines as this will do much, we hope, to make people at home understand more about China and its neighbors." This number contains an article on "The New Pekin" (fancy, please, a *new* Pekin) by the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, whose "Chinese Characteristics" and other books of the kind are the very grammar of the Chinese character to the Western intelligence; "Chinese Social Customs," by Mrs. Timothy Richards; "The Story Teller in China," by C. F. Voskamp; and a symposium upon "Russia, Great Britain and Germany in North China," by Rochus Tutein, "Hansa," and "An Englishman." The periodical is well printed on heavy paper, and handsomely illustrated with many half-tone engravings in tint, and with a plate in colors. *The Rambler*.

A PHILOSOPHER'S WOOING

“**A**LSO Sandford and Merton, which by wise parents is put into every youthful hand.”

Thus enthusiastically writes Anna Seward in her quaint memoirs of Dr. Darwin, and she gives free rein to her enthusiasm by turning aside from her main subject to sketch for us the figure of Thomas Day, the author of that old-time classic.

By reputation at least we all of us know the precious and precocious pair of babes, Tommy and Harry, whose active minds and socialistic tendencies were fostered by that prince of prigs, their tutor. Most of us have a sneaking sense of pity for our young grandsires, who were expected to delight in the dreary pages devoted to the words and the ways of those aggressively good little urchins. When we come to the personal history of Mr. Day himself, however, it is impossible to deny that, although he was apparently unable to create an interesting character, he could be one of a very rare and superior pattern. Miss Seward calls him a philosopher. Throughout her entire sketch she uses that title, though she bases it chiefly upon the personal appearance of her hero. She assures us that he wore neither fine clothes nor powder, but that “his sable hair, Adam-like, curled about his brows.” Not even stooping shoulders and traces of smallpox can weaken her enthusiasm. These are mere details; it is of far more importance that “in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended.”

Whatever may have been the external marks of a philosopher in the year of grace, 1775, when Mr. Day sat, or, more properly speaking, stood, for his portrait,

it is certain that he manifested an eccentricity of pose which should have been the outward guise of inward genius. “Drawn as in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous, lurid, and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hampden. Mr. Day looks upward, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book held in his dropped right hand. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day’s hair and illuminates the contents of the volume.” Mr. Day reaped the advantage of his epoch. No flippant camera can ever catch him in a moment of relaxation. To all eternity the electrical disturbance and the storm-centre have marked him as their own, even as aforetime they marked the little Iulus. The little Iulus founded a noble race. Mr. Day founded no dynasty, he left no descendants; but he wrote a book whose fame is undying, and he developed a theory of matrimonial selection which, if faithfully carried out, should have revolutionized modern society.

The early life of Mr. Thomas Day in no way foreshadows his later career. It was not until he reached his undergraduate days at Oxford that he made the acquaintance of Mr. Edgeworth, who first brought him into the famous circle at Lichfield, and, at a later day, became his successful rival in matters matrimonial. It was not until his undergraduate days that he took his first steps toward becoming a truly philosophical lover. As so often happens, a university career was the turning-point of a man’s life. The corner which Mr. Day rounded was a common one. A young woman, disappointed in love, agreed to marry the embryo philosopher, not so much because she felt any especial affinity for

him, as because she hoped in that way to pique her former lover. Fortunately for herself, however, she repented of her bargain and withdrew from her contract, leaving Mr. Day to repine in an elegy of twenty-one verses, ending with this impassioned outburst:

Yet let the tempest roar! Love scorns all harms.
I plunge amid the storm, resolved to save;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms;
The next let ruin join us in the grave.

Whether ruin overtook the faithless Laura is not disclosed; but the storm certainly forced the despairing Thomas to revise all his theories of life and love. The crisis was past. Henceforth he would know how to deal with the race of woman. If Mr. Day's father, instead of £12,000 per annum, had only left to his son a tithe of his own matrimonial experience, it might have fared differently with our philosopher during the next few years. As it was, he undertook to work out his own salvation; and the ways he took to accomplish this were devious and strange. His instincts warned him to shun married life; his conscience assured him that his duty lay in matrimony. From his early disappointment he argued that "the natural woman is captious and changing, nervous, and withal a creature of vanity." If he wished to marry and still to attain a philosophic calm, he must needs have a wife after his own heart; one who, trained in a strictly Spartan school, should be superior at once to nerves and to all social vanity. Such a wife could not be found; she must be made to order.

Accordingly we find Thomas, barely arrived at man's estate, preparing to train up a helpmate worthy of sharing his love and his life. Armed with credentials as to his personal character and accompanied by a friend some years older than himself, he betook himself to a foundling hospital at Shrewsbury,

made a careful inspection of its inmates, and out of their number chose two twelve-year-old girls, one of whom was destined to be the future Mrs. Day. Just here came the first flaw in his philosophy. Although he was about to train these girls to a proper scorn of all vanity, he nevertheless took good care that they both should be "more than ordinarily beautiful."

The bargain was a simple one. For one year Mr. Day was to keep both girls. At the end of that time he must make his decision between them, and the unsuccessful candidate for his philosophic heart must be apprenticed to a respectable tradeswoman and decently maintained until her marriage, when he must give her a dowry of £400.

In this fashion our Adam arranged the conditions of his Eden; then he took his two Eves and departed to France. Our first father found one Eve quite unmanageable; his sufferings were as nothing in comparison with those of poor Mr. Thomas Day. "They teized and perplexed him," says Miss Seward; "they quarrelled and fought incessantly; they sickened of the smallpox. . . . He was obliged to sit up with them many nights." The year of probation *in esse* was longer than it had appeared *in posse*. At the end of eight months poor young Adam, exhausted by his half-paternal, half-conjugal cares, hied himself back to England, in order to separate his wrangling Eves. Lucretia—even their names were made to order, and he had christened them Lucretia and Sabrina—Lucretia was apprenticed to a milliner, and Sabrina was left in charge of a friend, while Mr. Day arranged his affairs and prepared to move to Lichfield.

For the next year he focussed all his energies upon poor Sabrina, and the tribulations of patient Griselda herself were slight in comparison with those of

the child of thirteen whose mind and character were being formed upon such new lines. Miss Seward naïvely laments that "fear had greatly the ascendant of affection"; but one can scarcely wonder at this, when we read of her mentor's attempts to train "this lovely, artless girl" into firmness of character. "His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, she did not endure it heroically; nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or repress her screams." Worst of all, she persisted in regaling her friends upon the momentous secrets which he carefully invented and intrusted to her ear, and she showed a dislike of study and a fondness for finery which was quite incompatible with the character of one who was destined to be the mother of modern Gracchi.

It was of no use. Training had failed, and, at the end of the year, Mr. Day abandoned his theories and put Sabrina into a boarding-school, where she developed into a beautiful and talented woman. Years afterward, she married the friend who had accompanied Mr. Day on his journey to the hospital, and it was quite characteristic of the philosopher that, when Sabrina was left a young widow with two little children, he gave her a pension of thirty pounds a year, declaring that, were it not for her own good, he would gladly make it more.

Meanwhile, Mr. Day had renewed his search for a wife. Quite to his own satisfaction he had proved that a wife, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*. The next thing was to find her. In the charmed circle of Lichfield this was easy to do. In Miss Honora Sneyd, whom Major André had

loved in vain, Thomas thought he had found a woman worthy of his attentions, and to her he offered his philosophic hand. She did her best to return his feeling, but she found it impossible, and Thomas, nothing daunted by her dismissal, immediately turned his philosophic eyes upon her younger sister, Elizabeth. Unhappily Elizabeth, with the frankness of a pretty woman, assured him that he was too inelegant for her to love.

The history of a race oftentimes repeats itself in the history of an individual. Mr. Day had passed through the experience of Adam; now he was to enter upon that of Jacob and serve for his wife. Once again he went to Paris, this time not as preceptor, but as pupil. For a year he took lessons in dancing and dress and deportment. He learned to bow and to turn out his toes, to dress like a fop, and to dance the minuet. Then, light of heart, he returned to his Elizabeth, only to find that his Elizabeth was even less inclined to receive the worldling than she had been to smile upon the philosopher. That she smiled at him, however, there is little doubt.

Poor Thomas Day! For the fourth time his hopes were dashed to the ground. He cast aside his foils, his finery, and his manners. Once more he clothed his body in shabby raiment, his mind in cloudlike ideas, and he hied himself back again to France in search of interests worthy of a philosopher. A year later he crossed the Channel again to find Mr. Edgeworth comfortably wedded to Honora. After Honora's death, a few years later, Mr. Edgeworth followed the example of his friend in choosing Elizabeth as her sister's successor.

It was small wonder that, by this time, Lichfield should have lost something of its charm for Mr. Day. In spite of all his philosophy, he could not but feel the depressing effects of his fourfold dis-

appointment in love, and Lichfield was the scene of three of the four tragedies. Accordingly, in 1773 he took up his abode in London, where he met his fate in the person of one Miss Esther Mills, of Derbyshire. A veritable daughter of the world, she tried, from the hour of their first meeting, to win the regard of the philosopher and share with him her worldly goods. For a time she was unsuccessful. The past experience of Thomas had made him coy; but at length "he deigned to ask Miss Mills if she could, for his sake, resign all that the world calls pleasures, all its luxuries, all its ostentation. If with him she could resolve to employ, after the ordinary needs of life were supplied, the surplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country and shun, through remaining existence, the infectious taint of human society."

Never did knight woo fair damsel with more uncompromising words; never did damsel accept more disheartening terms, nor accept them more heartily. The year 1780 saw them married and living with great simplicity in the remote country. Mr. Thomas Day had ended his wife-hunt; but even now his philosophic ardor was not appeased. Miss Seward

tells us that "frequent experiments upon her temper and attachment were made by him," with the encouraging result that "over these she often wept but never repined." At length he had found the wife of his dreams.

Mr. Day's end was the outcome of his philosophy. He believed that horses, like wives, must be broken. His theory in the one case worked quite as badly as in the other. Sabrina, as the phrase is, had kicked over her traces. Eighteen years later a half-broken colt threw Thomas from the saddle and killed him. Faithful to the really good qualities of her husband, Mrs. Day mourned for him long and sincerely. On that ill-fated day she took to her bed and never again left her darkened room, save for a midnight stroll about her garden "when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom."

Miss Seward assures us that Thomas Day was a good lawyer, a kindly philanthropist, and a man of marked literary ability. We may believe all that; we may give honor to whom honor is due; but the classification of the schools is bound to assert itself. We are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Thomas Day was a romanticist neither in literature nor yet in love.

Anna Chapin Ray.

XII

This world, all hoary
With song and story,
Rolls in a glory
Of youth and mirth;
Above and under
Clothed on with wonder,
Sunrise and thunder,
And death and birth.
His broods befriending
With grace unending
And gifts transcending
A god's at play,
Yet do his meetness
And sovran sweetness
Hold in the jocund purpose of May.

So take your pleasure,
And in full measure
Use of your treasure
When birds sing best!
For when heaven's bluest,
And earth feels newest,
And love longs truest,
And takes not rest:
When winds blow cleanest,
And seas roll sheenest,
And lawns lie greenest:
Then, night and day,
Dear life counts dearest,
And God walks nearest
To them that praise Him, praising
His May.

—From "*Hawthorn and Lavender*," by W. E. Henley. By permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

BELLOC'S "ROBESPIERRE"

THIS book is a biography and a history. As a biography it is careful of the facts and as full of detail as the uncommon paucity of material for the early life of its subject permits. As a history of the Revolution down to Thermidor, it could, one would suppose, be only an outline or a series of pictures; yet by admirable handling of the vast material which here presents itself the author has succeeded in producing both an outline clear and sufficient and pictures that glow with splendid coloring. To write an accurate life of Robespierre demanded close research and a cool judgment. To find a meaning in the facts thus secured and a significant connection between the man and the great days through which he moved in his mysterious power, required a faculty of appreciation and reconstruction rarely found united with patience and whatever other virtues the sound compiler must possess. Yet it is certainly not with Mr. Belloc's occasional pages of broad vision that one could find fault. When our eyes become irritated from following the fine, almost invisible, lines of Robespierre's policy, and we feel stifled by the close atmosphere of academic theory, our biographer turns historian, turns poet, and throws open a wide window to the roar of Paris and the breath of the tempest, so that we see things again in a larger relation. And these passages, in which the physical environment of Robespierre is evoked, are no less true because of the epic thrill that pervades them and the picturesque language in which they are written. We are reminded of the magic whereby Taine, in the opening chapters of his great essay on *La Fontaine*, summons up the soil and

atmosphere, both physical and intellectual, of Champagne—white chalk ridges, pale sunlight, distinct, undimmed colors in sky and field, an orderly, disillusioned life, a vivacious and thinly rational peasantry. Thus Mr. Belloc, with a comprehensive and sympathetic appeal, calls out from darkness, scene after scene, the crises of Robespierre's public career, and shows us, in vivid contrast, this quiet, formal, timid, but tenacious pupil of Rousseau, outlined against a lurid background of wild events, which, by a subtle play of forces beyond his control, threw him into prominence. In Taine's book, however, the environment helped to explain the man; here it rather throws him into relief.

Not many books of English biography are more eloquent than this one. It is full of striking metaphors, springing apparently from an uncommon knowledge of many arts and sciences and walks of life. Yet in them all there is something individual, something of high poetic feeling. There is also an exuberance of general ideas, which reach out in many directions and touch many lines of thought. Warned by a knowledge of the fatal facility with which general ideas pour from the pens of certain French writers, we look, but look in vain, for the almost inevitable banality. The ideas of Mr. Belloc, if not all sound, are original, in the sense of possessing a personal flavor and complete sincerity. Grateful as we are to him for the restraint and industry with which, in the narrower parts of his biography, he puts aside his faculty for generalization and his faculty for rich description, yet it is always with delight that we observe the "rising of the style" by which he announces a broadening of his theme; and our interest keeps pace with

the leaps by which the thin current of Robespierre's life runs to meet the flood of the Revolution and its own sudden transformation from superfine clearness to a dubious sediment of sophistry, make-shift, and blood.

The result achieved is not a rehabilitation of Robespierre, but a better understanding of his small, concentrated, crystallized character, its origins, its pertinacious integrity, its ultimate contamination. The life of Robespierre is shown to be a tragic episode in an epic poem, the man not so much determining his country's destiny as was once supposed, and therefore not being the monster that two contrary legends have made of him. Robespierre's power over the populace of Paris, a power which originated without a conscious effort on his part and grew in spite of many acts by which he asserted his independence, was based upon two elements: he was a typical product of Rousseau's philosophy, and when other men deserted the principles of '89 he was too simple or too narrow or too high-souled to change. The political philosophy of the populace seemed to be identical with his, and like his remained unchanged, while nearly all the other great leaders of the Revolution went over, one by one, to this or that reaction. Thus was created a false popularity, based in part on a true conception of his inflexibility and in part on an exaggerated opinion of his genius. All this is clear from Mr. Belloc's account. But it is not so clear in what form the temptation came to Robespierre which induced him, the enemy of war and of capital punishment and of despotism, to join the Great Committee and remain in it, even as a conservative member, through the bloody weeks of the Terror. His betrayal of Danton and Desmoulins is not sufficiently motivated; perhaps it cannot be explained. Nor are the immediate causes of his fall distinctly stated; Ther-

midor is left still a nightmare. Yet if Mr. Belloc in these particulars is not explicit, it may be the more to his credit, as a mark of how honestly he has dealt with his subject. There is an engaging frankness in the following passage, regarding Robespierre's complicity in the destruction of Danton: "He did not lead, he yielded. The proofs of it are wholly moral, but they are convincing. Consider that he had not yet, and did not in moments far more perilous, sacrifice anyone to his mere ambition. That ambition tempted and at last ruined him is the argument of this chapter; that he exercised it pitilessly or made it a permanent and conscious motive is what not only the few salient facts presented in this book, but every one of the thousand documents and anecdotes remaining, combine to deny. In so far as such ambitions have something in them glorious, he was quite lacking in that sense of glory; in so far as they have in them something careless of principle and violent, every portrait of him, every recollection of him, omits such a feature. His hardness was all of logic; his ambition was a thing coming after success, overlying and corrupting, but never entering, the close fibre of this man."

Finally, the book is valuable because Mr. Belloc maintains in it a just, liberal, and sympathetic attitude toward the French Revolution. Few English works are written in this spirit, which yet would seem the natural one for enlightened men. The imagination of our present world overleaps or falls short of the Revolution and fixes itself with preference either upon the placid order of the old monarchy or on the dramatic movement of the Napoleonic wars. Mr. Belloc is an appreciative critic of the really more logically ordered and more deeply dramatic epoch which lies between. He has the courage to say: "I return also to the memory of the jejune, persistent mind which has haunted me

throughout the description of his fortunes. I fear to have done him a wrong. Such men may be greater within than their phrases or their vain acts display them. I know that he passed through a furnace of which our paltry time can reimagine nothing, and I know that throughout this trial he affirmed—with monotonous inefficiency, but still affirmed—the fundamental truths which our decadence has neglected or despised, and is even in some dens beginning to deny.”

Again he calls Robespierre “a man enamoured of absolute principles.”

There are many vivid touches and unforgettable phrases in the book. Robespierre “had not that vitality of action which proceeds from well-furnished lungs; neither the voice nor the gesture, the good-humor, nor the sudden powers that belong to *men whose fires have draught to them.*” Again: “The rich, the world over, have one appetite, which is for the sensation of novelty.”

Altogether, this is a book that convinces by a rare combination of eloquence and well-poised judgment.

George McLean Harper.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. HOWELLS AS A HISTORIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOK BUYER.

DEAR SIR: I wonder why Mr. Howells has never written history. It seems to me that he has an especial talent in that line. I was particularly struck with it in reading “Their Silver Wedding Journey.” In the chapter on the little German town of Ansbach, he shows himself the historian in every line. The style in which it is written is so pleasing that one goes back and reads it sentence by sentence, hoping to extract the secret of its charm and to store it up for one’s own use. It is graceful, subtle, elusive, the poetry of historical writing. Our teachers at school used to tell us that such or such a history was as interesting as a story. It took only one or two experiments to discover the inaccuracy of the statement; but here at last it seems realized. The bits of historical narrative and description in “Their Silver Wedding Journey” are as interesting as a story.

The other requisites for a historian are all there too. Can one imagine Mr. Howells not being accurate and impartial? He is *too* accurate and impartial for a novelist. He has no illusions about his people and he won’t let his readers have any,

and he is so impartial that his readers share his lack of warmth toward his characters. A novel writer must be somewhat of a partisan: he must love his characters if he expects his readers to love them; and I doubt if one can ever love people of whose faults one is as keenly aware as Howells is of the faults of his characters. Those people are rare in this world whom we can love without a judicious amount of blindness.

Now, these qualifications (one does not like to call them limitations) that make him miss the highest effectiveness as a novelist, in spite of his wisdom, his wonderful insight and penetration, his delicious humor and his happiness of expression, are just the attributes to win him a lasting fame as a historian. There never has been a man who was better equipped. There must be money as well as fame in a successful history, a great deal of money. One realizes this in reading Motley’s and Macaulay’s biographies; and although the conditions of the novel market have changed past recognition since these two men wrote, I believe a history of the kind that Howells would inevitably write would still bring great financial rewards.

Sincerely yours,

A. L. T.



A COVER DESIGN.

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SOUTH FRONT—RED ROSE INN.

VIOLET OAKLEY

THE remarkable thing about the young talent in art of this country is its rapid growth and early maturity. Perhaps we are inclined as a people to be intuitive rather than ratiocinative, to jump at conclusions instead of overtaking them with a stolid tread. Perhaps we are easily satisfied with an indifferent standard of maturity and performance. Perhaps, too, we are perky and vain about what elsewhere might be deemed promise rather than achievement. But when I compare the early work of artists here and abroad, or contrast living careers with dead, I am justified, I think, in generalizing that, whether for ultimate good or ill, our youngsters in art arrive earlier and with shorter cuts in doing so than the best abroad.

Here, for instance, is Violet Oakley. You see a slender figure, whose seasons must count but few compared with her intellectual grasp and active performance. She has been at work with brush and pencil for about eight years, sufficient time for the plodding offspring of a South Kensington, for example, to acquire rudi-

ments alone, and of these scanty years she has spent half in school. Yet I venture to judge that if her work in the several mediums she uses was brought forth in company with the laborious results of Continental training or even placed beside finished pictures and designs of artists long arrived, it would deceive the critic with its mastery as it would win him with its charm and freshness.

While Miss Green and Miss Smith, of whom I have had the pleasure of speaking in previous numbers, have devoted themselves to illustration, Miss Oakley has done less of this and has gone farther afield in the pathways of mural decoration and stained glass. She runs to color, so to speak, and her sense of harmony in tones is keen and poetic. This is always a strong reinforcement to a designer. It gives subtle beauty and reach to conceptions otherwise obvious. It acts as sunlight does in landscape, each giving and taking elements for common betterment.

Yet, after all, her whole survey of the world as a subject for the interpretation of art is that of a designer. This she has



PANEL FROM A COVER DESIGN.

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in common with her comrades. They like things because they are decorative, and the point of view they bring to them is that of the designer. You can, perhaps, by instinct or the laying on of hands, or even by "main strength," as the young man

learned to play the violin, see nature in the loving attitude of a frame for man. It will twist itself into winning forms for your homely delight; it will be as humble as your wall-paper or your thatched roof. You may dally with it and trans-

form it into Noah's ark, trees, and gardens too delectable for common clay, or bend it into grotesque lines and angles that belong to no man's land, yet are expressive of some mood which inheres in the out-doors and yields to no other solution. But it takes high gifts thus to grasp nature and render it into color and form. It takes sympathy, training of eye and hand, simplicity. And such gifts I find in these young designers who are bringing in to the fireside elusive truths which have escaped the wider meshes of older craftsmen.

Turning observations thus acquired into the channel of mural design, or sometimes into that of the magazine or book cover, Miss Oakley has shown talent which outruns her seeming strength, as her performance outstrips her years. I have seen her stand beside the enormous decoration for the chancel of the Church of All Angels, in New York, lesser in size than many of the figures she had painted, and indeed these huge canvases were so unusual in dimensions that she was compelled to lift the roof of her studio to admit them. Her work in stained glass begets the same irreconcilable conception of painter and performance, and were it not that the finished work stands forth a very complete achievement, demanding no extraneous needs for its appreciation, the artist might well appeal for admiration on the inequality of body and spirit.

Miss Oakley had some early instruction (as ridiculously far back as 1893-94!) from Carroll Beckwith at the Art Students' League; but she went abroad without much application to these studies, and worked in the Académie Montparnasse under Raphael Collin and Aman Jean. This was not for long, as she spent the following summer with Charles Lasar, at Rye, Sussex. The next winter she was in Philadelphia at the Pennsylvania Academy, where she had her first full working



MISS VIOLET OAKLEY.

year under Miss Beaux and Joseph De Camp: the strong combination then prevailing at the Academy.

But what she turns back to at the Academy with especial sentiment is the instruction of Henry Thouron, under whose guidance she first dared attempt to compose. And this is the story with so many, many of the new band who have gone into the great world of American art to be more than mediocrities, that the modest, tactful, sympathetic spirit whose uplifting influences have stimulated fancy and developed imagination at the expense of his own beautiful work, who lives the self-abnegating life of some frater of old, sacrificing all things that others should achieve, will perforce be found out in his seclusion and brought to accept the gratitude not only of his loving students, but of those who have at heart the highest ideals for American painting.

After the thorough training in the prin-



MADONNA AND MAGI.

[Sketch for stained glass. Copyright by *Everybody's Magazine*, and reproduced by permission.]

ciples of drawing which tradition as well as practice provide at the Pennsylvania Academy, Miss Oakley took a studio, and before long repaired to Mr. Pyle, whose technical knowledge of illustration supplied the requisite link between study and commercial production. His enthusiasm, too, and his inspiring character and example have added much in the equipment of the new generation, for which it will always be grateful.

It was due to his genial criticism upon some color illustrations that Miss Oakley was first led to try stained-glass design, and as a result she produced in 1899 the

window devoted to "The Epiphany" which was built by the Church Glass and Decorating Company, of New York, through whose genuine admiration of her work came the more important commission for the chancel decorations and four stained-glass windows in the Church of All Angels in New York. These decorations, already alluded to, consist of an altar piece and two curving sides of heroic proportions representing the angel hosts, while the small glass windows fall into a harmony rarely possible where such work is entrusted to many hands. This task, the most important she has yet done, and,

indeed, momentous enough to tax the resources of the maturest brush, was finished last December, in the incredibly short period of about two years. It came forth from the frail hands as beautiful in color and sentiment, as firm and clear in creative character, and as compact in design as the long contemplated work of a wider known master. That such it should be considered all felt who were invited privately to see it one day when Mr. Pyle, Mr. Thouron, and a dozen others were present, and I am sure all agreed with me that here was the beginning of a noteworthy career stepping forward in unison with the higher impulse toward that new native art we hope and wait for.

The other day Mr. André Castaigne came over to Philadelphia on his mission for the French Government, and among those he asked to see were the three members of the colony I have been speaking of. Said he, they are so well grounded in drawing and so sure in design, and then they are so lady-like in sentiment. No one else can do just what they are doing. And he called upon them in a fine spirit of equality, which they returned in outspoken admiration of his gifts.

They have won by qualities of mind as

well as dexterity with the pencil, and this emphasizes what Mr. Castaigne dwelt on in leaving the triple studios. They have *feeling*, said he, with Gallic impressiveness, and that can never be learned, much as it may be trained.

That they cling together in united force is also an augury for the future which must be taken into account, even in such fragmentary comment as this, and I am privileged to reveal a plan which will still further bind them into comradeship for several years to come. Outside of Philadelphia, a few miles, at Villa Nova, is a lovely old colonial house, known as the Red Rose Inn, with clipped hedges in its winding approach and bordering old-fashioned flowers and deep porches of trellised roses. This was once a place of resort for wayfarers, but just now it has been leased by Miss Oakley, Miss Smith, and Miss Green as their work-shop and home. Thither they will fare in June and begin work with the roses.

I cannot leave them in the memory of the reader at a more opportune moment, but I commend them all three to his friendliest notice for the future, confident that they will repay it with work, as Keats said, "fit to live."

Harrison S. Morris.



THE PERGOLA—RED ROSE INN.

FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW

A COMMUNICATION.

NOWADAYS we hear so much from the writer that he becomes quite familiar to us. He writes a story, it becomes famous, he is interviewed and tells how he came to write it. Incidentally he mentions other stories that he hopes soon to have ready. The papers tell us how much his last story netted him and how he is spending the money. His wife is described in the series of "wives of famous men," or perhaps writes a short article for some enterprising paper on the care of teething babies or some similar topic—the subject is immaterial, we buy the paper and read the article anyway. Then the author's former schoolmates begin to write to the Sunday papers and tell of his boyhood. His picture is printed and given away with soap or cigars—we don't mind much which—we get the picture, and maybe have it framed and hung over our study-table. After that we can go no farther. The author has become a part of our lives and daily thoughts, and we always feel like consulting him on any important topic. We read all of his books that we can get hold of, buying when we must and borrowing when we can, and so long as he continues true to the strain which first caught our ear we are loyal friends.

Queer friendships these; yet often how potent. A man whom I have never seen, who does not even know that I exist, steps in and occupies my heart and perhaps changes the whole course of my life. I often wonder if our favorite authors know how much they are to some of us plain, every-day readers; how eagerly we look for their new stories, how carefully we note what the critics

say, and how, after all, we make up our own minds as to the quality of the story and rejoice in their successes and are genuinely sorry if they have failures. Our favorite author is much to us, but to him we are nothing except in the mass. Some few of his readers he knows, but the great majority to whom he is a living reality are mere units to him.

Of course we like the author because he pleases us. He tells us what we like to hear. If he doesn't, we promptly shut the book and refuse to read; for we, the plain, unliterary readers, feel no obligation to read a story unless we choose. We are not expected to review it in any critical journal, and so if we do not like the preface, the pictures, or the last chapter, whichever we may chance to see first, we have no compunctions of conscience as to letting the book severely alone. It might be interesting to know why we like some books and why not others.

More than one has said to me, "I am so tired when I finish my work that I only care to read something which I enjoy." That, I think, explains the popularity of the short story. We are an independent and a busy people. We read stories because they amuse and rest us, and short stories because they take less time. We can read them on the train, or even the street-car—though that mode of travel seems especially dedicated to the newspaper—and so the short story and the magazine are popular.

We like our stories best without a moral; at least if one be present, it must be carefully disguised. When we want to be instructed we will go to the public library and look up a suitable authority.

When we want to be amused we want amusement, and we are very sure we do not want anything else. We will admit that instruction might be better for us than too much amusement, but we are an every-day people—a wilful people—and we will have our own way about it. Perhaps we have been badly spoiled, but I fear that, if so, the mischief is already done. So when an author puts in a dummy character, a mere effigy, an automaton which has no life of its own and is only a convenient peg upon which his own opinions are hung, or a mouth-piece through which they are spoken, we proudly detect the fraud and scornfully cast it aside. If our favorite author does this we feel it is a breach of confidence, though we sometimes forgive him; but if a character be a real character, if he be instinct with life, he may have what opinions he will, so far as we are concerned, and we think nothing the less of him because they do not coincide with our own. But we insist upon it; we want live men in our books, not corpses. There is another thing to which we object. We don't want an author to tell us at the first what a grand and truly noble man the hero is, how finished and cultured and how superlative in every degree, and then to consider his work done; to desert the poor fellow and let him wander clear through the book with too many hands and feet and an always unready tongue. Instead of our admiring such a hero, he becomes ridiculous. What advantage is it to have pages devoted to praise of the many virtues of Aldous Raeburn and then have him prove himself a chump? He may have been a chump. In fact, we think he must have been, he plays the part so naturally, and we don't deny that there are chumps in this world for the best of reasons; many of us know ourselves to be of the chumps chumpy. Still we don't

want such a one for hero in a book which is to amuse us. As another one of my friends expresses it, "I like a story when I can feel sorry with the hero and glad when he is glad." Now can anyone feel sorry with a man who never finds his tongue in time? Most of us, though, are more than willing to feel sorry for him.

I have a friend who once playfully remarked that we should have a society for the amelioration of the condition of distressed readers with the fundamental maxim that "anything which lessens the wear and tear on a reader's mind is legitimate." Perhaps an instinctive recognition of the truth of this axiom contributes to the popularity of illustrated stories. Compare, for example, the ease with which the reader fixes Miss Helen Cabot in his mind after seeing Christy's illustrations of that charming heroine of "The Lion and the Unicorn," with the difficulty of conceiving Mr. Angus Dalrymple after reading Crawford's description in "Casa Braccio." In the latter case some of us would catch the words "Scotch," "broad sounded," and "red hair," and, forgetting the other details, proceed to make a picture of our own. Many a reader, I fear, would skip the passage altogether—remember we are lazy—and would let the image of Mr. Dalrymple grow in his mind with the story.

Sometimes we wonder why characters must be labelled before they are started out. When we meet a new acquaintance we do not notice the first day every detail of his dress and face; probably we have at first a very imperfect mental picture of him. Day by day as we meet him the picture gets clear. Probably an author remembering he may want to describe this type, notices all these things at once; but I am persuaded that most of us every-day people do not. If you doubt it, ask someone to describe a chance acquaintance after he has only

once met him. Now if we know real friends by degrees only why must we be forced to swallow our book acquaintances at one gulp? Also why should we be told that Dalrymple has red hair, and then on a closely succeeding page have Annette remark to him, "You will fall in love with her. They say that men with red hair fall in love easily." Is the red hair so important?

In truth we like illustrations, and especially are we grateful to Mr. Gibson, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Metcalf, and many other modern illustrators for the care with which they see that the hero's clothes fit well and are of the proper cut. It is kind of them, too, to give our book friends such a swell lot of clothes, so that they may wear just the right thing at the right time. Some of us are not able to afford such a variety for ourselves and we enjoy seeing others, in books at least, who can.

There was a time in literature when the characters really suffered for want of a change of clothes. As Frederic Harrison once hinted, it was a mistake, and some of us think it really unkind to the old man, that Dickens never allowed Captain Cuttle any head-gear except the glazed hat. We are glad to see that a change is taking place, and we feel it is due, in part at least, to the modern illustrators.

Many if not most modern stories discuss something. Some social, political, or religious question must be dissected and some ghost laid. We are believed to be interested in these questions. Well, probably we are; but in a story I doubt if most of us do not find the interest in the person greater. It was Robert Elsmere and Catharine and the careful, conscientious picture of mental struggles they passed through which won our hearts, rather than the argument. Those of us who cared for the argument had

already read it in the original. The argument was, however, enjoyed, because it showed the nature, or rather rendered possible the portrayal of certain strong characters. If discussions come in we want them for the purpose of the novel, not the novel for the discussions. We enjoy Lamartine as much for what he did not say as for what he did; for his ability to choose a centre and then see all things in due relation to the centre. This is as essential to the beauty of a story as to the beauty of a picture.

As to the two-volume novel. Can it not be reduced to one? It is considerable trouble to skip so many pages, and in the processes we may not hear all that the writer really wanted to say to us. Of course he does not seriously expect any but the very conscientious—which most of us are not—to try to read all the padding.

It is doubtful whether many of us like a book with a purpose, and I fear we are beginning to tire of books which are merely true to life. They are beautifully analytical and doubtless very true and scientific, but we are still related to our ancestors, and the old longing for a story, merely because it is a story, does seem to survive. Doubtless it is wrong, but a good many of us feel a secret sympathy with Oscar Wilde's plea for the liar, and we rather like to take a book, of Wells, for example, and slip off into the impossible with a man who talks to us of the impossible as though it were perfectly possible. We truly like a man who lies and doesn't care who knows it.

And so Anthony Hope and his imitators capture our hearts because they answer the demand, old as the hills, for the story. We care not how improbable it all is if it be but told with assurance enough to seem probable, but the story is what we want.

H. Foster Bain.



THE ASTOR MEDAL.

CHITTENDEN'S "FUR TRADE IN THE FAR WEST"

AMONG our professional students of history the critical spirit is for the time supreme. Their training has emphasized the value of first-hand investigation and the necessity for specialization. Their interest lies in the patient investigation of sources, in the comparison and editorial presentation of correspondence and official documents, in the examination of constitutional and economic phases, in research into methods of government, and a variety of specialized themes. The publication of their contributions to historical knowledge in different fields is of high im-

portance, since it is upon the exact results which they are seeking to obtain that the synthetic histories of the future must be built. From the general reader's point of view it must be confessed that the monographs of the specialists have their disadvantages, but for the present, so far as the beginnings and development of the East and Middle West are concerned, the present is a time of scholarly investigation and analysis. Putting aside the few exceptions, which will readily present themselves, the time of synthesis is yet to come.

For the far West—that is, the country which may be described roughly as lying beyond the Missouri River—the conditions are plainly different, both as regards the character of the subject-matter and the attention given to this field by the pro-

THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST. A History of the Pioneer Trading Posts and Early Fur Companies of the Missouri Valley and the Rocky Mountains and of the Overland Commerce with Santa Fé. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Captain Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. In three volumes, 8vo, with maps and illustrations, Francis P. Harper.

fessional historian. Parkman pointed a way which has been left almost untrod-den. The vast mass of material gathered under the direction of H. H. Bancroft has a value which should not be underrated, despite the necessity for analysis and exact verification. There have been specialized researches, like Mr. Shinn's study of Western mining law and some examples of the recent literature of expansion, but the fact remains that the historical *genre* of the far West is as yet largely narrative and peculiarly personal in its character. From the records of Spanish *conquistadores* down to Inman's "Santa Fé Trail" this personal element makes itself strongly felt. It flavors the classical records of exploration and the State histories and histories of trans-continental lines. So far as American leadership is concerned the conquest of half a continent is still so near to us that the figures of the leaders, and the typical representatives of the early days, are as yet central points of interest. The rare old personal narratives treasured in certain Western libraries, to say nothing of Spanish and French sources and records and diaries yet unused, will invite the specialist of the future as well as the general historian, but the primitive conditions which must be dealt with will render the element of personal interest a constant factor.

This element enriches the pages of the latest contribution to Western history, Captain Chittenden's well-studied, comprehensive, and most important *History of the American Fur Trade*, which will take its place with the little group of Western classics produced by army officers, with the literature of exploration left by Lewis and Clark, Pike, and Fremont. For nearly forty years after the Louisiana purchase the mineral wealth of the far West and its other possibilities were ignored or recognized by only a few unheeded prophets, and the fur trade was the great industry

of an empire. Its development involved the exploration of the West, and the evolution of a vast business, with consequent organization, competition, combination, and various phases of economic interest, among them the Government's experiment with a factory system for the Indians in the early part of the nineteenth century. At St. Louis, in 1847, it was stated that the annual value of the fur trade for St. Louis alone during the past forty years had been between \$200,000 and \$300,000, and the gathering of these furs had been accompanied by the loss of some 300 lives and of property valued at \$100,000, taken by the Indians. Behind this bald statement made of St. Louis alone lie possibilities which Captain Chittenden has not been slow to recognize. His study of sources has been painstaking and thorough. He has examined the correspondence, journals, and records of the Missouri and American Fur Companies owned by Mr. Pierre Chouteau of St. Louis, the Sublette and other correspondence, the files of the *St. Louis Gazette* and other early papers, the collections of the Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, and other State historical societies, and that of the Mercantile Library at St. Louis, to say nothing of the early and often rare books of exploration, topical history, biography, and adventure which have to do with his theme. The foundations of his history have been laid conscientiously.

His narrative is divided into an explanation of the conduct of the fur trade, a chronological narrative of events, an account of collateral happenings, descriptions of special characters and events, and a general view of the trans-Mississippi region in which the fur trade flourished. The third volume, in addition to its valuable republications of rare documents, affords an admirable map of the trans-Mississippi region in 1843, showing the location of Indian tribes, routes of travel,



FORT CLARK.

[Winter view from across the Missouri. Maximilian—Winter 1833-4.]

trading posts, and other useful features. The difficulty of preparing such a map, and its value, need hardly be emphasized.

Captain Chittenden's thorough and admirable history comes to us opportunely, soon after the publication of two histories of the Hudson Bay Company, which might easily lead the indifferent reader to regard the fur trade on this continent as almost monopolized by alien hands. While he touches upon the earlier beginnings and development of the French and English fur trade, and the slight connection of the Spanish, his work is a history of a great American industry which, it may be added, preserves to this day a large importance, although its headquarters has been transferred from St. Louis to St. Paul. In these pages we may follow the picturesque figure of the free trapper, most adventurous of American pioneers, and

the curious histories of the old fur companies, the Missouri, American, Rocky Mountain, and Pacific, and the manifestations of the commercial genius which founded the Astor fortunes. So comprehensive a history necessarily misses something of unity and concentrated effect, but the value of the author's intelligent and thorough work and its permanent worth are beyond any question. Captain Chittenden has earned an honorable place among the historians of the West. A word, too, may be added for the enterprise of the publisher, who has added another notable work to his editions of Lewis and Clark, Pike, Henry, and the American Explorer Series, edited by the lamented Dr. Coues, who would have been the first to appreciate the excellence of the work which Captain Chittenden has done.

Ripley Hitchcock.

THE BLUNDER-CRIME OF RECONSTRUCTION

PROFESSOR BURGESS'S study of the reconstruction period is easily the most instructive and the most impressive we have had. It deals frankly and scientifically with the ten darkest years of our national history. After reading it one finds it difficult to fancy the mind that can question the accuracy of the author's definition of the work of partisan politicians as "the Blunder-Crime of Reconstruction." These ten years—1866–1876—to recall Mr. John Fiske's phrase, constituted the second critical period in American history. It may be said to have threatened more disastrous consequences than might even have followed a failure to form the Union, for the one would have but postponed an inevitable political event, while the other was actually a war upon civilization in the name of liberty. The war of arms was not so great an evil as were the oppression of the white race of the South and the domination of the blacks which followed. As Professor Burgess says: "The differences which lead to a fair fight and the wounds which are received in it are easily healed, but indignities heaped upon a fallen foe create a bitterness of heart that lasts so long as life endures.

"Slavery was a great wrong, and secession was an error and a terrible blunder, but reconstruction was a punishment so far in excess of the crime that it extinguished every sense of culpability upon the part of those whom it sought to convert and convert."

Professor Burgess begins his study with a critical examination of the theories of reconstruction that were held and partly put in operation by Presidents Lincoln

and Johnson. Comparing them with the theory of Congress which prevailed, the theory that the rebellious States had not for a moment lost their Statehood is admittedly plausible, but, in the last analysis, wholly unscientific and impracticable. It would have been absolutely impossible for the Executive constitutionally to reconstruct, or receive back, the States which made war upon the Union without giving undue power in the general government to the men who had just been defeated in the attempt to destroy it, and without a surrender of the freedman to his old master. On the other hand, Congress might have reconstructed the South without violating the Constitution in the slightest respect, and without departing from the principles of sound politics. The persistence of the notion, conscious or unconscious, that Statehood was indestructible, and the effort to arrest the process of rehabilitation upon it, led to much confusion of thought and to curious contradictions in the performances of both President and Congress. Those who held that the Southern States remained States more than once denied them State powers, while Congress often recognized Statehood while contending that rebellion had destroyed it. Even President Johnson, for example, would not have asserted that all the Southern States might have cast electoral votes for Mr. Lincoln and himself in 1868, although he demanded the right for Louisiana and Tennessee. On the other hand, Congress, although declining to count the electoral votes from these States, declared that Andrew Johnson, a citizen of the State of Tennessee, was duly elected Vice-President. There are several illustrations to the same purpose. The subject was full of difficulties to the over-heated partisan minds of the

day, but one can see in the clearer light of the present that the plan of Professor Burgess was the natural and easy solution of the problem. If the former States of the South had been left as Territories, and had been readmitted to Statehood, one by one, as a new system developed and as orderly civic relations were established between the sections and between the whites and the blacks, the country would have escaped the hideous continuance of the war which lasted for ten years, and which established in the Southern States a solidarity of hatred of the North, at least of the Republican Party, which still endures at all events with the force of a tradition.

Professor Burgess accepts the theory of Congress that the work of reconstruction was properly legislative, and not executive; but he parts company with the legislature when it comes to a consideration of its temper and its methods. The assertion is well within the bounds of truth, that no wisdom, no foresight, and hardly any practical patriotism were shown by either side at the close of the war. The noble example set by Grant and Lee at Appomattox was not followed by the politicians. President Johnson undertook to carry out a plan of reconstruction which rested on no constitutional ground whatever, and under which the chief fruits of the Union triumph would have been lost. The Southern leaders assumed an insolent attitude of equality of rights, as if no political penalty were attached to their rebellion. The Southern States undertook to minimize the effects of the Thirteenth Amendment after its real adoption, but before its proclamation. Their legislation was far from being wholly unjust or wholly unwise, but it was tactless and imprudent, and its disastrous effect, in the then temper of the Northern people, would have been foreseen by cautious statesmen. It is almost past belief that

communities should have been so fatuous as were the Southern States. They insisted on giving opportunities to their enemies, above all to the conscienceless partisans who were intent on securing control of the South, no matter what might be the cost of their work to the country or to civilization.

On the other hand, Congress was dominated by hatred, distrust, and lust of power. It is evident to any student of history that in the legislation of reconstruction the party in control of the government never reckoned with the future, and never dreamed of the value of securing reconciliation between the sections. They appear not to have understood the lesson of history, one of the lessons of our own Revolution, that danger lurks in prolonging and intensifying the hatred of a beaten foe. They forgot also the constitutional restraints upon their own power, and they were guilty, too, of disregarding the precepts of common, every-day, political integrity. They sought to punish those whom they had defeated in battle, and, in carrying out their purpose, they were not only unchivalrous and cruel, but imprudent. For a time they put the heel of the black man upon the neck of the white man, and civilization at the mercy of barbarism. The law of nature triumphed in the end, as it will always triumph; but the awful ten years left behind them a legacy of hatred and distrust which has cost the country dear, while the loss to the world resulting from the long war of partisanship which followed the war of arms is well-nigh incalculable. Democracy was blind to a magnificent opportunity to furnish another evidence of its humanity.

What has been said here must not be taken as an outline of Professor Burgess's important and interesting work. Here are merely a few reflections suggested by the book, which contains the clearest, fairest, and most judicial account of this im-

portant and unhappy period that has yet been written. There are some constitutional and legal theories and principles of which Professor Burgess is sure, but their soundness will be doubted by others. A good many lawyers will differ from his conclusion as to the worthiness of the decision of the Electoral Commission, but few who were familiar with the administration of Mr. Hayes will question the author's assertion that, "as history sets his character and his work in their proper perspective, they both stand out more and more strongly, and make his administration appear to be one of the most important in American annals."

Mr. Hayes put an end to "carpetbag" and negro rule in the South, and peace

and order followed. But the legacy of hatred remained, and the "solid South" is with us still, a sad result of bitter years of intemperance and partisanship. "No sane mind can wonder," says Professor Burgess, "at 'the Solid South,' or at the Democratic South. Life, property, happiness, honor, civilization, everything which makes existence endurable, demanded that the decent white men of the South should stand shoulder to shoulder in defending their families, their homes, and their communities from any return of the vile plague under which they had suffered so long and so cruelly; and human instinct determined that this should be done in connection with that party which was hostile to the Republican Party."

Henry Loomis Nelson.

THE MORAL SYMBOL

THE author of "Evelyn Inness" once explained some characteristics of English fiction and applied the test to which his criticism of various forms of art has clung for many years.

"The certain sign," he said, "by which we may distinguish the great from the small in literature is by asking ourselves if a story is symbolic, if it be a symbol; that is to say, if it be the outward sign of a moral idea."

Divest this formula of the word "symbol," which to the public has become a stumbling-block and foolishness, and we have merely the proposition, which none may deny, that a novel with body and soul to it is greater than one of body alone. Long ago a writer whose own fiction is richer with the sense of moral inspiration at its source than that of any other modern novelist, pointed out that disregard of the moral element in an ar-

tistic total is precisely as sane as the elimination of all words of three syllables from a poem. Mr. Moore's test is, in fact, almost a commonplace of criticism, but his application of it to the English novelists who have written since Fielding, especially his application of it to Thackeray, is a most illuminating and suggestive example of the action of the fixed idea upon the would-be critical temperament.

Thackeray, in Mr. Moore's analysis, is shallow and evasive; his mind is prone to superficial thinking; his reflections on life are obsequious; he identifies himself with the deadly mind of St. James's Street; he writes novels of manners only and is no symbolist—in other words, presents no outward sign of a moral idea. What, then, is an outward sign of a moral idea? Is it not the reflection of what Stevenson calls the lantern of con-

sciousness, "alternately obscured and shining, to and by which the individual exists and must order his conduct?" Is it, perhaps, the outline of this conduct drawn with passionate precision, indicating by its trivial variations the moral structure of a human being alive with such consciousness? And if this will answer for a definition, it is difficult to see where Mr. Moore's Evelyn Inness, for example, is more truly a moral symbol than Beatrix Esmond. The latter, like Evelyn, struggles, and far less feebly and contemptibly, with her better self, a creature of impulse and ambition, studying herself, ignorant of herself, and a symbol, if you will, of the moral value of self-control in a life where man without it is a little lower than the brutes. Mr. Moore insists that there is no tragedy without mention of conscience; and while this very well may be disputed, it certainly does not, if true, invalidate the tragedy of Beatrix. Of Becky Sharp he complains that "we see her merely as we see a fly buzzing in a glass; of the workings of her mind we know nothing," and the pains he takes with the psychological processes of his own heroines gives him authority to make such complaint. But Beatrix, whom he ignores, we do not see as a fly buzzing in a glass—we see her as a soul beating itself drearily against the bonds of law and virtue; of the workings of her mind we know at least as much as she is pleased to disclose to Esmond in the poignant frankness of the interview at Castlewood after the Duke's death. Her complex nature, too, adds interest to the consideration of her as a "moral symbol," her weakness and perversity fighting for the force of the moral impression upon us the more strongly because we perceive shadowy potentialities of strength, love, devotion, even of sacrifice. The fact of her yielding her spiritual qualities to the world,

flesh, and devil is awful in proportion to the splendor of the qualities yielded.

Even for the symbolism of places Mr. Moore turns from Thackeray to Dickens, saying, not unjustifiably, that "all that is spiritual in London found expression in 'Bleak House' and 'Old Curiosity Shop.'" Yet how crude and barbaric is that expression compared to the subtle rendering of atmosphere and association in Thackeray's minute description of the old Tudor Palace, the home of the Viscountess of Castlewood, in the remaining fragment of which Rossetti spent the haunted later years of his life.

Altogether the most instructive lesson to be learned from Mr. Moore's article is the danger of cutting down our tests to fit our preconceived ideas. Nothing, surely, could be safer than to affirm the moral significance of great literature, and also nothing could be more perilous than to deny such significance to the writings of Thackeray, whose story of "Pendennis" is avowedly the outward sign of "a nature resisting and affected by temptation," and whose "Vanity Fair" is the embodied question, "Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?"

It is, by the way, an interesting commentary on Mr. Moore's methods of criticism as contrasted with the defiant precision of his creative work, that he should quote from the preface to "Pendennis" the well-known remark about Fielding, that since he was buried "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man," changing the form to read that "no one since Fielding has dared to paint the portrait of a complete man," and resting the whole weight of his argument on the words "dared" and "complete," neither of which appears in the original sentence.

Elisabeth Luther Cary.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE fact that the publication of Lord Goschen's "Life" of his grandfather, the old Leipsic bookseller, is to be held over till the autumn on account of the coronation, is a very good indication of one of the conditions of the book trade at the moment. It is not impossible that the coronation boom will be immensely overdone, just as was the case when the late Queen celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her accession; but the preliminary excitement is gradually growing so intense that one can understand publishers thinking twice before venturing to appeal to the public, which might possibly be apathetic to the claims of literature. The publishers have had, altogether, an unfortunate time recently, for the war, the death of the Queen, and the accession of her son have disturbed the ordinary course of life. Now, business people are expecting to recoup themselves out of the coronation, which will bring many people to London; but the temper of the moment is not favorable to solid literature. For books about the coronation are likely to be overdone, and even the nursery is being catered for by the coronationists.

Co-operative history has become quite a fashion. Though Lord Acton's scheme is not making very much progress, it has not discouraged the enthusiasms of some Oxford scholars, who are to give us a political history of England in twelve volumes, under the joint editorship of the Rev. William Hunt and Mr. R. Lane Poole. Mr. Poole, who is a lecturer in Diplomatic in the University of Oxford, began his historical work twenty years ago, by his "History of the Huguenots of the Dispersion." All students know the excellent work he has done on the *English Historical Review*, of which he is

now the sole editor. The new twelve-volume history for which the services of Mr. Hodgkin, Professor Lodge, Mr. G. W. Prothero, and others who have been secured, will not make its appearance until January, 1905. Another historical work of interest is Sir James Ramsay's "Angevin Empire," which will match his "Lancaster and York" and "The Foundations of England." Sir James, who is the tenth baronet of the Bamff House, Perthshire, had a most distinguished career at Oxford, where he took a first class in classics and modern history. It was his daughter Agnata, now wife of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was senior classic in 1887. A younger daughter is married to the Marquis of Tullibardine, who will one day be Duke of Atholl. Sir James's eldest son, Nigel, a lieutenant in the famous "Black Watch," was killed at the battle of Magersfontein. Lord Tullibardine, who is an officer in the Royal House Guards ("the Blues") is commanding the Scottish Horse in South Africa, where he has seen a great deal of fighting. His wife is also at the front.

There is quite enough room for the new Stuart series projected by Messrs. F. E. Robinson, of the Russell Press. Edited by Mr. Edward Almack, the series will consist of hand-printed books in choice leather bindings, illustrating Stuart times. Some of the volumes are printed for the first time; all of them are certainly rare. Mr. Almack, the editor, has already given us proof of his careful quality, by his bibliography of *Eikon Basilike* and a book on old army badges. Only 320 copies of each volume will be on sale.

The recrudescence of the more violent

aspects of the Irish demand for Home Rule has been accompanied, and possibly aided, by the investigation of Irish folk-lore and traditions of every kind; and these in turn have received an impetus from the increasing study of the Irish language, which has become almost a fad in Irish circles in London. One of the most indefatigable workers in the field of Irish folk-lore, who has written a book on "Traditional Irish Stories of the Champions of the Red Branch," is Lady Gregory, who is the widow of Sir William Gregory, once Governor of Ceylon. Lady Gregory is a great friend of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who has collaborated with her in various essays into the region of Celtic myth and mysticism. Mr. Yeats spends most of his time in London, and is constantly to be seen in the reading-room of the British Museum; but he has to make periodic visits for inspiration to his native Ireland, whither his friend, Mr. George Moore, has withdrawn himself forever from the commercial mainland. Mr. Yeats's brother Jack is doing some very good work as an illustrator.

There seems to be a great deal of interest just now in three writers of the early part of the last century who have scarcely any relation to one another, namely, Lamb, Crabbe, and Hazlitt. Why they should all be "revived" at the same time is not quite clear, except in that they were contemporaries. Hazlitt died in 1830, Crabbe in 1832, and Lamb in 1834. One would have thought that Canon Ainger's edition of Lamb would have sufficed at least for another generation; but the new material discovered by Mr. E. V. Lucas justified the issue of an edition of Lamb's work in seven volumes by the Methuens. Canon Ainger is now devoting himself to Crabbe, upon whom he is writing a monograph for the English Men of Letters series, by far the most popular library of criticism that we

have got. There is certainly more excuse for dealing with Hazlitt, as his work has been absolutely buried in musty magazines and forgotten newspapers; and though the Dent edition is not particularly beautiful, it is the only attempt that has been made to give us a Hazlitt more or less complete. As a corollary, Mr. Augustine Birrell's forthcoming monograph on Hazlitt will be very useful. I may note, by the way, that the recent stone erected in St. Anne's Church, Soho, by his grandson to the memory of Hazlitt, spells the critic's name with an "e."

Americans visiting this country need be in no doubt as to what they are going to see, for the library of popular topography grows apace, and, if I might suggest it, is worthy of tabulation for the tourist. One of the most popular series of topographical books is the Highways and Byways set of monographs issued by the Macmillans (who have just started a new series of continental guide-books). One of the most recent volumes deals with Herts, and Mr. Clement Shorter is down for a volume on Bucks, a most fascinating county. Mr. Dent has paid particular attention to topography. Nothing better in every way has been done than the books of *Mediæval Towns*, which are done by the best authorities. One of the most interesting volumes of the series should be the one which deals with London; it has been prepared by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, the editor of *Pepys*. Mr. Wheatley, who is the assistant secretary of the Society of Arts, probably knows more about the history of London than any living man. It is more than thirty years since he began his topographical books about the Metropolis, by an account of Piccadilly and Pall Mall; and his *Dictionary of London*, issued in 1891, remains the handiest guide to the Capital. Any book about the me-

diæval London would be interesting, for, though London is very old, very little of its ancient form has come down to modern times, for the simple reason that it has been burned over and over again, and still more frequently rebuilt. Indeed, the process of reconstruction seems to be measured by the length of the average lease, which is ninety-nine years. Mr. W. G. Collingwood, Ruskin's biographer, will deal with the Lake Counties in the Mediæval Town Series. Meantime the Constable's great county history series is making progress, though many years must elapse before it is finished.

One of the most valuable Bibles of recent years, speaking from the bibliographical point of view, is the three-volume edition which the Doves Press, Hammersmith, is to publish at five guineas per volume. The Doves Press, which is conducted by Mr. Cobden Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker, while distinctly on Morris lines, is not quite so pronounced in its differences from the ordinary man's taste for type, and the prices of its issues have more than maintained themselves. It would be interesting to know whether the new edition of Dickens, which is going to cost from £1,600 to £2,000, will fetch anything like that sum, say, twenty years hence.

Genealogists and people who are interested in heraldry will be glad to get the new edition of "Armorial Families," by Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, which he has issued for the fourth time. Mr. Fox-Davies, who edits *The Genealogist*, has taken up the position that the College of Heralds is the sole authority for arms in England; and he has advanced his views with great pungency on several occasions. His opponents, however, are equally pungent—among them Mr. Joseph Foster, the veteran heraldist, who has just issued his big book, "Some Feu-

dal Coats of Arms"; and also Mr. J. Horace Round, who is a past-master of the art of destructive criticism. I notice that Mr. Fox-Davies remarks that "nobody can say definitely what the United States national arms are really intended to be." His book contains the best set of heraldic designs that I have seen.

The British Museum is so cramped for room that it is now proposed to place the files of old provincial newspapers miles away at Hendon, which all Londoners know as the neighborhood of the Welsh Harp, the hostel where costers used to congregate on Sundays. It will be necessary for readers to give twenty-four hours' notice for the examination of any file which will be brought into Bloomsbury. The scheme is a distinct improvement on the proposal which was formerly made, to distribute these old files throughout the provinces. Not a year passes that the efficiency of the museum is not distinctly advanced. The latest help to readers is the complete subject-index of all books published between 1880 and 1900. Some important new sets of reference-books have also been added to the reading-room.

The coronation will, in all probability, kill the play-houses in London. The fact that Sir Henry Irving has revived *Faust* instead of producing a new play is indicative of the situation; for managers have very bitter memories of the 1897 celebration of the late Queen. It is, however, very gratifying to find that success has attended the production of Mr. Stephen Phillips's two plays. Of course we have been favored, as usual, with the slight touch of contempt with which the literary critics treat the writer who becomes popular; but the theatrical public has risen to Mr. Phillips. Mr. Benson has been giving a very good Shakespeare season at Stratford-on-Avon, where the

new quarterly magazine, called *The Shrine*, devoted to Shakespeare, appeared for the first time on his last birthday. We are promised a dramatization which Mrs. Humphry Ward has made herself of "Eleanor"; and "Captain Kettle" will also be put on the stage.

Speaking of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne reminds me of a very straightforward article which has just appeared about him in a provincial magazine. It is interesting as showing the attitude of some writers to literary life in London. Mr. Hyne is a native of Gloucester, and lives at Manningham in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We are told that "even the Yankee is not likely to get the better of Hyne, or even to catch him tripping; he possesses another Yankce trait—he does

not frequent his club for the purpose of shop talk, but to play poker; and he does not waste his best stories on a few cronies, but keeps them for the great public, which loves his fiction. He prefers big game hunting in Africa to the sublimated acidity of London literary circles and sets; among the log-rollers who puff each other's public he is not at home." He comes rarely to London; Mr. Hyne is a great traveller and covers 10,000 miles every year. A burlesque of "Kettle" has already been put on the stage in the shape of Captain Pott, in the Gaiety piece, *A Messenger Boy*. Another sensational story has been put on the stage in Mr. Guy Boothby's *Dr. Nikola*. Mr. Boothby is another of the writers who keep well out of London life.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

NOW that the *Anglo-Saxon Review* has come to an untimely end one can look upon it from four standpoints: financial, literary, artistic, and bibliographical. It is interesting to note that in this last phase some articles of real importance and value have been contributed to it. Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, has written, as every reader of the *Review* knows, a description to each volume of the binding used on the volume. These monographs, although sometimes only a page or two in length, are serious contributions to our knowledge of bookbinding, and would make in themselves a very interesting book if published separately. His wide knowledge of bindings and experience in writing have enabled him to make an especial study of the subject, and thereby produce something of permanent interest. Each number has been bound with a view to giving representative examples, and among the bindings represented are the work of Le Gascon, Caenevarius, Derome lejeune, Berthelet, an unknown binder of the time of James I. and Charles I.; Samuel Mearne (the royal binder of Charles II.); and an Italian and Arabic specimen. The seriousness with which these old binders took their work is one of the interesting features to note in examining these bindings as a whole, and owing to the renewed interest in the historical

development of the art this series of ten volumes may be considered fairly representative. Although only stamped bindings, these examples are worthy of special study both for design and as representing the best examples of the best masters. It was an original idea, brilliantly and successfully brought to a conclusion, and those courageous people who subscribed to the periodical have an excellent series of interesting books on hand.

The sale of the library of Mr. Marshall C. Lefferts will have closed before this number of *THE BOOK BUYER* goes to press. As is well known, the library was bought *en bloc* by a dealer, and some of the notable nuggets were sold privately, notably the Shakespeare Folios, the Miltons, the Spensers, and some unusual pieces of Americana.

The remaining portion of the Americana has been sent to London. Of the portion disposed of by Messrs. Bangs & Co., there were in all 1,460 lots, comprising many books of great rarity as well as some of decided obscurity. The collector knows full well there is a difference between desirability and accessibility, and this collection illustrates this difference. Over and over again the collector is confronted with the thought that

because a book is scarce and unprocurable it is necessarily high priced, and many of the authors in Mr. Lefferts's library are practically unknown excepting to the careful student of the history of English Literature.

The notable feature of the sale of the library of Mr. A. J. Morgan by Messrs. Bangs & Co. on April 1st and 2d was the falling off of the prices on some of the more important items that were sold last year in the French and Arnold sales. This was notably so in the case of the Shelleys, Keatses, and Tennysons, and the prices as a whole on the American authors ruled very much less than one year ago. There seems to be no particular reason for this, as the copies were in fine condition and desirable in every way, the fluctuations being only those which are usual to the auction-room. If present in the room, either in person or through agents, two long-pursed buyers, competing for the same item, advance the price far beyond the ordinary. If a sale follows in which these two particular buyers are not interested and the same items appear again, the prices are apt to be very much lower, and apparently this was the condition at the Morgan sale; many of the principal collectors having had a chance to buy these books at private sale before they appeared at auction so that the purchasers were largely those who had not this opportunity.

Sometimes a simple thing is done so excellently that it is worthy of attention.

Last year, in the room in the British Museum called the King's Library, there was arranged and given an Exhibition illustrating the History of Printing, Music-Printing, and Bookbinding. A catalogue consisting of 150 pages was issued in connection with it, which in its way is a masterpiece. Not only as a matter of typography is it excellent, but the erudition displayed is of the highest order. The cases were arranged chronologically, as follows: Block Books—Germany (earliest examples of printing with movable types about 1455), Italy, France, The Netherlands, Spain, England, Oxford, St. Albans, London; Books Printed by Wynkyn de Worde, Richard Pynson; English Printing in the Sixteenth Century; English Books Printed Abroad; Later English Printing; Printing in Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies; Printing in Greek and Hebrew; Fifteenth Century Woodcut Illustrations; Postage Stamps; Music; English Royal Bindings, Stamped Bindings, German and Dutch Bindings, Italian Bindings, French Bindings, English Bindings.

It will be noted how comprehensive the above

list is, covering nearly the entire history of printing and binding. But the perfect arrangement is not the chief feature of this catalogue. Excellent brief notes are added in the form of short introductions to each chapter, giving a most valuable and lucid explanation of the contents of each case and showing in a few words the reason for its being exhibited.

It may not be generally known that the British Museum library is composed largely of gifts, and that the purchases have only been made with the idea of supplementing the others. The library now consists of over two million volumes. The Museum was founded in 1753 by the purchase of the Sloane collection. In 1757 George II. presented the library with his collection, comprising books collected by English Sovereigns from the time of Henry VII. Later gifts were the Civil War Tracts, presented by George III. in 1762; the Cracherode collection, presented in 1789; the library of Sir Joseph Banks, presented in 1820; the George III. library, presented by George IV. in 1823; and the Grenville collection, presented in 1847. Altogether there is more important information packed in this little volume of 150 pages than in any similar book we know of.

Among contemporary writers whose works ought to be picked up by the collector in first editions wherever possible one might venture to recommend the writings of Maurice Hewlett. Already his earlier writings are commanding a premium in London, and his later works, although issued in larger numbers, are at an advanced price. The laws of supply and demand once more come into the collector's estimate of the value of these books. When he was a comparatively obscure writer, and before Mr. Hewlett had written "The Forest Lovers," the number of copies in the first edition was extremely limited, and therefore are most difficult to secure. "Richard Yea and Nay" and "New Canterbury Tales" were issued in much larger numbers and will doubtless never be excessively scarce; but it is well for the collector to secure these earlier volumes in the original cloth uncut at once. Appended is a check list:

A Masque of Dead Florentines.	4to.	London	1895
Earthwork out of Tuscany....	16mo.	"	1895
Songs of Meditations.....	12mo.	"	1896
The Forest Lovers, a Romance.	12mo.	"	1898
Pan and the Young Shepherd..	12mo.	"	1898
Little Novels of Italy.....	12mo.	"	1899
Richard Yea and Nay.....	12mo.	"	1900
New Canterbury Tales.....	12mo.	"	1901

Ernest Dressel North.

CURRENT LITERATURE

"A QUESTION OF LATITUDES."

THE larger motive predominates in Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright's "novel of North and South," *Aliens*, and this is well, for, working inward, the reader grasps more firmly the meaning of the book. It is not only the social differences which make the Northerner an alien in the Southland; the temperamental divergence of which they are the outward manifestation is much more vital to a full understanding of the problem. The Southern novelist of this story, who in a Northern atmosphere appears far different from his own real self, to reassume it the moment he returns among his people, is a deft psychological expression of this temperamental difference; and, in a lighter way, Zoë Mason, the flirtatious, clever girl of the South, with her band of admirers, all of whom she keeps in uncertainty, is skilfully made to aid in carrying the analysis home. "It is all a question of latitudes," said Numa Roumestan, of the Méridional; and "it is all a question of latitudes," we may well repeat in reading this searching study of the divergences between our own North and South.

The minor characters grouped about the chief actors of this tale are all made to contribute to the picture, stepping forward out of their social system, or back into it, as may be needful for the author's purpose. It is, indeed, a foreign life to the Northerner, who finds so much warm-hearted hospitality; so much anxiety to make him feel "at home," provided he can adapt himself entirely and without reserve, mentally and intellectually, to a form of life that is crystallized, and will not change or move.

ALIENS: A STORY OF NORTH AND SOUTH. By Mary Tappan Wright. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.00.

Northern ideals cannot be reconciled with Southern facts—that is Mrs. Wright's conclusion, as it is that of all fair-minded Northerners who have dwelt below Mason and Dixon's line and observed closely. The South lives in a state of self-defence, surrounded by a surging mass whose numbers grow from day to day, a constant menace to the white man's supremacy, his property, his womankind, the continued existence of his civilization. He is willing to help the negro in his own way, from the depth of his understanding of him, in a manner that will safeguard his own safety and rule, but he is poor, and needs money to do so. That he welcomes from the North, but when well-meaning enthusiasts come thence to bring enlightenment to a race they do not know, he places himself on the defensive, ostracizes, and occasionally tears down. With him it is a question of numbers: educated or ignorant, the negro remains the same social and political menace to him. It is the insolvable problem of this country, and Mrs. Wright has done well to present it to us impartially, as a Northerner sees it who knows the South.

It is a life that has fallen behind the Northern times, paralyzed by the blow of the war, and by the reign of terror that followed it. It is but just regaining the use of its strength, and it is resolved that the scenes of negro supremacy it has witnessed shall not occur again. It has learned its lesson.

Mrs. Wright is not, however, merely a student of social conditions and their political consequences. She is a novelist as well—a good one, too, for not the least of the merits of *Aliens* is the utter absence from its pages of all personal trace of the author. The characters act the story, in-

cident and background tell it; there is plenty of movement and fictional interest throughout: one need not read the book for its information alone. As a novel merely it stands the test. The heroine—new-comer that she is from a superior centre of civilization—remains through many chapters a puzzled, discontented, disillusioned onlooker, unwittingly often giving offence. It is toward the end that she, too, unable to grasp the inevitable Southern view-point, endeavors to do the right as she sees it, and as it theoretically is, thus applying the tiny flame needed to cause the conflagration that has long been burning. It is this periodic catastrophe which we find time and again in novels of the contemporary South: it is but a reflection of the things that are.

Environment, in its widest sense, dominates the lives of all these people, environment made visible in character and action and atmosphere. The Southerners, being one with it, dominate in the impression made; the Northerners stand by and observe with us, we profiting by their misunderstandings, their blunders and mistakes, whether it be those of the bride from the New England university town, or of the zealous women who, endeavoring to serve the negro, submit cheerfully to a social death.

Mrs. Wright has added a book of deep significance to the small library of stories of American life that really illustrate their subject and interpret its deeper meaning.

A. Schade van Westrum.

LEIF'S THRALL

MISS LILJENCRA NTZ, whose name proclaims the fact that she has not strayed far from the home of her ancestors in the selection of her subject, endeavors, in *The Thrall of Leif the Lucky*,

to give life to the far-distant past, when the priests of the French coast added to their litany the supplication, "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us!" From Trondhjem, the Nidaros of Olaf Trygvasson, she takes us to Iceland, and thence to Greenland, whence we sail with Leif the Lucky on that voyage which, history vaguely has it, led to the discovery of Vineland on our coast. The winter spent on these shores, the adventures of the Norsemen, the riches they gathered, of lumber and grain and furs, and good red wine—these furnish the subjects for the closing chapters, which are also the best, alike in their strict adherence to the historical possibilities of truth, the development of the characters, and the culmination of the plot, for fiction is not forgotten for the sake of the information gathered from Sagas and later historians.

The author does not enter very deeply into questions of Norse archæology or Norse mythology. She reconstitutes, in a general way, the daily life of the rude, passionate, undisciplined, marauding Norsemen, stanch friends and implacable foes, romantic characters living strenuously the strenuous life, but probably more pleasant to look upon through the softening haze of ages than they would have been face to face in their own day and primitive odds and ends of civilization. Fighting, burning, robbing, gambling, and drinking were their favorite pastimes, but, like their lordly successors of the Middle Ages, they lacked not a certain dignity and a sense of loyalty which nothing could shake.

It is not, however, Leif and his Norsemen, but his thrall, Alwin the Saxon, the son of an English jarl, of the blood of Alfred, who is the hero of this story. Taken in a Danish raid upon the Northumbrian coast, sold from hand to hand,

THE THRALL OF LEIF THE LUCKY. By Otilie A. Liljencrantz. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

he at last passes into the possession of Leif, who, on account of his knowledge of reading, lifts him from his degradation. For Leif is an early Christian, but a wise one, who, unlike his Roman *confrères* in fiction, does not insist upon being a persecuted martyr, but wisely bides his time.

The author, who considers the Viking age the "boyhood of the Anglo-Saxon race"—it had its boyhood in so many different localities, among so many different peoples—evidently had in mind the sharing of that race in the honor of the first landfall on this continent, when she made Alwin the Saxon take part in Leif's expedition, disguised, if you please, as a Norman noble. For the reason of that disguise the reader is referred to the story itself, where he will learn at the same time much that is romantic and sturdily admirable of Helga the shield-maiden, a veritable Valkyrie, straight of limb and fair of face and free of spirit.

Thus Norseman, Saxon, Norman—by proxy—the German, in the guise of a minor character, and Christianity all reach the New World together—a bit of simple symbolism from which the Celt alone is unpardonably missing. The Jesuit Fathers need not, however, fear for the laurels of their heroic seventeenth century predecessors, for Leif, landing in the autumn, did not find any Indians to convert at the risk of his life, and did not dream of seeking them. It was not until the day before the departure of the expedition, in the spring, that the aborigines, having left their winter villages, appeared for a moment. It is to be noticed, by the way, that this company of Norse Christians did not indulge in religious exercises, so far as the evidence of this story goes. They behaved considerably better than the heathen brethren they had left behind, but, so far as we can see, Leif's far from mild discipline was the cause of this. The heathen were con-

verted when he came sailing home with great riches, for, said they, the god who can thus favor a man must be a powerful deity. There is a deep touch of human nature in this.

The thrall, too, is a Christian—how could it be otherwise with one of the blood of King Alfred? And yet, when the future is dark before him, and love cries out for certainty in his heart, he consults Skroppa, the local Witch of Endor of these worshippers of Thor, and behold, unto the end does the author verify her predictions.

This book is diverting, rather than engrossing. The atmosphere of time and place is suggested rather than expressed with scientific exactitude; the romance comes to its own only in the later chapters, but is hardly missed in the panorama of action through which it runs. The story will serve for younger as well as older readers—for what the Germans call *die reifere Jugend*—and, if we mistake not, they will, on the whole, find heartier pleasure in it than will their elders.

FIVE ENTERTAINING NOVELS

THE romance of eighteenth-century English life, its traditions and courtliness, survived in Virginia long after the young Republic had freed herself from the Mother Country. The culture and grace which Mr. Churchill depicted in "Richard Carvel" persisted in a region that changed but little until the eve of the Civil War. For Virginia lived on her large plantations, not in her towns; she was a little world unto herself. She was fifty years behind the times fifty years ago, in the best possible sense of that reproachful sentence. She matured, and, in maturing them, improved the traditions brought by her earliest lords of the manor; to-day this old-fashioned, leisurely, cultured life, with its elaborate and somewhat

ponderous formalities, has all the restfulness of a return to nature, when found in a book.

To the Virginian of the first half of the last century, one not born within the boundaries of the Mother of Presidents was a being to be pitied, not to be held responsible for his misfortune, to be sure, but still a "barbarian," as the ancient Greeks understood the term. He was not a "cousin." As for the Yankee, he was a dangerous revolutionary being, socially and politically, whom it was well to hold guilty until he had proved his innocence. It was a healthful life and gay; somewhat narrow in its outlook, drawing closer the lines of blue blood than many a European aristocracy, but dainty in its outward manifestations, and strong, if confusingly arbitrary, in its sense of honor and loyalty.

Miss Ellen Glasgow draws a charming picture of this life in *The Battleground*. As the title indicates, the story embraces also the years of the Civil War, which swept away this mature survival of an older civilization, root and branch, the sources of its wealth, its homes, and its future. But the war only comes in the later chapters, and, well done though they be, the real interest of the book lies in its chronicle of peace and plenty, of courtesy, culture, and tradition, of young love and chivalry. The charm of the life, as painted here, is deep and enduring. It is possible that distance has lent enchantment to the view, but it has ever been thus with the "good old times." Of the effectiveness of the material as used by Miss Glasgow there can be no doubt. And as an artist she grows in fulness with each new work from her pen.

From this fine atmosphere of inherited culture to the ultra-modern life of New York in the closing years of the nineteenth

century it is, indeed, a long step. Modern American journalism is invading literature, and to some purpose, for the newspaper man alone obtains a practical daily view of that vertical stratification of American society of which President Roosevelt has spoken. It is all in the day's work for him to interview a multimillionaire in the morning, and to end at night in a hovel of misery in the abodes of poverty among us, with, between the two extremes, halts at the intervening stations. He sees the violent contrasts; he is a reporter, and is not required to draw conclusions that are beyond the drawing by human mind. He may become pessimistic or callous or bewildered. But he gathers material that the professional novelist may well envy him—material such as Dickens found in London in his early years.

There can be little doubt that the author of *Many Waters* is a journalist. It is a tale of journalism seen from within, of city life as journalism sees it, touched with that poetry of friendship which recurs time and again in fiction, whether it be in the guise of "Three Guardsmen," in that of "Little Billee" and his companions, or in that of the busy, thoughtless newspaper men who so generously endeavor to shield one of their number from unhappiness. The study and unravelling of uncommon phases of life, of the extraordinary and the abnormal, as a means of livelihood, must needs lead to a melodramatic touch: life, before it has passed through the hands of art, is mostly melodrama. There is melodrama in this book, but if there be, it is only because it is true to life. Its author obeys the rule displayed in the offices of the rival of the "Diurnal," on whose staff served his hero: he respects "Accuracy! ACCURACY! ACCURACY!" He tells us facts, the facts

from which truth is extracted; and his undertaking is not beyond his powers.

This same sense of the contrasts of life is discernible in Mr. Benjamin Swift's *The Game of Love*, which opposes the two extremes without intervening gradations. In fiction London remains Dickens's, even after these many years, and though not even a most liberal interpretation would justify us in classing this novel with the works of the new Dickens school which, after its recent activity, seems to have subsided for the moment, it approaches it more nearly than any other recognizable "school" of current British fiction. Mr. Swift's double plot concerns British "county" people, and even a peer, on the one hand, the submerged tenth on the other—the world in which the honest chimney sweep is the landlord of the pick-pocket, in which the poet may dwell, driven by necessity—an instance of this was not far to seek some years ago,—and in which a miser may well be found to claim kinship with the other side of the picture. In the painter's sense of the word Mr. Swift's composition is faulty. He groups at both ends of his canvas, leading up to nothing in the centre, which he calmly leaves bare. Moreover, he masses all his shadow on the left, while flooding the right with sunshine. Still, all this does not affect the readableness of his book, which, thanks be to heaven, we are not expected to take too seriously. In the depths there is an appalling tragedy of life, whose only survivor is somewhat shadowy in the end; but on the heights there is an entertaining comedy, of the prodigal son cast adrift by his dignified father and his priggish brother, taking service with a nobleman, and carrying off that brother's bride, after playing a delightful masquerade in a country-house full of bewildered gentry. This is an

eighteenth-century situation, but it fits well in the present time as told by Mr. Swift. The idea is sufficiently suggestive to form the framework of a comedy with a touch of farce.

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor tells an obvious story very acceptably in *The Crimson Wing*. Who that writes a novel of the Franco-German War can help feeling the influence of Zola's "Débâcle," can refrain from profiting by its documentary material? Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has made slight and perfectly legitimate use of these data in sketching the historical side of his tale; and when we say that in his plot he reminds us here and there of Mr. Chambers, we intend to convey no insinuation of plagiarism—such a charge we would make without attempt at disguising it—but merely a measure of the ingenious rapidity of the action. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor introduces historical personages—the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince, Moltke, Bismarck, "Phil" Sheridan, Napoleon, Benedetti, General Douay—but merely for the sake of historical effect: he respects them too much to make them do a share of the work of his fiction in addition to that they bore in the making of history.

There is another side to this tale—the side of the Offenbach opera bouffe and its divinities, of the froth of life in France in the days of the third Napoleon, when Ems was almost a French watering-place. The wickedness of this is decidedly innocuous, pronouncedly boyish. The book will do young men no harm, though perhaps our young ladies—what a care they are to us, and how we must ever judge our fiction according to their innocence!—may find it forbidden fruit, guarded by careful parents. The author has here attempted something great and profound, the eternal problem of the redemption of a woman by

a pure love. He has not quite succeeded—unless the reader be ready to collaborate with him to an unusual degree. Here we stand before the old academic question of the exact proportion of the work to be done by the writer himself, and the degree to which he may rely upon the understanding of his audience. It is an interesting question, which need not detain us in the consideration of this story, which we may take as it stands, amusing, well planned, and dealing superficially, and possibly impressionistically, according to the attitude of the reader, with an interesting phase of a life that, happily enough for us, remains alien to our civilization.

Of more importance is the question of method in a consideration of Mrs. Jennette Lee's *The Son of a Fiddler*. She knows New England and its folk; she has this time a romantic story to tell, but we cannot help thinking that her method of telling it is fundamentally wrong. Her reader has to do an enormous amount of work to supplement her own, which is disjointed, episodic, impressionistic, with many gaps that require filling out. She is not a short-story writer, and yet that would seem to be her true field, if the evidence of her novels can be accepted. To write a series of chapters, each complete in itself, and to place them side by side, is something different from the writing of a novel. The novel is suggested, no doubt, and suggested unmistakably, but the result is halting, disturbing, distracting, because the reader is kept busy building bridges for himself from chapter to chapter.

STORIES LIGHTLY TOUCHED

"THE Cardinal's Snuff-Box" was undoubtedly the most delightful of the several books last year which showed

that the world was ready to be diverted from melodrama. And now Mr. Harland has followed it with a book which, if equally successful, will open the way still wider for the writers with a light touch. "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"—not the veritable box, but the story—was a soap-bubble tossed into the air. *The Lady Paramount* is perhaps more like a bit of bubbled foam. The delicacy and the iridescence are there, but the idyl is not so exquisitely formed, so centred. One trouble is in the lightsome, discursive Adrian, of whom the hero says: "You're an effulgent sort of egotist, as egotists go; but you yield much cry for mighty little wool."

Something of that sort is what one is tempted to say of the whole story. It cannot be called slighter than its predecessor, but it is certainly less sustained by its side characters. Adrian—pink, white, and wearisomely gay—is no substitute for the Cardinal, and Miss Sandus, though an engaging old lady, lacks the quaintness of Marietta. The first chapter and several chapters toward the end are placed in Sampaolo, an island in the Adriatic, but the body of the story has an English setting. Susanna, Countess of Sampaolo, has it upon her mind to make over her estates and title to her distant cousin, Anthony Craford, the heir of the unjustly exiled elder branch of the family. As the present succession has been legalized by the Italian Government, the estates cannot be passed over to Anthony by deed, but if Susanna were to enter a convent the property would go to him as next heir. Susanna, however, has a better plan in view, although she has never seen Anthony. She goes to England under an assumed name and meets him. One passing glimpse of her prepares the way as far as he is concerned; and, with her romantic

THE SON OF A FIDDLER. By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo. \$1.50.

THE LADY PARAMOUNT. By Henry Harland. John Lane, 12mo. \$1.50.

idea fast in her head, she is almost in love with him before first sight. One would think that there could be no complications under such circumstances, but Susanna manufactures them industriously and charmingly until the last page.

In reading Miss Eleanor Hoyt's stories of *Nancy*, one can scarcely help feeling that here is a series of sketches casually begun, but gathering a more definite idea as it goes along. Each sketch is slight and gay, and their collected weight is certainly not unwieldy, yet the figures of Nancy and the various young men who do their part in breaking the monotony of life for her stand out as if in light, skilful pencil strokes—not, however, like the strokes of Mr. Stanlaws's pencil, which is governed by an art too faddish to be interpretative. Nancy, creature of epigrams and flirtations as she is, has a New Hampshire head and a Kentucky heart which show just enough even in the lightest and the tritest of the tales—for, alas, one or two of them are trite—to make her thoroughly alive. The stories tell of her adventures in the game of love, and frequently are in her own words with the "man who came often" for listener. In the end this patient gentleman receives his reward. "Touring in Bohemia" is not only the most delightful story of this series, but far the jolliest and truest study of "Bohemia" that we have had in a long time. No one else has shown quite such a rollicking sense of humor or quite such clear-sightedness in picturing that queer quarter of the world where the one commandment is, "Thou shalt not drop thy pose." The poet and the artist and the problem novelist—dare one say that they are not portraits or at least composites? The poet leaves Nancy with twenty-six sonnets written to her. "The sonnets are to be printed in February, so his time

wasn't wasted, and I needn't reproach myself. Yet they say there's no thrift in Bohemia."

A very different style of humorous, lightly touched fiction is that which Mr. W. W. Jacobs has been practising for several years, in short stories of English waterside life or of cruises from English port to port. Mr. Jacobs writes a simple story with no literary flourishes, but with plenty of amusing incidents, often acted out by sturdy, salty characters not averse to horse-play. This year a novel of his has appeared, and it shows that he is as good at sustaining humorous situations and characters as at creating them. Many people will probably think of Dickens in reading this book, but of Dickens with all the elements of tragedy omitted. *At Sunwich Port* begins and centres round the ill-feeling between Captains Nugent and Hardy. Captain Nugent, whose ship, *Conqueror*, has collided with another boat, is suspended for six months by the Court of Inquiry, and his first officer, Hardy, being recommended for promotion, gets Nugent's ship. Nugent's children, Kate and Jack, carry on the quarrel with Hardy's boy Jem, and deepen it, much to the regret of Jem in later years when he falls in love with Kate. The situation is ingeniously complicated by Nugent's attempt to have his own son kidnapped and carried to sea on a whaler to save him from his engagement to one Amelia Kybird, who is of a lower walk in life, her father being both scoundrel and old-clothes dealer. Unfortunately, the shady agent chosen for the work is a friend of Kybird's, and, instead of kidnapping Jack, he takes off the old captain himself and stows him away, drugged, on board of his old ship, *Conqueror*, in command of his enemy, Captain Hardy. Hardy feigns ignorance of Nugent's identity, and

grants him no amenities. The situation, which is ludicrous enough, is a fair example of the obstacles which the persistent Jem finds in his path, and the story is pure comedy from beginning to end. Mr. Wilks, the old ship steward whose pleasant latter days on shore are embittered by the attentions of his neighbor, Mrs. Silk; the Kybirds, who take in Jack Nugent, who has quarrelled with his father, and proceed to make him one of themselves to the extent of engaging their daughter to him almost before he knows it, are all good comedy characters, as vivid, though less insistently portrayed, than the minor characters of Dickens.

Many Waters, a story of newspaper men, written from a full knowledge of their work and ways, though gayly told wherever it is possible, is more of an all-round story, showing the dark side of things as well as the bright. Its principal characters are Shotterly, a man already eminent on Newspaper Row, and Hartford, a young fellow who has just come to the city to make his way as a writer; but there are many other newspaper men, besides men in other walks of life. The love element is present, even predominant, as one may guess from the motto on the title-page, "Many waters cannot quench love." Hartford is in love with Elinor Wharton, a young girl whom he had known in the country, but who presently comes to town. Shotterly loves his own wife Zoe, who cares little for him, and the efforts of the two men—one to win a wife, the other to make a dissatisfied wife happy—form the sentimental portion of a book that is full of action, and shows the rushing life of a great city as it can only be seen from the view-point of a newspaper man. The night and the day before Shotterly hears that his wife has gone away with another man are a very

unpretentious but very effective preparation for an emotional crisis. A night of nervous excitement followed by a day when work goes wrong in the office give a sense of increasing tension which could scarcely be better done. Incidentally the story claims that the "yellow journals" are our only really conscientious and accurate newspapers, and we scarcely know whether to count that implication as among the humorous or the tragic elements of the tale.

Mary Tracy Earle.

READABLE TALES

MR. WHITE'S book is of that rapidly increasing number which in part inspire, in part reflect the growing interest in the "strenuous" life of America of to-day and yesterday. As a picturesque account of the "lumberjack's" experiences and the opportunities and vicissitudes of lumbering it deserves the heartiest welcome. As fiction it is not well proportioned, and at times suffers from an indifference to its tragedies which is cold-blooded. It has no polite excuses for its continuous exhibit of elemental passions in their honest but savage expression. It throbs with the pulse of red blood. The "Fighting Forty" in the hour of their revenge are matched only by the wolves of their night; Thorpe, the hero, in a fury hurling an axe at the head of a slow-moving teamster, is not a convincing example of manhood in its best estate. But these pages are redolent, too, with the balsam of the forest and are infused with a love for the dark arches and the sun-bathed patches of the woods and for the rushing river, which draws upon a rich store of experience and observation in the making of

MANY WATERS. A Story of New York. By Robert Shackleton. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo., \$1.50.

THE BLAZED TRAIL. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo., \$1.50.

pictures. The scenes of the lumber camp, tree felling, log hauling, the "drive," and the clashes between men of rival gangs are well done and are crammed with detail. Jimmy Powers, throwing his hat in the face of death as the breaking log-jam overwhelms him, is dramatic in the extreme. Mr. White's descriptive powers are undoubted. In another book we may look for a discrimination in the exercise of these which will make the story not less real and picturesque and better ordered.

The present book may hardly be called a novel. It tells vigorously and with directness of the struggle of a young man against the handicap of an embezzling father, the enmity of a powerful firm of lumber men, a lack of money, and the necessity of supporting a sister whom he misunderstands and who misunderstands him. Thorpe wins his way—a little too easily at first, we are disposed to think—because he has the courage, indomitable will, and common sense which fit a man to be a master of men. From a chore boy in a Michigan lumber camp he becomes an expert "swamper," "decker," and "cant-hook man." As a "landlooker" he strikes out for himself, and discovers a tract of pine land, from which he cuts almost a fortune, only to sacrifice it at the supreme moment for the sake of a hulking fellow whose love-story has wakened his heart. Thorpe's own love-story comes into the book too late. It surprises us with a sweetness and idyllic promise which make us lenient to occasional lapses, but do not diminish regret at having so brief an acquaintance with "the dream girl"—the candid and healthy Hilda.

The author of "Without a Warrant" develops. *The Master of Caxton* is an uncommonly entertaining story, though there will likely be dispute as to the choice of title for it. Cassandra Dale is conspicu-

ously the inspiration and pivot of the action, and to deny her the compliment of a place on the covers seems unfair, and raises expectations of Donald Peyton-Call which are scarcely realized. That careless and good-looking gentleman has certain claim on our affections, but earns entire respect for himself at a late hour. Cassandra on the contrary commands instant respect, but prompts the reader to wish that she might more often exhibit feminine weaknesses. None the less she is an interesting figure and stands out definitely from her surroundings.

The story is laid in the South and in the present day. It is a love-story with something more than sentiment and the erection of fictitious barriers to give opportunity for its plot. Cassandra Dale, the daughter of a poor-white family of Rolfe Court House, and adopted by a wealthy woman of the North, by whom she is brought up and educated, surrenders the inheritance of a fortune, contingent upon her continuance of a philanthropic mission, to return to her family. This she finds to consist of three brothers, handsome, shiftless, honest fellows, living in a shack much the life which their parents led before them. Cassandra establishes herself here, determined to improve their condition. Meanwhile she has met and made friends with several of the better-born people of the neighborhood, among them Virgie Fanton, an audacious beauty, who wants only those men around her who have no rights which she is bound to respect, and who makes Donald Peyton-Call, her fiancé, the daily object of this frank coquetry. Mr. Peyton-Call, for his part, cheerfully acknowledges that somebody has secured pretty nearly everything he ever owned, but consoles himself with life as it is, and is doing no good to a rather fine nature by bad habits. Between these two steps Cassandra, intent solely on bringing her family to a clearer concep-

tion of their responsibilities, but soon to learn that Virgie, Mr. Peyton-Call, and her own oldest brother among them have plans to which she must give unconscious or unwilling aid. Virgie's father, an unscrupulous man, also comes within the field of Cassandra's influence, and from these elements, with the introduction of a lost contract and an almost forgotten family scandal, Miss Brooks evolves complications which pique curiosity and develop cumulative interest. More than this, she has, in some well-managed situations, evinced an excellent understanding of character and has reproduced with the appreciation of a native the Southern speech and attitude. The book gives the impression of reality from first page to last, and is distinctly readable.

Dorothy South, a love-story of Virginia just before the war, is to be read leisurely and without expectation of surprises. There is no elaboration of plot and the character development is slight except in the girlish figure of the jealously guarded Dorothy herself, and in her it is the ripening of those gracious qualities of mind and body which make her lovable from the start, but which are so irrevocably and obviously at the command of Doctor Arthur Brent from the moment of their meeting that the reader with an appetite for the mischances and uncertainties of love confesses to a wish to take a hand in abetting Madison and Jefferson Peyton. Edmonia Bannister, the toast of her neighborhood, who promises to make it interesting for the handsome and accomplished Doctor Brent, also fails to live up to her opportunities in this respect, which is all the more provoking because we feel sure the Doctor is of metal to yield a ringing note. As it is, he proves himself worthy of Dorothy, and shows a will, capacity, and patience in

keeping with the atmosphere of a story for which, it is fair to presume, there will be a host of satisfied readers. The quiet of the book will be its chief charm for these. Aunt Polly, who has no faith in the traveller's tale that the earth is round, and does not believe in railroads, but who places herself exactly when she informs the scheming Madison Peyton that she would call him a fool, if the Bible didn't forbid, is in harmony with her broad porches embowered in honeysuckle and climbing roses; Colonel Majors and the rest, and Dick, Diana, and Polydore, and the other darkies fill in a bit of Southern sweetness and contentment over which the approaching war is allowed to cast but the lightest of shadows. Mr. Eggleston again shows that he knows his Virginia. His pictures of the days in which each gentleman at the dinner-table carved his own joint or pair of fowls are delightfully intimate. The publishers have given the book dainty dress, and there is a winning portrait of Dorothy in the riding habit she wears so gracefully, and other illustrations by C. D. Williams.

"Droll to be dead in such fine weather," Mr. Watrous has recorded in "Mr. Draper's Diary," one of the eighteen sketches and short stories collected in *Young Howson's Wife*. The words gather pathetic significance from the fact that their author died but a few days before his book was published, and again and again they are recalled by the tragic note which predominates in most of the other contributions. The tragedy in these is stark, and, were it not for the livelier spirit in which part of the book's contents is conceived, some really clever work would be likely to be passed over. The sketches are a few of them humorously cynical, a few appreciative of the opportunity for satire in the foibles of the day, one an

DOROTHY SOUTH. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. Lothrop Publishing Company, 12mo, \$1.50.

YOUNG HOWSON'S WIFE. By A. E. Watrous. Quail & Warner, 12mo, \$1.50.

idyl reminiscent of the French manner, the rest such bits of description and narrative as the experiences of a newspaper man afford and his skill enable him to put graphically and entertainingly into writing. Mr. Watrous, as an exceedingly active and versatile newspaper worker for a fair share of years, viewed the panorama of city life as a trained observer at close range; and this much may be said for his book: there is not a contribution in it which, by oddity of circumstance, novel point of view, or a breezy fashion of putting things, does not prick interest. The sketches and stories are of all sorts. There has been no attempt to group them, other than to print the line that the first six relate to married, the others to unmarried women.

"The Two Cornets of Monmouth" is an essay at historical fiction, slender, but done with some accuracy of detail and a nice fancy; "Old Coaching Days" uses an account of a journey on the express stage-line from Philadelphia to New York in 1830 as the setting for a wooing; "The Appearance of Evil" puts an old and sombre picture in a new frame; "The Woman who Sang" tells of a last and pathetic triumph; "Oliver Mendwell's Wife" relates the deplorable consequences of woman's acquisition of the franchise. In many respects the titular story, with its eternal question, is the strongest thing in the volume.

Francis Churchill Williams.

GOOD ROMANCES, IF HISTORICAL

THE historical novel entered some time ago upon the machine-made stage: it became easy to manufacture the article, but, as is always the case with factory work, what was won in quantity of production was lost in quality. The hand-made, artistic product has become rare. The greatest of the many merits

of Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's *Hohenzollern* is that it has all the appearance of being hand-made. To be sure, it belongs to the family of historical fiction, which lives in an atmosphere that in its essence remains always the same, but it has a vigorous, honest spontaneity about it that carries the reader along for the moment being, and leaves him well satisfied at the end. "The villain still pursued her" is an old and tried formula, but when no less a personage than Frederick Barbarossa is the pursuer, and when his rivals number no less than two, and these two a Guelf and a Hohenzollern, the situation is somewhat changed. This is a capital bit of writing, which will please many a jaded palate. It has the making of a play in it, but with that we are not concerned for the moment. Suffice it to say that Mr. Brady has evidently found time in his vigorously busy career as a writer to bring to a higher state of merit a method that serves remarkably well as the vehicle of his strenuous material. His characters have individuality, his heroine has charm, his romance has a convincing touch. *Hohenzollern* is beyond doubt his best work thus far. It sounds a fresh note in a somewhat jaded genre.

Great courage is sometimes required to do a conventional thing, and the novelist who would still tell us tales of the Revolution is certainly daring in following in the footsteps of those who apparently have gleaned that particular field with minute thoroughness. Mr. Hamblen Sears reaps the reward of his boldness in *None but the Brave*, which, like Mr. Brady's book, has the merit of freshness, however familiar its subject. It is certainly a strenuous tale, for if ever bravery was tried inces-

HOHENZOLLERN. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. The Century Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE. By Hamblen Sears. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

santly, it is in the case of the hero of this book: he deserves his fair damsel, won in circumstances sufficiently romantic to make one rejoice over his victory. The debatable ground between the Colonial and the British lines on the Hudson at Tarrytown and New York furnish the scenes; the moment of Benedict Arnold's attempted treachery the setting, the historical plot into which the author weaves the doings of his imaginary characters. The maid is wed at the beginning of the book, under ingeniously planned conditions; she is won later, amid the clash of arms, with plot and counter-plot, love winning the day over traitors and enemies less historic than Arnold, whom the hero is sent to capture in New York. Washington, Lafayette, Clinton and Howe, the Baroness Riedesel and other historical personages, flit through the pages of this story, which is as well written as planned. It is sound, capable literary work.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is at his best in *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*, strong, direct, dramatic, with the human touch that rings true, and historical. For the American Indian is certainly already a part of history, as is his treatment by the innumerable children of the Great White Father at Washington, who is their guardian. Mr. Garland's interest in the Red Men is not sentimental, much less purely scientific: they are men and women he has known and learned to love, whose wrongs he understands, whose part he takes, so far as that is necessary, in the person of his hero. Being a novelist first of all, however, he does not indict, he does not denounce: he chronicles, and in the recording tells a tale of duty done; of fine, sturdy, honest American manhood; of love triumphing over prejudice without sacrifice of principle. The true note of historical romance rings in the

mastery of the young army officer over the mob which invades the territory on lynching bent; and when the Gray Horse Troop arrives, clad in the authority of the Federal Government, the author stirs the heart of every citizen acknowledging allegiance to Uncle Sam. Mr. Garland's name is not one to be easily submerged in the flood of "current literature." This latest book of his deserves consideration. There is life in it, and human nature, and the still primitive West which its author knows and interprets so well.

Youth, beauty, love—these form the trinity upon which is founded all romance. Mr. Charles Major felt this instinctively when he wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which the three carried to success, notwithstanding the amazing crudity of its writing. Since then this author has wisely taken the trouble to learn his trade, with the consequence that his new book, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, deserves serious attention. Mr. Major remains true to the trinity, which is, indeed, palpably of the essence of his talent; but he has improved in method and style to an extent upon which he is to be congratulated. Popular his new story will be—there can be little doubt of that, and it will deserve its popularity also in the eyes of those who insist upon literary quality in even the "best-selling" books. It has the true ring, evoked now by a skilful hand, not struck at random. The story is an historical romance, not an historical novel: Dorothy Vernon *did* elope with John Manners in the days of Good Queen Bess, and brought to the house of Rutland the wide domain of Haddon Hall, but it is a love-story first, last, and all the time, the presence of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart to the contrary notwithstanding. They are but incidental figures in the plot, which never

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GRAY HORSE TROOP. By Hamlin Garland. With portrait. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL. By Charles Major. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

wanders far in its interest from the proud, imperious, indomitable personality of Dorothy, whose blind friend, Lady Magdalene Stanley, introduces a gentler note of pure affection into the chronicle of her headstrong passion.

There is a great deal of miscellaneous reading in N. M. Meakin's *The Assassins*, mostly about Saladin and the Crusaders under their great leader Richard; consequently the reader cannot help remembering Sir Walter. Then, for the sake of good measure, there is a heretical sect which believes itself orthodox, of course, a terrible secret society, something like the mixture of Jesuits and thugs in Sue's masterly dime novel, a society which, made up of outcasts of all tribes of Asia Minor and Africa, counts even renegade Franks among its members. The death of Saladin is decreed by this order, whose leaders are not fanatics but clever scoffers, who count among their means of deception even a make-believe Paradise, with houris and all the pleasures promised by Mohammed himself. The old pagan priestcraft, it will be seen, in a later guise. The man who is chosen to be the assassin of the great Sultan is allowed to dwell in this earthly Paradise, ere he is sent upon his mission. But he falls in love with one of the maidens there, whence it follows that Saladin is not murdered. It is all old, familiar material, handled with a certain measure of clever-

ness. The battles between Christians and Moslems are the best thing in the book. It is hard to classify or judge it, for it is altogether a question of taste in fiction, and there be tastes many in that field of literature nowadays.

Mary Catherine Crowley returns to old Detroit, the scene of her earlier story, "A Daughter of New France," in her new book, *The Heroine of the Strait*, which deals with the surrender of the post to the British, and Pontiac's unsuccessful attempt to capture it in 1763. Here, then, is material for a tale of bloodshed and cruelty and danger and treachery, but, on the whole, Englishman and Frenchman and Indian roar you as gently as any cooing dove, for this tale is told by a woman—chiefly for young women, we suppose—and love pervades it from beginning to end, the usual love of a daughter of the conquered for a son of the conquerors. Miss Crowley has no pretty talent for the strenuous life in its most primitive expression; she tells of it, but not *con amore*, for her real interests lead her elsewhere. She is scrupulously and meritoriously exact in her use of historical authorities—the facts are all here, but the blood-and-thunder spirit is missing. On the other hand, she tells a sweet love-story, if not a strikingly original one, and tells it skilfully, while managing to reflect the daily life of the French settlers of the day.

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

CRITICISM IN DISGUISE

MR. H. G. WELLS has persuaded himself that his latest book is a serious attempt at scientific prophecy.

THE ASSASSINS. By N. M. Meakin. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE HEROINE OF THE STRAIT. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

Probably enough, therefore, it will be accepted as such by the many readers it deserves and is sure to get. As a matter of fact, however, *Anticipations* is much more of an achievement in criticism of

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE REACTION OF MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS UPON HUMAN LIFE AND THOUGHT. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers, svo, \$1.75.

to-day than in prediction of to-morrow. For prediction of the kind he has attempted can have real value only on one condition—that the forecaster has an extensive, minute, and accurate knowledge of the past and the present. Now, Mr. Wells knows a good deal about not a few subjects; he has studied and observed industriously, and from given premises he can argue logically as well as audaciously; but—his best friend and warmest admirer would hardly claim that he is more than a clever amateur in either science or sociology. His attainments in both were quite sufficient to make his romances something more than mere imaginings, though the imagination they displayed was by far their most valuable element, but it was vastly easier for the physiologist to forgive a romancer for creating beings who were practically all brains than it is for the engineer to pardon a philosopher for seeing in the toy railways of England the limit of possible development in that direction. The error was negligible in the one case; it is fatal in the other, or, if not exactly that, it certainly warrants extreme caution in the acceptance of any conclusion reached by Mr. Wells, and justifies the suspicion that his "anticipations" may be nothing more than guesses founded on imperfect information.

To deny authority to a writer, however, by no means necessitates the denial that he possesses any merit—a most fortunate circumstance, since to question the interest of this book would be the height of absurdity, and no merit is greater than interest. It formulates the problems of the day with intelligent and sympathetic appreciation; it attacks the venerable wrongs and follies of modern civilization with a vehemence which is not the less admirable for being a little reckless, and, unconvincing as are many of its confident forecasts, the majority of them are plausible enough to set the reader—if he be,

as ninety-nine readers out of a hundred are, also an amateur in science and sociology, but not so clever as Mr. Wells—to thinking along new and surprising lines. Than which what can be a pleasanter or fruitfuller occupation?

An illustration of the author's courage as a critic is his declaration that the British army is so hopelessly inefficient as a fighting machine, in the present and future conditions of warfare, that efforts to reform and improve it are an utter waste of time, and that it, with its glorious memories, should be turned into a mere decoration for court functions, while for the nation's real military service, offensive and defensive, a new army should be raised, made up of men who know things and can do them. Just how this amazing proposition affects the average British mind it is not for an American to say. As Mr. Wells has not yet been mobbed, or even denounced with any seriousness, it may be that the average British mind regarded the proposition as a joke. It is one, in a way, and a joke rendered easily appreciable—to minds not British—by the daily reports from South Africa, where reincarnations of the valiant Braddock are slowly learning the rudiments of their business in the most expensive of schools.

One grievance against existing society to which Mr. Wells returns again and again, and consideration of which forms the substance of his book, is the survival of privileges once honestly earned, but now entirely uncompensated. Princes and peasants he overwhelms with a common condemnation as useless and functionless. The small landholder, so long the object of universal laudation, he groups with the inhabitants of the city slums—the "people of the abyss." He has patience and commendation only for the engineer type of man—the man who has learned the lessons of science, and acquired ability and inclination to do things on a large scale.

The possessor of wealth who lives as an irresponsible holder of shares in corporations in whose activities he takes no part is the frequent subject of Mr. Wells's threats, and is to disappear long before the year 2000. Artists of the kind now in fashion, being mostly parasites on these irresponsible shareholders, are to follow them into oblivion, while no extended lease of life is "anticipated" for the clergy, the morality they teach, or the marriages they solemnize.

This brief recapitulation, while accurate enough, is misleading if it, and especially its final phrases, give the impression that *Anticipations* is either a shocking or a dangerous book. It can be perused with perfect safety by the young person of all ages and conditions. By far the wickedest things in it are the occasional use of a plural verb after "none," and the author's habitual failure to put enough "that's" and "which's" in his sentences to make them readily comprehensible. But whatever else the style of Mr. Wells may lack, it does not lack vigor or rapidity, and though one may smile at his animosity against publishers, and laugh aloud at his contention that French is more likely than English to become the world language, one will recognize all the time that he is a sincere, well-intentioned, and exceptionally shrewd critic of his immediate surroundings. Taste and humor, those truly Heavenly Twins, save him from deserving anything harsher than a courteous refutation, even when he slashes most savagely at economic and social conventions, and though he will sigh in vain for an edition of his book annotated by a heavy-weight antagonist, he can rest assured that it will serve as a mine of ideas and paradoxes to be exploited for some time to come by many fairly pretentious essayists and orators. That is not fame, precisely, but it has certain elements of grandeur.

F. C. Mortimer.

MR. LANG AS DETECTIVE

"WHO dragged Which around the walls of What?" The new Eton boy lets his eyes swell big when for the first time he hears the question posed; it has a curious flavor quite its own. As a matter of fact, from our youth up, we are all in a chronic agony of inquisitiveness. Was Shakespeare a lawyer? Who was Cain's wife? Which may claim the priority of existence, the egg or the hen? Questions like these exercise an unflinching fascination upon the human mind, although (unlike the one which makes the schoolboy's eyes grow big) no one seems to be able permanently to settle them.

Who wrote the Casket Letters? In *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* Mr. Lang goes over the whole jumble of facts, falsehoods, and conjecture that historians and biographers have been going over for nearly three centuries; and able and skilful as many parts of his book are, it must be confessed one does not very clearly see its *raison d'être*. Has the fog that envelops the nine famous letters upon whose evidence the Queen of Scots was condemned to death, been dissipated? No, and nothing new is proved. Of the forgery—and the author is not so sure of this as not to add, "if there was a forgery," Maitland of Lethington is accounted guilty. On pages 358 and 359, indeed, Mr. Lang makes out quite a strong case against him; but, after all, the illustrations are merely "reasons for suspecting[]" him of engaging . . . in the scheme." Certainly Mr. Lang is as versatile as he is ubiquitous. Everyone knows him to be brilliant as an essayist, charming as a balladist; to be scholarly in criticism, and superb in duelling. (Who has forgotten the cuts and thrusts in "Modern Mythology" by the author of "Custom and

THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART. By Andrew Lang. With illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, \$5.00.

Myth"?) And now, in *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* he has turned detective. Those who watch straws to tell which way the wind blows might have prophesied as much when they read "Pickle the Spy."

While no definite conclusion on any contested point of moment in the matter of the Casket Letters is reached, Mr. Lang presents hitherto virgin material, in the form of briefs obtained from a Jesuit friend. These briefs originally were furnished by the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, and used by Buchanan in preparing the murdered man's case. But as Buchanan was by no means a critical historian and compiled his dates carelessly, he made his case chronologically impossible. Mr. Lang endeavors to explain the dislocation of the chronology, and presents new combinations of minor facts. He also offers a hitherto disregarded theory of Bothwell's character.

On page 49 there is a photogravure plate of "Le Dueil Blanc," as sketched by Janet in 1561. No one is to be envied who does not declare for Mary Stuart's charm. How alluringly she looks at you with her mesmeric, sidelong eyes! There is nothing tangible about her—she is full of involutions and complexity, and the fine words which Swinburne has put into Babington's mouth carry conviction:

"... sight and sense of her sweet sovereignty
Made thence her man forever."

Those who are conversant with the private lives of high-placed women in the Italy of the fifteenth and the France of the sixteenth century feel that characters quite as problematic as that which Mr. Lang has portrayed in the Scottish Queen were intelligible at those epochs. Mary Stuart's mother-in-law and sister-in-law, Catherine de Medicis and Marguerite de Valois, were women of the same type, embodying all the weaknesses and all the

charms of the Renaissance; and there is no indication in the memoirs of Brantôme and other contemporary writers that the fusion of supreme attractiveness and total heartlessness exhibited in those instances were regarded as anything exceptional. Nevertheless, those who hold dear the memory of Mary Stuart, to whom her name is still a sort of battle-cry, choose to forget the Mary of lust and blood; and they feel it was not queenly of her to love a strolling Milanese fiddler. When she clothes herself for them in her beautiful body, and comes to light their dreams, it is as a sad, white Queen—long dead to love and sin—who kisses a crucifix.

Holyrood, it is said, is waking up and undergoing many changes at present because King Edward means to hold court in the stately pile from time to time, and possibly may preside, in accordance with ancient usage, over the next General Assembly of Scottish Peers, known as the "Parliament of the Kirk." But of this, one may be sure: the little bed-chamber with its private door and its private stairway will remain unchanged. That part of Holyrood, at least, will not "wake up." There, time has already rolled back three centuries, and will continue to roll farther back; and still the Queen's footstool will stand just as it stood when Ruthven, hollow-eyed and pale, followed by fierce assassins, burst into the room and pierced the unhappy Rizzio at her feet.

Virginia Leila Wentz.

THE ART OF BOOKBINDING

I OUGHT not to write well of this book. It tells how to make books last, and tells knowingly. They are too many and of too many kinds. A happy epoch was when the art of printing was

BOOKBINDING, AND THE CARE OF BOOKS. A Handbook for Amateurs, Bookbinders, and Librarians. By Douglas Cockerell. With Drawings by Noel Rooke and other Illustrations. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.00 net.

not familiar. Then the cathedrals were the histories, the philosophical essays, and the novels.

Now we know of the beauty of women only what is written. We know of the labors, the sufferings, and the hopes of men only what may be sewn in leaves and bound in morocco. We are monstrous and innocent. We never look out of the window.

We read. It is easier. We live in dreams. Books are the opium of the West. Believe me, for I loved them, they are killing us. The Librarian of the Vatican said to me at Rome, last year: "Yes, it is true that we are stifled by books. Do you remember Poe's tale of a man in the hold of a ship with a list and a shifting cargo? They are deadly. But don't grieve too much. They cannot last long. Their bindings are too frail. They are glued, and the rats gnaw them. In the train of the rats all the enemies of books that William Blades has catalogued follow. I will tell you a secret. All the modern books that the book-lovers do not buy are doomed to death because of lack of art of bookbinding."

Alas, the Librarian of the Vatican's secret is out! I hope that no one will believe that it is the true secret, but I know that the hope is vain. Mr. Cockerell writes too simply, too clearly, too persuasively. He writes knowingly. This is a way of making even a table of logarithms interesting.

He begins by saying: "The reasons for binding the leaves of a book are to keep them together in their proper order and to protect them. That bindings can be made that will adequately protect books can be seen from the large number of fifteenth and sixteenth century bindings now existing on books still in excellent condition. That bindings are made that fail to protect books may be seen by visiting any large library, when it will be

found that many bindings have their boards loose and the leather crumbling to dust. Nearly all librarians complain that they have to be continually rebinding books, and this not after four hundred, but after only five or ten years."

Then Mr. Cockerell tells how to fold, collate, wash, mend, trim, gild, cover, ornament the sheets of books. He goes into the most minute details. None is indifferent to him. He knows them by the experience of years and he writes with the ardor of one who has just learned them. It is amazing.

I have pleasure in quarrelling with him, because it is difficult to find in his work a pretext for quarrel. He says about the decoration of a binding to reflect the contents of the book: "A certain appropriateness there should be, but as a general thing, if the binder aims at making the cover beautiful, that is the best he can do." This is too indulgent. The cover must be beautiful and appropriate at the same time.

He says: "It is an old and good custom to put the arms of the owner of a library on the covers of the books he has bound." It is an old and infamous custom. How may one's coat-of-arms or monogram fall on the covers of books ever in harmony with the appropriate expressions that the covers must have of missals, poems, novels, or sermons? And how may one's coat-of-arms or monogram ever appear artistic on a book?

I am moved to quarrel with Mr. Cockerell about appropriateness of covers to contents of books, but about nothing else. He is even the only authority that I may quote in defence of a certain theory for which I would have risked martyrdom. It is that "Early printed books and manuscripts should on no account have their edges cut at all, and any modern books of value are better only slightly trimmed and gilt before sewing. . . .

Gilt tops and rough edges give a book a look of unequal finish."

I like Mr. Cockerell's book immensely, of course. It is indispensable to book-lovers. It is learned, acute, brave. But it will save the books of to-day, and I wish that the great number of them might be left to perish. I have much merit in praising Mr. Cockerell's book. An after-thought is in my mind about it. It is not bound in accordance with its author's learning. It is badly bound and will perish soon. We may be happy, in spite of it, still.

Henri Pène du Bois.

"FORCES IN FICTION."

IF one accepts Dr. Johnson's idea of an essay, "a loose sally of the mind, an irregular, indigested piece, not a regular and orderly performance"—a definition which Mr. Richard Burton quotes with approval—then Mr. Burton's own "pieces" should not, perhaps, be called essays, although that is the name which he has chosen for them. They are neither wandering nor "indigested," but may be depended upon as the vehicles of a good deal of careful thought, carefully arranged; without being heavy, they preserve a logical sequence, and are rather closely knit.

Primarily, Mr. Burton is the critic always, rather than the egotist, and, in his own words, "the genuine essayist must be frankly an egotist." Yet if, as a trenchant, clear-headed, and genial critic, Mr. Burton does not quite live up to his own ideal of an essayist, he is a critic with "the essay touch" to such an unusual degree that one feels sure that if he had a little less to say, a little less of critical message, he would not be averse to inviting his readers indefinitely far into the field of his own personality.

FORCES IN FICTION. By Richard Burton. The Bowen-Merrill Co., 12mo, \$1.00 net.

In the present small volume he has brought together a variety of papers which discuss the elements, development, and tendencies of fiction, the drama, and the essay. Beginning with "The Fundamentals of Fiction," which he sums up as invention, construction, characterization, and description, he goes on through "The Cult of the Historical Romance" to "The Love Motive in Modern Fiction." Here he gives a history of the different modes in which novel-writers of different eras have dealt with love as a force in life, and finds that they have now "run the gamut, it would seem; love as a social force has been sounded in its complete diapason."

"Hence," he concludes, "has followed a shift in the use of this motive in fiction, which I would emphasize. It would appear that novelists, by an unconscious reaction, perhaps, or it may be with the feeling that even a theme so central and dominant as this can be overworked, have, for the time at least, relegated love to a place nearer the circumference of the circle, and for the nonce are finding their stimulus elsewhere." Stevenson and Kipling are summoned as witnesses, and the final conclusion reached is that "the somewhat remarkable change I have glanced at is really not so much the disappearance of love, as an altered (and broader) conception of it, together with the admission of other interests as the life-picture has grown larger."

After "The Love Motive" come "The Dark in Literature," an admirable justification of sincere, high-purposed tragedy, of the pathetic and the sombre, two papers on the drama, an essay upon the essay, and other less specialized articles, all in the clear-headed, felicitous, often amusing style which is giving Mr. Burton's words, as the years pass, more and more definitely a character of its own.

M. T. E.

THE INDIAN MUTINY

"**T**HINK of all the genius and bravery buried here!" said John Lawrence, with a sigh, as he stood on the Ridge at Delhi, some months after the Indian mutiny was over. Yet Henry Lawrence and Havelock lie peacefully at Lucknow; Outram, "the Bayard of India," rests in Westminster Abbey, and Robert Napier sleeps with Nelson and Wellington at St. Paul's. In the final assault on Delhi, in September, 1857, sixty-six British officers were killed, fit companions of the dour and imperious Nicholson who fell at their head. In epic heroism, the deeds of the British garrison in India between May and September, 1857, take rank with any parallel achievement recorded in the world's history. Dr. W. H. Fitchett, in *The Tale of the Great Mutiny*, has again shown us his power of dramatic narration. Though we may have read before—not once, but many times—accounts of the horrible massacres at Cawnpore, of the relief of Lucknow, of the storming of Delhi, we find a freshness and vivacity in Dr. Fitchett's method of grouping his facts which impels us to finish his book at a sitting. Not less notable is the author's reticence and good taste, which, while giving us sufficient glimpses of the horrors of the mutiny, forbears to dwell upon nauseating details. Moreover, we speak advisedly when we ascribe to the author an accuracy and impartiality in his sketches of the characters of the chief actors and in his summary of facts about disputed points which the somewhat free-and-easy style of the narrative hardly seems to warrant. There are few writers living who could have written more sympathetically of both Henry and John Lawrence, when it is considered that these brothers differed so widely in their views

and ideals. We may quote part of his description of John Nicholson—the great "Nikkul-Seyn," whose name is still a power in India:

As he rode into the British camp that August morning, he was beyond all question the most picturesque and striking figure in India. He was a man of splendid physique, and is said to have borne an almost bewildering resemblance to the Czar Nicholas. He was six feet two in height, strongly built, with a flowing dark-colored beard, colorless face, gray eyes, with dark pupils, in whose depths, when he was aroused, a point of steady light, as of steel or flame, would kindle. Few men, indeed, could sustain the piercing look of those lustrous, menacing eyes. His voice had a curious depth in it; his whole bearing a singular air of command and strength—an impression which his habit of rare and curt speech intensified. . . . "Nicholson," says Lord Roberts, "impressed me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before, or have ever met since."

There is a small inclosure to-day where no native of India—be he rajah or ryot—may set his foot. It covers the well at Cawnpore where Nana Sahib's victims were thrown, July 15, 1857. And neither Briton nor Hindoo is likely to be guilty of the folly of forgetting the events which cluster around that inclosure.

E. H. Mullin.

BROOK TROUT

AN old angler—one who remembers when that fish "ran wild"—never hears or sees the name "Brook Trout" with indifference. In April he even approaches a fishmonger's slab with respectful demeanor. In that spirit the writer took Mr. Russell's very handsome book and sat down to pleasant things. After an hour or two of careful reading there drifted into his memory the old story of the misdirected Briton who had asked for "the opera" and had been taken to Pastor's opera-house. But

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. With portraits and maps. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

THE SPECKLED BROOK TROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis). By Various Experts with Rod and Reel. Illustrated by Louis Rhoad, with an introduction by Charles Hallock. R. H. Russell, 8vo, \$3.50 net.

he read on (old anglers are proverbially persevering), and presently reached "An Angler's Notes on the Beaver Kill," by Benjamin Kent, and found things he could understand. They were the honest notes of a judicious and observant angler who loves his own river. Such are always interesting to other "anglers and very honest men," and keep their value. Mr. Annin's "Winged Enemies of Trout" is also good and unpretentious, and useful are both the late Mr. Cheney's "Trout Propagation" and Mr. Rhead's "Cooking Brook Trout." "Along a Trout Stream" gives the benediction to the whole book. Mr. L. F. Brown is one of those who have learned what fishing is for, who sees clearly "because the spirit is truth."

Just what the young angler would wish in a trout-book the writer has forgotten—more's the pity. But the old angler keeps thinking what an acceptable little duodecimo Mr. Russell might have made of the matter from page 105 on, without the pictures. *L. M. Y.*

A NEW EDITION OF "HISTORIC WATERWAYS"

"TWO hundred miles by river," says Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, "are more full of the essence of life than 2,000 by rail," and the people who read his *Historic Waterways* on its first appearance twelve years ago were convinced that he was right, and will be glad to see the little book in a new and illustrated edition.

There is no pretention about this narrative of three river voyages. It is a simple account of what was seen, what happened, and who were met by two people travelling on the Wisconsin and Illinois rivers by canoe. On two of the journeys Mr. Thwaites's wife was his companion,

on the other "the doctor" took her place. Sometimes they camp at night, more often they stop at village inns or at farm-houses, and though we have but a glimpse of the people they meet, it is a glimpse so quietly humorous, so appreciative of the "essence of life" in remote country neighborhoods that, at least to one who knows the like, they stand out in panoramic succession along the banks of the rivers, fishing or telling their experiences.

NAN'S PERFORMANCES

THE contents of Mr. Long's eighty-six chapters are indicated in the same manner used by Max O'Rell in his books of observation concerning men and things, *i.e.*, sensationally: "My Savage Aunt Izzy," "The Pink Tip of Nan's Finger," "Damn Those Wasp-waisted Counts!" "Suppose Nan had to be Saved by Telegraph?" "If Porphyry Were to Shoot Himself, He'd be Dead—Maybe," "'Yere's an Attractive Little Filly,'" "Nan Always Kissed Me before—but—" "If I Were an Archangel I Could not put that Ring Back," "And My Arms Opened—and Closed upon Nan."

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THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

644.—(1) I should be glad to know whence comes this line:

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

(2) And also the author of these lines:

"Some die, yet never are believed;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping ourselves to be deceived,
And proud to be undone."

(3) I remember reading that Dr. Johnson pronounced a certain passage from some poem or play to be superior to anything in Shakespeare. Can you or any reader tell me what passage it was?

D. C.

(1) The line is from a poem written by Richard Savage (1697-1743) and addressed to the Countess of Macclesfield, whom he claimed as his mother.

(2) This stanza is from a song by Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701).

(3) It was from the play of "The Mourning Bride," by William Congreve (1670-1729). Almeria meets in a cathedral her husband Alphonso, whom she had supposed to be dead, and the passage in question is a part of what she says to him. This is it:

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my aching heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

645.—Will you please inform me concerning the literary standing of James Fenimore Cooper? Is he a classic author, and what place is given to his works by the men of letters to-day?

G. E. N.

It does not lie in the power of the literary men of to-day either to give a place to Cooper or to withhold it. His best works have made their own place and are not likely to lose it so long as there are novel-readers. Much fault may be found with his literary technique; but the wide and persistent popularity of his Leather-Stocking tales and Sea tales makes them classic in spite of every defect.

646.—I should like to know how to write with exactness the title of Smollett's last novel. Alibone's "Dictionary of Authors," the "Britannica," "Chambers," and "American" cyclopædias, and the "Dictionary of National Biography" all have it uniformly "Humphrey Clinker." I have seen three editions of the book (all English, but none the first edition) in which it is uniformly

"Humphry" in both title and text. But one of these has fine illustrations, and below the pictures the name is printed "Humphrey." Perhaps some reader has a copy of the first edition. E. R.

647.—(1) Who is the author of these lines, or in what poem do they occur:

"Men's truths are often lies, and women's lies
Often the setting of a truth most tender
In an unconscious poetry."

(2) And who is the author of this quotation: "Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort"? T. L. T.

(1) The lines are from the epilogue to Owen Meredith's "Wanderer," and are followed by a beautiful passage illustrating their theme.

648.—Can you tell me who wrote this, or in what book it may be found: "When the literary character shall discover himself to be like a stranger in a new world, where all that he loved has not life, and all that lives had no love for old age, when his ear has ceased to listen, and Nature has locked up the man within himself, he may still expire amidst his busied thoughts. Such aged votaries, like the old bees, have been found dying in their honeycombs." C. F.

649.—I should like to find again a poem, once popular, the refrain of which is

"The hunters of Kentucky."

F. J. S.

650.—Can you tell me whether Mary H. Tennyson, author of "The Fool of Fate," is related to Alfred Tennyson the poet? B. M.

651.—Has there ever been a translation into Spanish of any of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyam? B. V. J.

We can find no record of any.

652.—Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera," Letter X., says: "Deep yearning took hold of me for a kind of Restoration, which I began slowly to feel that Charles the Second had not altogether effected, though I always wore a gilded oak-apple very reverently in my button-hole on May 29th." What was the reason and significance of wearing the oak apple? T. R. S.

May 29th was the birthday of Charles II. of England. When his army was routed in the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, he became a

fugitive, and at one time was hidden in an oak-tree at Boscobel, Shropshire. An oak-tree is still preserved there which was raised from an acorn of the original tree. The incident is alluded to by Tennyson in the last stanza of his "Talking Oak":

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode
And hummed a surly hymn."

653.—Will you please inform me from what poem the following verse is taken, and where the poem can be found?

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
Then follow a mist and a sweeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

V. G. E.

It is from a poem by George Macdonald. His collected poems are published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

654.—(1) Who wrote the verses "On worthy Mr. Shakespear, and his poems," signed "The friendly Admirer of his Endowment, J. M. S.," in the second folio edition of Shakespeare's Works (1632)?

(2) Who wrote "The Arraignment of the Whole Creature, At the Barre of Religion, Rea-

son, and Experience," etc. (London, 4to, 1631)? The dedication is signed "R. H." M. C. S.

655.—Can you tell me the origin of the quotation, which I find in Kingsley's "Geoffrey Ham-
lin,"

"Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day"? B. A.

ANSWERS

638.—I enclose herewith a copy of the verses requested. I do not know the author's name, but understand the song is an old one. C. R. S.

The song enclosed has eight stanzas, of which these are the first two:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo ho! ho! and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo ho! ho! and a bottle of rum!"

"For they drank and drank, and got so drunk—
Yo ho! ho! and a bottle of rum!
Each from the dead man bit a chunk—
Yo ho! ho! and a bottle of rum!"

Our correspondent C. C. S. informs us that this is not exactly the song he is seeking, but probably it is the original.

642.—(1) One of Gay's "Fables" is entitled "The Court of Death." J. S.

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FRANK R. STOCKTON

WHEN Mr. Lowell came home from his long residence in Madrid and London he was eager to know what had been done by the younger American writers, and whether any promise of a new expression of the American spirit was discernible in any quarter. He was quick to detect the fresh note in James Whitcomb Riley; he spoke appreciatively of Mr. Woodberry; he found new material in Joel Chandler Harris; and his talk, full of insight and sympathy, although not without pathetic reference to the past of which he had been so great a part, showed keen interest in the growth and practice of the art of literature during his absence. He referred more than once to Mr. Stockton, and evidently found keen pleasure in a kind of humor which was distinctly novel. He declared that it was a long time since any American book had given him more real enjoyment than "Rudder Grange," and added that when he wished to give English people a taste of genuine American humor he read aloud to them the account of the lightning-rod man and never failed to find it instantly appreciated.

This reminds one of Mr. Stockton's retort when he was asked one evening at

the Authors' Club, by a well-known English writer, to define the difference between an English and an American joke. He promptly replied: "Well, for one thing, you can see an American joke." It was never necessary to search for his humor with a lighted candle; it was always clearly within sight. There was nothing esoteric or subtle about it; on the contrary, it was conspicuously free from artifice, notably simple and self-explaining. Its most characteristic quality was, perhaps, its perfect coolness, its serene statement of impossible situations as if they were mere matters of history.

American humor is almost always broad in method and simple in effect, relying largely upon striking contrasts, broad incongruities, or startling exaggerations for its effectiveness. Mr. Stockton dealt in none of these things; he was far more inventive than most of our humorists; he was an admirable story-teller; what he did was to create incredible situations and describe them with a matter-of-fact ease, as if he were telling the most prosaic tale of routine happenings. It was the contrast between the extraordinary incidents in which his tales abound and the quiet, unassuming, minutely accurate style in

which they are described which gave his humor, in its most successful examples, a delightfully fresh and captivating quality. He reported the whimsical, topsy-turvy world of his fancy with the gravity of a law reporter, and the contrast between his facts and his manner was quite irresistible.

He came somewhat late into the possession of his gift. He served a long and varied apprenticeship as an editor before he finally made his place as a writer. In a characteristic talk at the Authors' Club on last New Year's Eve he gravely advised young writers to make "a hazard of new fortunes" and take their chances by plunging boldly into the work which attracted them, declaring that he spent many years in spreading the table for other people before he summoned courage to set forth viands of his own preparation. When he finally made his own appeal to public attention he secured it with little delay and kept it to the end. He enjoyed his work and the favor which it secured in a way so modest that no one could be envious of his popularity.

A man of quiet spirit, he quickly responded to any appeal to his fancy or his faculty of invention, and when he was called upon for "a few remarks" he often escaped the temptations of didacticism or of eloquence by telling, in his unassuming way, as if he were improvising, an original and very amusing story, which usually disclosed, before he had done, some apt and pregnant relation to the occasion. His talk had much of the quality of his writing; it was full of quaint conceits, whimsicalities, impossible suggestions offered with perfect gravity. He was always perfectly natural; he never attempted to live up to his part; in talk, at least, he never forced the note. His attitude toward himself was slightly tinged with humor, and he knew how to foil easily and pleasantly too great a pressure of praise.

Being of a sound mind and heart, he enjoyed rational appreciation and seemed sometimes, in later years, with a touch of wistfulness in his voice, to ask to be taken seriously. His readers were so accustomed to his prankish humor, his sober absurdities, that they were a little on their guard against surprises and hidden pitfalls of absurdity in his work, and not quite ready to receive a simple piece of fiction from his hands. He craved more freedom than his readers were willing to give him; he wanted the relief of a change of attitude. His last word to a friend who asked whether he ought to read "Kate Bonnet," was a prompt, "Do read it and don't try to find a puzzle in it. It's a straight-away story."

He was reticent by nature, and his shyness kept him from assuming any special interest in what he was doing, even among those with whom he was on terms of familiarity. He was free from pose and devoid of professional self-consciousness, and this was one secret of his delightful companionableness.

Never a strong man, there was an air of quiet about him which suggested a friendly talk rather than the give-and-take of a group of talkers. It was impossible to be with him and not feel an affectionate regard for him. He was direct, humorous, often gay in his subdued way; but one always felt a certain tenderness for him. His physical weakness seemed to touch his relations to others with a gentleness which was an unconscious appeal to friendliness. Impersonal in a rare degree among men of his craft, the personal element imperceptibly crept into intercourse with him. His friends felt like guarding him from the harsher blows of life when he was with them, and now that he has gone they will cherish the memory of his sincere, gentle, and engaging spirit.

Hamilton W. Mabie.



FRANK B. STOCKTON.

From a photograph taken at Convent, N. J. By courtesy of the Curdis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

BRET HARTE

A STUDY AND AN APPRECIATION

THE passing of Bret Harte closes an important and interesting chapter in the history of American literature. Just as truly as the appearance of the *Waverley* novels, or the "Plain Tales from the Hills," betokened the rising of a new star in the literary firmament, did the picturesque procession, led by the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," give sign of a new light in the Far Western sky. This happened thirty-four years ago. Between the summer of 1868 and the summer of 1902 what an enduring column in the world's literature has been created by this man! What an individual distinction has he achieved!

Harte's career, from first to last, furnishes another example of the inevitableness, so to speak, of genius. All unconscious of the divine spark within, the youngster tried his hand at a variety of callings. Like many another youngster, he drifted with the tide, not even seeking his true place in the world's activity. Early drifting to California, he mined a little, taught school, rode the route of an express messenger, served as an agent for an express company, tried his hand at type-setting, and even essayed the management of a small frontier newspaper. Still, unconsciously, he absorbed abiding impressions of the new, strange life about him. The men and women, their manners and their talk, the characteristic scenery of the mighty Sierras and the arid plains of California, and the phenomena of the going and the coming of the seasons—these were all mirrored in his mind to be reflected again into his work when the time for work should come to him. Colonel Starbottle, John Oakhurst, Stumpy,

Tennessee's Partner, Truthful James, and Miggles were drawn from the life; or, if there were exaggerations in their portraits, it was only such slight heightening of the colors or deepening of the shadows as is permissible, even needful, when real life is set before us as in a picture, or on the stage.

Nobody else has drawn such vivid backgrounds of California scenery as those which appear in Bret Harte's stories. The untidiness and squalor of the mining camp, as well as the grandeur and beauty of the natural scenery, are faithfully reproduced by the master hand. With the solitary editor of the *Bugle*, the reader hears the tap-



Courtesy of "McClure's Magazine." Copyright, 1894, by The S. S. McClure Co.

BRET HARTE IN 1871.

[From a photograph taken by Sarony, New York, shortly after the publication of "The Heathen Chinese."]

ping of the woodpecker on the shingled roof of his forest office. As the funeral cortège of Tennessee moves along the skirts of the wood, "The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stand in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier." And a touch of animated nature falls where we see the picture of a hare, "surprised into helpless inactivity" by the procession, sitting "upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside" as the slender column moves by. We catch again the resinous odor of the redwoods and the plaintive sougling of the pines, the dank perfumes of the salt marsh, and the harsh call of the rain-crow, as we turn the magician's leaves.

The multitudinous phases of the rough, reckless life of those early days are reproduced with faithfulness in Harte's pages; of these he might truly have said, "All of which I saw, and a part of which I was." A man who has spent years in drifting among the solitudes and the scanty settlements of California during its period of social and industrial formation must needs have a pouch full of recollections and impressions unless he be a very dunce. And Bret Harte was an exceeding close observer of men and things: he was endowed with a memory as plastic as wax to receive and as firm as steel to hold.

When Harte went to San Francisco in the later fifties, we might have said (to change our figure of speech) that his reservoir was full. His mind was stored with impressions of the scenery amid which he had spent his years; he had woven many an imaginary yarn around the queer characters he met in his wanderings, and from the confusion of mental photographs he had packed away, he could now begin to reproduce much fiction and romance. Not yet, however, had his time come. In search of employment, he



Courtesy of "McClure's Magazine." Copyright, 1894, by The S. S. McClure Co.

BRET HARTE.

[From a photograph taken in London.]

drifted into the composing-rooms of a weekly newspaper and was set to work at the printer's case. Here was a new page in his experience, and the wind-swept streets of the Bay City, its sandy valleys, sparkling harbor, and environment of tawny hills must be added to his well-filled portfolio. All these reappear in his earliest sketches. Oddly enough, he seems to have worked backward in his overhauling of note-book and sketch-book. Urban sketches from his pen gave him entrance into the field of letters at last. "Side-walkings," "From a Balcony," "A Boy's Dog," and many another trifle, paved the modest and hesitating way of this essayist into the field where he should some day be master.

Translated to the sanctity of the editorial rooms, Harte now ventured upon

bolder flights. "Dow's Flat," "Penelope," and other characteristic bits of verse, were among the productions of his awakening muse. Later came "The Lost Galleon," a more ambitious work in rhyme and rhythm than any that he had before undertaken. It must be admitted that Harte did not excel in any long-sustained flight of verse; and when his lost galleon was finally brought before the world of readers in all the glory of green and gold, with her topsails bellying to the wind, the smaller articles in her miscellaneous cargo were those which caught and held the fancy of those who had waited for the ship to come in.

A small official appointment, in which he was not overburdened with labor, gave him opportunity for that leisurely recreation in letters which he needed to round out his preparation for higher flights. In the summer of 1868, an enterprising and liberal San Francisco bookseller, Mr. A. Roman, projected the publication of a monthly magazine of which Harte should be the editor. This was the *Overland*; to it every writing man in San Francisco pledged his loyal support and so much of his work as should be needed and approved by Harte. Contributions were to be paid for, and the names of the contributors were to be kept from the public. As a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, it was felt that popular favor would be more readily extended to writers shielded by anonymity than to those whose names were already familiar to a cityful of carping critics. Bret Harte's time had come. Always fastidious in his work, as in his dress and manners, Harte filed and polished his first short story so long that it was not ready for the first number of the *Overland*; and when his "The Luck of Roaring Camp" did appear in the August number of the magazine it cannot be said that it was hailed with much enthusiasm by the California world

of readers. To them it did not present any new or novel field of fiction; and they were unable to discern the consummate art with which the story had been constructed.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" was greeted with great acclaim in the Atlantic States of the Union and in Europe, and the applause of transmontane and transatlantic readers found some faint echo as the reflux wave fell back upon the shores of the Pacific. No matter; the master had finally taken up his wand, and Tennessee's Partner, John Oakhurst, the Duchess, Miggles, Truthful James, Colonel Starbottle, and all the rest of the goodly company, creatures of man's imagination, albeit as real as any living people, came forth from the land of shadows and took their places among the immortals.

To this period belongs what is undeniably the best of Harte's literary work. When he went to New York, in the spring of 1871, his genius seemed to have suffered a temporary obscuration, if not an eclipse. He did not readily adapt himself to new surroundings. He was uncertain whether he should continue to delve in the field which he had discovered in California, or turn his mind to the study of the new world in which he found himself. But this was not for long. His few essays into the limning of that life with which his Eastern readers were familiar satisfied him that his true *métier* did not lie in that direction. He returned to the old trails, and there he trod with sure footsteps until the last of his life.

Bret Harte never thought very highly of the bits of verse which gave him vogue, if not fame; and in this estimate of such eccentricities as "Plain Language from Truthful James," "The Society upon the Stanislow," and "The Pliocene Skull" judicious readers have agreed with their author. In "The Mission Bells of Monterey," "Dickens in Camp," and "What

Some bashful hesitation, just like spellin' punctooation—might have worked
an aggravation onto Sutter's mournful mind,
For the witnesses all vary ez to wot was said and nary a galoot will toot
his horn except the way he is inclined.

But they all allow that Sutter had began a kind of mutter, when uprose Mr.
Cutter with a sickening kind of ease,
And proceeded then to wade in to the subject then prevadin': "Is Profanity
degradin'?" in words like unto these:

"Onlike the previous speaker, Mr. Cutter of Yreka, he was but a humble
seeker—and not like him—a cuss—"

It was here that Mr. Sutter softly reached for Mr. Cutter, when the latter
with a stutter said: "accustomed to discuss"

Then Sutter he rose grimly, and sorter smilin' dimly, bowed onto the Chair-
man primly—(just like Cutter ~~as~~ could be!)

Drawled "he guessed he must fall back—as—Mr. Cutter owned the pack,
as—he just had played the Jacky—as—" (here Cutter' gun went crack!
as Mr. Sutter gasped and ended) "every man can see!"

But William Henry Pryor—just in range of Sutter's fire—here evinced a wild
desire to do somebody harm—

And in the general scrimmage no one thought if Sutter's "image" was a
misplaced punctooation—like the hole in Pryor's arm.

For we all waltzed in together, [never carin' to ask whether it was Sutter or
was Cutter we woz tryin' to abate.

But we couldn't help perceivin', when we took to inkstand heavin' that the
process was reliev'in' to the sharpness of debate.

So we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, and I make
no commentary on these simple childish games,

Things is various and human—and the man ain't born of woman who ~~is~~
~~too to intermeddle with his pals' intents and aims.~~

*say nots
who has got enough occasion to judge another's aims!*

*(Note the prof reader please see that the hyphen and
division in line 6 and make the words read
as "back as - at ~~affection~~ Jack as -"
B. H.)*

the Chimney Said," the poet took a just pride; he would that we remember him by these rather than by the odd trifles with which so many thousands have been amused.

As Harte was not at his best in a long-sustained poem, so he was not most successful in any extended prose work. His "Gabriel Conroy," although it is rich in Hartean humor and is gemmed with innumerable pictures of California life and scenery which none but the master could have drawn, is a most unsatisfactory piece of work when compared with the short stories that gave him his first fame. It was well for him that he made no more experiments of this sort. His enduring contributions to literature are his short stories and the few, very few poems into which he put his heart and soul and which the world will not let die when his mere eccentricities in verse are forgotten.

Harte's personality was gentle, winning, lovable. His familiar conversation had all the grace and charm of his literary work, and, although he was a good talker, unlike many another of his kind, he was a good listener. Looking back upon one's intimate acquaintance with him, one might truly say that he was always a student of men. He listened that he might see through the eyes of other men. If he was disposed to hypercriticism in his tastes and in his judgment of the work of others, he was unsparing in his criticism of that which flowed from his own laborious pen. At work, he required the nicest adjustment of materials and surroundings. One or two disturbances would so interrupt the movement of his thought that his task must be laid aside until a more convenient season. It can be truthfully said of him that he never let go to the printing-press anything with which he was not completely

satisfied. The manuscript which he sent out and the proofs which he had read and corrected with many pains were alike illustrated with interminable interlineations and changes.

Broad and catholic in his views of life, Bret Harte instinctively looked for the good that is in mankind. It is not true, as has been injuriously said of him, that he suffered one virtue to outweigh a thousand vices. He bade us regard the virtue; and he did not seek to hide the vice. One of his German translators, Ferdinand Freiligrath, said of him that he mined for gold, "the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity . . . which remains forever uneradicated from the human heart"; and the good old poet adds: "That it is which drew hearts to him wherever the language of Shakespeare, of Milton and Byron is spoken."

In his peculiar field he had few imitators, no successors. The short stories on which his permanent fame will rest are flawless in their finish and so felicitous in their construction that no word could be added or taken away without marring the effect of the whole. No other American writer has evinced such a perfect art as this. No other American or English writer can paint so broad a picture on so small a canvas as that which Harte has used. His clever "Condensed Novels" might have been suggested by the compactness of his stories, they are so compact, and yet so ample in their apparent dimensions. And when Time's effacing finger has left nothing but the best of Bret Harte's work for posterity to love and admire, we may be sure that the human touch, the gem-like finish, and the loving art of his short stories will survive to charm mankind.

Noah Brooks.

THE RAMBLER

SELDOM is less humorous fiction produced—at least in America—than just now, a fact brought anew to our attention by the death of Mr. Stockton. Our new humorists are not, as a rule, novelists—witness Mr. Dunne, Miss Daskam, Mr. Ade. We laugh our short, hard laughs at home, but must look abroad for amusement long drawn out. For the moment England is much in evidence, and her funny novels are very good ones, too. Mr. Jacobs has opened a rich vein in the story entitled “At Sunwich Port.” The ore pans well, and is likely to produce also an abundance of that other metal dear to

the modern author’s heart. And now comes Barry Pain with what is easily one of the most ingenious and humorous conceits of fanciful literature. It is the story of a magic ring having the property of endowing the wearer with the character of the last preceding wearer; hence the title, “The One Before.” The scene being in England, the period to-day, and the characters people of typical human interest and real vitality, the droll possibilities of the situation need no comment.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford had completed a new story



PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

which will be published at an early date—first in serial form in one of the leading magazines, and afterward in book form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The title "Wanted: A Chaperon," suggests at once Mr. Ford's former clever story in the same style, entitled "Wanted: A Matchmaker," which was published some time ago. The former book, as readers may remember, was illustrated with drawings by Howard Chandler Christy, reproduced in photo-gravure. The new book will also be illustrated by Mr. Christy, and in this case the pictures will be reproduced in color. The volume will furthermore be embellished with decorations by Margaret Armstrong.

Mr. Ford's untimely death cut short a career of extraordinary promise that had already begun to be fulfilled. From the time of his first success in "Peter Stirling" to the present day, his advance in popularity has been steady and sure, and the advance interest in his forthcoming book had given assurance of still further success. Since his death a number of paragraphs have appeared describing his extraordinary activity and his peculiar methods of work. We quote the following as an interesting side-light on his literary life.

"Mr. Ford was at once the most systematic and most erratic of writers. His mind worked along many lines at once. While he was deep in some matter of historical research, he would come upon something that would suggest a plot or a character for future use, and seizing upon the nearest scrap of paper he would interrupt his work to jot down some notes with almost frenzied haste. Often these notes were scribbled on the backs of envelopes. The author, when asked by a friend where he had found the materials for one of his novels, replied:

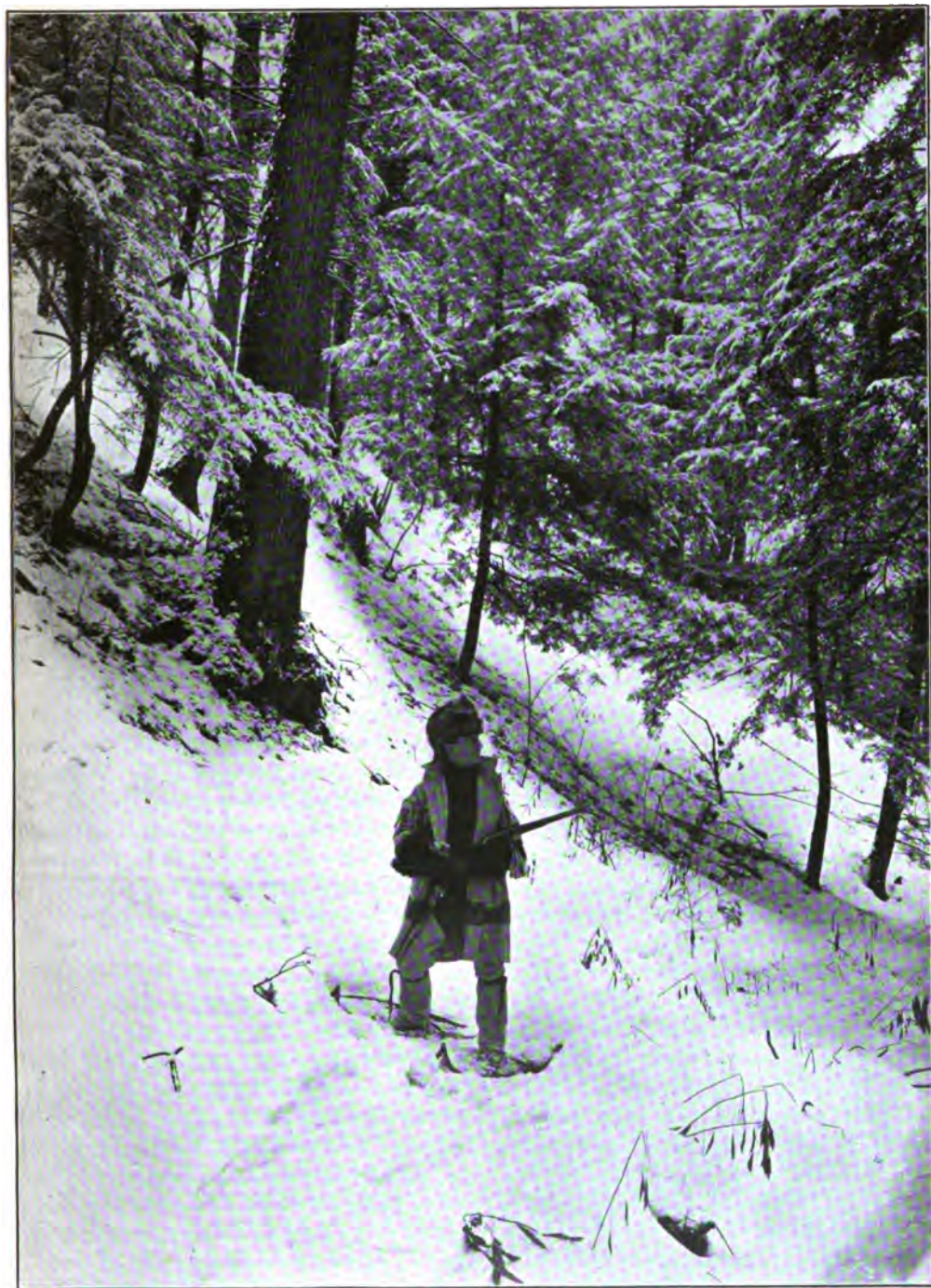
"On the backs of two bills, a wedding invitation, a request to deliver an address, and the envelope to a patent bookcase circular."

Clara Morris has reason to be sure of a warm English reception for her new novel

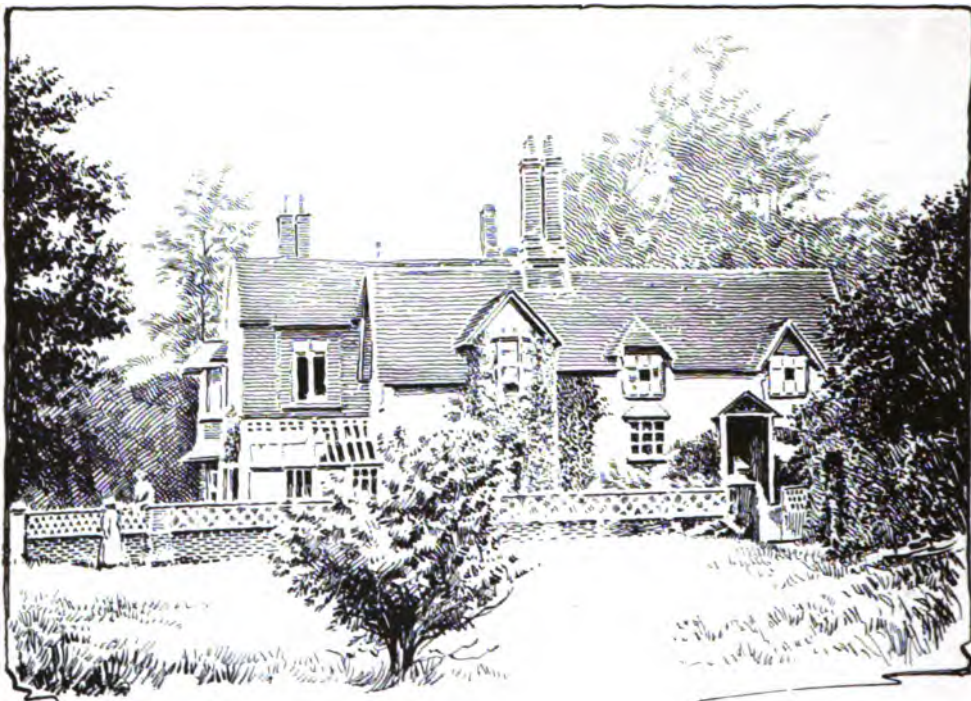
of stage life. There is an eager public awaiting it across the sea, if inference from enthusiastic praise of her *Autobiography* by the British press count for anything in particular. Few recent American books have had better receptions there, where a suprising number of periodicals, literary and otherwise, reviewing her reminiscences, said at the time that they hoped some day to see a novel from the same pen. Hence this prophecy anent "*A Pasteboard Crown*."

We publish herewith a full-page picture showing Mr. Arthur Heming in the atmosphere most congenial to him—that of the Canadian forests. Mr. Heming's work as an illustrator of the animal books of W. A. Fraser and of various magazine stories is too well known to need any more than a passing comment. He has brought down among us the animals of the North, and they have been added to the circle of our real, living creature friends. When asked sometime ago to tell something of his many adventures, Mr. Heming responded modestly to the effect that he had done so little that there was scarcely anything to tell. "I have tramped a few hundred miles through the woods," he said, "and I have canoed my way over several hundred miles more of rivers, and I have visited fifty or sixty trading-posts." It is needless to say that, with this wide range, he has gathered plenty of material both for stories and for pictures. The love of the northern forests is deep-seated in Mr. Heming's nature. He is off again to Canada this summer in search of new adventures. It is his purpose to go on a rafting trip extending over a number of weeks, and later on to visit the great mountains of the Northwest in search of new material for pen and pencil.

Those collectors of FitzGerald editions who have made a study of the subject know



ARTHUR HEMING.



"LITTLE GRANGE," FITZGERALD'S HOME NEAR WOODBRIDGE.

with what care "Old Fitz," as he was affectionately styled, corrected his texts by hand, after publication, for a few friends. Of course anyone owning copies containing autograph corrections could be sure that the books had at one time been in the possession of some friend of the author. Though only a few copies were ever so corrected, and where some of the editions were limited to fifty copies there could of necessity be but few, the distracting thing has been to find that the corrections often varied. The striving for perfection of form was never ended. Mr. Bentham, the editor of the Variorum edition of Fitzgerald's Works which is being prepared for Doubleday, Page & Co., has had his work considerably delayed by the comparison and revision made necessary by some new correction cropping up in a hitherto unknown copy. Apart from the great interest attaching to such an edition of Fitz-

Gerald's works for those who are only familiar with the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, it will possess an especial value for collectors by reason of the unique manner in which the autograph corrections are noted as interlineations, in very small type, at the places where they occur in the original editions. The title pages are reproduced in fac-simile and the original pagination is noted.

Richard Harding Davis's year, this. One novelette successfully published just before the holidays, another running serially in *Collier's Weekly*, his new novel—distinctly his longest and best—now in serial publication in *Scribner's Magazine*—that is the story to date. A month from now comes an elaborate volume of novellettes and stories, elaborately illustrated by five popular illustrators, and in the early fall his novel, "Captain Macklin."

Of course, immediate interest centres in the book close at hand—the Scribners publish it July 2d. It will be, in every sense, the most notable collection of Mr. Davis's work to date, for it will include the novelettes "Ranson's Folly" and "In the Fog," besides such short stories as "The Bar Sinister," that delectable tale of a bull terrier; "The Derelict," and "La Lettre d'Amour." It is consequently planned to give the book a form that will fittingly celebrate its importance, five illustrators participating. Frederic Remington illustrates "Ranson's Folly"; Frederic Dorr Steele, "In the Fog"; Walter Appleton Clark, "The Derelict"; E. M. Ashe, "The Bar Sinister," and Howard Chandler Christy, "La Lettre d'Amour." Mr. Remington has designed the cover to what will prove, unquestionably, Mr. Davis's most distinguished volume.

Without multiplying examples—which could be done, times over, to the limits of the entire BOOK BUYER—here is the spirit of American press comment on the genius of the late Frank R. Stockton:

"It is not easy to imagine any greater loss to American letters."—*New York Times*.

"We may look in vain through the entire course of English literature for the parallel of Frank R. Stockton's humor."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"A gentle spirit, a whimsical imagination, a delicate perception of the humor of topsy-turviness, and an absolute freedom of soul from malice or bitterness were the qualities which made Frank Stockton one of the most admirable and widely beloved of American entertainers during the fourth quarter of the last century."—*New York Sun*.

"In all the eighteen volumes of his collected works there is not an unkind or corroding thought."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Henry Edward Rood, author of *Hardwicke*, was born at Philadelphia in 1867, and "has had printer's ink on his fingers" since 1880, when he wrote, and put in type and printed on a hand-press a juvenile periodical which was advertised to "come out occasionally, or not at all, according to the convenience of the editor." After pursuing a course of special study at Dartmouth he settled in New York, and has contributed to various magazines. For a long time he was associated with Richard Henry Stoddard in work of literary criticism; and of recent years has been connected with the editorial department of one of the important illustrated magazines. Mr. Rood resides at Magnolia Farm, two miles from Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y., and does his writing among wooded hills, where he can be undisturbed. As a framework upon which to build the love-story, the romance, of *Hardwicke*, Mr. Rood selected a phase of American life which has been very much in evidence of late years, and which he has studied un-



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HENRY EDWARD ROOD.

ceasingly for more than a decade—the gradually increasing turmoil, among church people of many denominations, in questions involved in so-called “higher criticism.” He is of opinion that, considering the agitation in hundreds of churches, the intense discussions, the trials for heresy, that possibly there may be coming on either another great religious reformation, or a revolution in hitherto accepted conceptions of the spiritual nature of mankind. But in the book such philosophical thought is suggested only to those who read between the lines of *Hardwicke*, the story.

The publication of that bright little book, “The Misdemeanors of Nancy,” brings to the attention of the general reading public a writer whose touch has long been familiar to the readers of the *New York Sun*. The “Nancy” papers, some



MISS ELEANOR HOYT.

of which appeared in the *Sun*, and others in various magazines, are the kind of easy reading which is the very hardest kind of writing—except for those that possess “the rare, light touch.” A charming quality of the book is the delightful absence of effort. The author, Miss Eleanor Hoyt, has contributed columns of clever story and comment to the *New York Sun* for several years, but has only within the last year made her appearance in the pages of the magazines. Miss Hoyt is a writer by inclination and circumstance rather than by deliberate purpose, or what the serious-minded would call “self-dedication.” Someone has said that American humor comes from the West, a remark that finds confirmation in a long list of names of humorous writers, either native to the West or who have migrated there, and made their first reputation in Western journalism.

Miss Hoyt is a Westerner, a native of Iowa, but a real cosmopolite, having spent several years of her life in travel. On her return from Europe she settled in New York City and engaged herself for some time in teaching literature and history in a private school. While teaching she wrote occasionally for the *New York Sun*. Her light, clever style was quickly appreciated, and it was not long before she decided to devote herself exclusively to writing. A number of bright female figures have flitted through the columns of the *Sun*, lighting up our complex social situations with their flippant but witty comment, and these young women, identified by various fanciful names, have originated in the fertile mind of Miss Hoyt. The most irresistible of these gay female satirists has been “Nancy,” and out of her chatter a very agreeable book has been made.

The limited edition of “*Montaigne's Essays*,” which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin

& Co. will publish, will be a magnificent one in every respect and will undoubtedly prove the crowning achievement of The Riverside Press. The Florio translation is the one selected, and the work will comprise three folio volumes of uncommon typographical beauty. Each volume will contain a frontispiece portrait of Montaigne, the one for the first volume being after Fiquet. The frontispieces, decorative title-pages, and initial letters will be engraved on wood, and in the bibliography to appear at the end of Volume III. there will be fac-simile reproductions of title-pages and other interesting material from famous old editions. The type, to be known as the Montaigne, has not yet appeared in any publication; it is modelled upon a type cut by a fifteenth-century French engraver, and is large and bold. The design of the book in whole and in detail is conceived in the spirit of the golden age of French printing, which but little antedated Montaigne's own period. It is understood that the edition will be very limited.

This new edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne is in the main a reprint of the third edition, published in London in 1632. The language of that edition is unchanged, except in a comparatively small number of cases where it is absolutely certain that some person other than the translator was responsible for the omission or substitution of a word.

In the matter of punctuation a different system has been adopted with the approval of the late Mr. Horace E. Scudder. As to punctuation, he wrote, "hold that this is really for the elucidation of the paragraph, and is for the reader's benefit. There is no sanctity about it, and the printer has always had far more to say about it than the author." In the present edition, the punctuation has been revised so as to elucidate the text.



From "The Misdemeanors of Nancy."

"NANCY."

Admirers of Edith Wharton's sincere work cannot fail to be pleased with the distinguished reception which her novel is now receiving in England. For instance, the *London Times*:

"The promise of earlier work is more than fulfilled in 'The Valley of Decision.' The style is raised and chastened. It is as if a singer with a beautiful voice but an uncertain ear had trained herself at last to sing dead in tune. If there is little scope for humor in the picture of decadent Italy that she draws, there is room, and to spare, for her exquisite sense of beauty, and she sets her flashing descriptions like gems upon that woman country. . . .

"As in 'Wilhelm Meister' of the planless charm, of which we are often reminded, there are endless episodes, and these are so delightful that we forget the hero altogether. The fascinating tale of *Mirandolina* might woo a gentleman to



DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

forget his dinner and a lady her afternoon tea. The little ducal court, the connoisseur ecclesiastic, the persecuted Liberals, the Jesuit, the popular stage, the merry nuns of Venice—all these are studied, and studied with the rare insight of genius. We could be happy with any one of them. We would say to every one of them, 'Stay, thou art fair!' but they will never stay; they melt into each other like the dissolving views in a magic lantern, and at last, tired and bewildered in a world of rainbows, we long to be left alone with the story."

"It is good luck to any man to be on the good side of the man that knows fish," is a saying of Isaac Walton, often quoted by President David Starr Jordan. Both Dr. Jordan and Barton W. Evermann, authors of "American Food and Game Fishes," the latest addition to the new illustrated Nature Library, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., know the fish of America. They, together or separately, have fished in every State and Territory, as well as from many waters of Canada, Alaska, the tropical rivers and seas. With line or seine they have caught nearly every one of the some thousand food and game fishes that live in American waters, and each, probably, has travelled 200,000 miles and waded at least 500 miles, waist

deep, in all sorts of waters to do it. Dr. Jordan, even since he became president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, has been an enthusiastic angler and a leading authority on the natural history of fishes, and Dr. Evermann is Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission. They have a hundred or more of A. Radclyffe Dugmore's marvellous photographs from life under the water.

The picture of the Coquelins, father and son, is printed here not only for the interest of the portraits themselves—which we believe to be unfamiliar to many—but on account of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton's comments in an article written by him on the subject of Emile Friant, the artist. Mr. Hamerton wrote: "I must mention one more picture, the portraits of the two Coquelins, the actors, the elder seated in an arm-chair in his study, while the younger is leaning on the table and reading to him. The expression, both of listener and reader, is admirably given, and this mastery of expression is very probably one reason why M. Coquelin (who as an actor must understand it) has purchased several pictures by M. Friant. The richly furnished interior shows the owner's taste for books and works of art, and is painted with a scrupulous truth reminding one of the old Flemish masters."



DR. BARTON W. EVERMANN.



PORTRAITS OF COQUELIN AND SON.

[From a painting by B. Friant.]

The reviewer of the *Atlantic Monthly*, commenting last winter on "The Cavalier," said of Mr. Cable that he knew "no one fitter to stand in the place next Hawthorne's." Now that the author of "The Cavalier" has launched a novel of Hawthorne-like spirit and intensity, and set its scene in Hawthorne's own New England and among his own people, this comment of the New England authority assumes a new and very special interest. "Bylow Hill" is a study in jealousy, but in the telling Mr. Cable has also used the charm and the humor of his best work, so that the result, especially as the tragedy is confined to the mind, is one of more than a

single motive and holds the reader by more than one motive.

A new book of considerable importance relating to present day conditions in the South, by Walter H. Page, editor of "The World's Work," is announced for early publication. This volume, entitled, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," sets forth the vigorous movement in education which is searching out the "forgotten man" of the South. Mr. Page's understanding of present-day conditions in the South and his enthusiasm in the educational movement, which is now going forward, both give promise of an altogether



COVER OF "THE SOLDIER'S LETTER," PROBABLY THE FIRST AMERICAN PERIODICAL IN THE PHILIPPINES.

unusual volume on the greatest political and economical question that confronts us to-day.

It is probable that no American publication in our Pacific colonies antedates "The Soldier's Letter," the cover of which we reproduce. Accordingly this might be called the germ of Americo-Philippine journalism. As the date indicates, the "Soldier's Letter" was begun shortly after our troops took possession of Manila, and a few months later a copy of the enterprising little periodical found its way into the office of a New York magazine publisher, accompanied by a request for

an exchange. This copy is carefully kept in the belief that its value will be greatly enhanced by time. No doubt, in the future, when journalism shall have become thoroughly established in the Philippines, this first essay in the field will possess a value to collectors that will exceed any possible estimate at the present time.

Mr. Dan Beard starts within the month for a trip through the Northwest in search of material for a book, unique in character, on outdoor nature. This trip is but one of a number that Mr. Beard has already taken in the past for the purpose of collecting bits of material that lie in interesting and unknown corners of the country. In a way, therefore, the proposed book has been forming itself during a number of years. The work will have for its purpose the familiarizing of the average reader with phases of nature and with animal

types that have hitherto been presented only in scientific books. Mr. Beard's position as a popular interpreter of the things of nature gives assurance of a rare combination of entertainment and instruction. His scheme is to treat the subject for the general public in a similar manner to that in which he has treated games and sports in his books for boys, and the text will be accompanied by numerous illustrations from sketches made by the author in the course of his travels. The book will probably be ready for publication sometime during the fall months. No title has as yet been determined.

The Rambler.

SOME STEVENSON PICTURES

WE print herewith five pictures taken during Robert Louis Stevenson's visit to Honolulu, in 1889. A number of pictures have been published at one time or another, reproduced from photographs taken during this trip of Mr. Stevenson's, but we do not think that these particular pictures have ever been printed before. We are permitted to reproduce them here by the courtesy of Mrs. W. C. Thomas, a cousin of Mr. Henry Poor, the gentleman who entertained Mr. Stevenson during his stay in Honolulu. In a letter, dated March 8, 1889, written to a friend in New York, Mr. Stevenson exclaims: "How small the world is! Henry Poor, my chief guardian and ally in Honolulu, is a sort of cousin of your wife's, and has stayed in your house." It was during Mr. Stevenson's visit with Mr. Poor that these photographs were taken. For the picture representing Mr. Stevenson and King Kalakaua seated together an appropriate caption might be extracted from one of the Stevenson letters, in which he says: "H. M.,* who is a gentleman of a courtly order, and much tinctured with letters, is very polite. I may possibly ask for the position of palace door-keeper." In a later letter he has this to say anent his royal friend: "Kalakaua is a terrible companion. A bottle of fizz is like a glass of sherry to him; he thinks nothing of five or six in an afternoon as a whet for dinner. You should see a photograph of our party after an afternoon with H. H. M. My, what a crew!" The picture of the *Luau*, or love feast, contains most of the personages that figured in the Honolulu visit. The four seated at the head of the table are—from left to right—Mr. Stevenson, Princess Liliuokalani, King Kalakaua, and Mr. Stevenson's mother, and on the side of the table adjoining Mrs. Stevenson are

* King Kalakaua.

seated Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Strong, and Mrs. Isobel Strong. The group at the table playing cards includes, besides Mr. Stevenson, the author's mother, his wife (just on his left), Mrs. Isobel Strong (on his right), and Mr. Henry Poor, seated in the background, while Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is standing. The letters written from Honolulu are full of references to scenes like those pictured here. In a letter, dated April 6th, he describes the house in which they were staying: "With a very large summer parlor, or *lanai*, as they call it here, roofed, but practically open. There you will find the lamps burning and the family sitting about the table, dinner just done—my mother, my wife, Lloyd, Belle, my wife's daughter, Austin, her child, and to-night (by way of a rarity) a guest. All about the walls are South Sea curiosities—war clubs, idols, pearl-shells, stone-axes, etc.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND KING KALAKAUA ON THE VERANDA OF THE ROYAL BOAT-HOUSE, HONOLULU.



GROUP—MR. STEVENSON SEATED ON LEFT.



GROUP—MR. STEVENSON IN CENTRE.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI.



THE LU'AU OR LOVE FEAST.

THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION OF THE RUBÁIYÁT

THE interesting story of the making of the first American edition of the Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám is recalled by the pending publication of the "Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward Fitzgerald," edited by George Bentham, with a preface by Edmund Gosse.

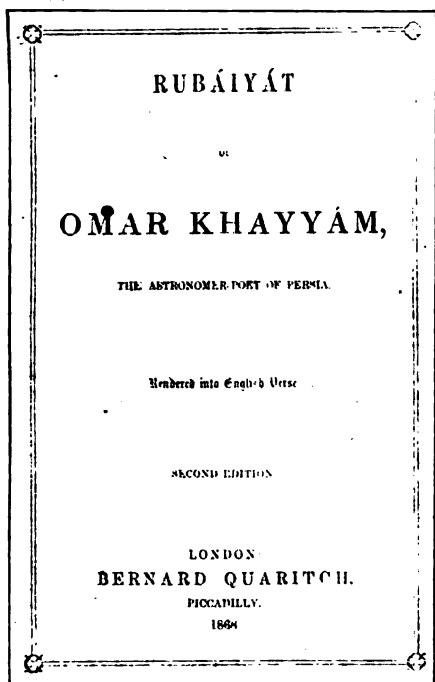
A generation before quotation of the immortal tent-maker's quatrains and discussion of his philosophy became a cult an enthusiastic circle at Ohio's capital had succumbed to the charm of the Persian poet. Acquaintance first came through Colonel James Watson, who read Professor Eliot Norton's critical summary, in the *North American Review* of October, 1868, of Quaritch's second London edition. So impressed was he with the quatrains cited that he quoted them incessantly to his companions, who made up much of the city's literary group, which included, at an earlier period, William Dean Howells and John James Piatt. The following year, while in New York, Colonel Watson picked up at Sabin's famous shop in Nassau Street a copy of the second London edition, with which he returned to Columbus to complete his conquest in the name of Omar. Orders for copies were promptly sent to a New York publisher, who reported that the edition was exhausted, with no immediate prospect of a third issue.

At this point Dr. Starling Loving, a gentleman of wide reading and literary taste, suggested that Omar's victims print a small edition of their own. It was discovered that a local printing house—Nevins & Meyers, printers of the *Ohio Statesman*, upon whose staff S. S. Cox won the soubriquet "Sunset"—had facility, including the accented type, to

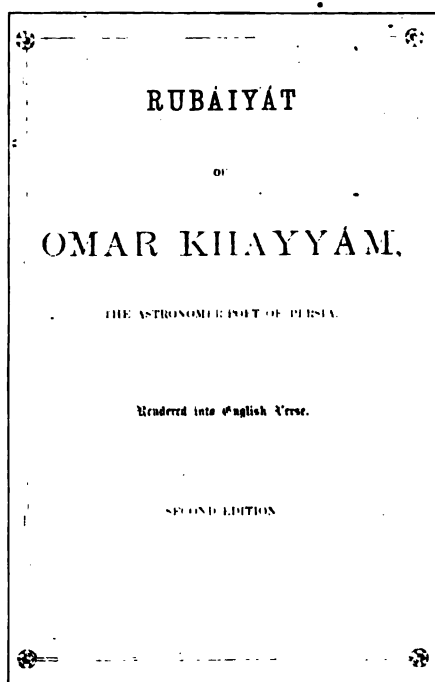
reproduce the original Quaritch. To this firm was finally intrusted the piratical distinction of printing the first American edition of Fitzgerald's Rubáiyát. The printers used for copy Colonel Watson's second Quaritch edition, and Mr. E. L. Dewitt, who believes that Fitzgerald was the incarnation of Omar, read the proof.

This edition, which did not exceed 100 copies—it is quite probable that it was limited to seventy-five—was quickly distributed among the subscribers, including a number outside the original coterie. Not a few copies were smuggled to sweethearts, much to the shock of orthodox households. A famous belle, reputed the original of Howells's "Lady of the Aristook," forced by parental restriction to read the Columbus edition between bedcovers, recently witnessed no small portion of this same orthodox community congregate at a Methodist church, hung for the occasion in Persian rugs, to listen to an electrocution of the exquisite verse by a misguided reader, interpolated with vocal renditions of the quatrains by the church choir.

The Columbus edition was printed in the summer of 1870. It never occurred to the perpetrators that they had done anything unusual beyond gratifying a personal taste in the only way that was then possible. Subsequently Colonel Watson's conscience quickened, and he sent a copy of the Columbus edition to the then unknown translator, in the care of Bernard Quaritch, with a letter of explanation and apology. Its receipt was never acknowledged. His generosity in distributing his share of the copies finally left him without one for himself, and, to supply the want, he rescued from the printer's wastebin the original leaves of his Quaritch



SECOND QUARITCH EDITION OF THE RUBAIYAT.



AMERICAN REPRINT OF QUARITCH EDITION AND FIRST AMERICAN EDITION OF THE RUBAIYAT.

copy, which he had cleaned and rebound, and still has in his possession. The title-page of this is here reproduced. The Columbus edition is an exact reproduction of Quaritch's original second edition (1868), with the omission, however, on the title-page of the date of publication and the name of the publisher. It has the same modest paper cover as the original, and never aspired to the "dark-blue leather with cut edges" which enshrined the copy of which Colonel W. F. Prideaux writes in the *Academy*, October 12, 1901, in his apology for omission of American editions in his work, the "Bibliography of Edward Fitzgerald."

Despite this omission of date and publisher's name, the market value of the Columbus edition is reputed equal to that of its English prototype, and is much sought after by collectors. Diligent search has failed to reveal to the writer any

record of its sale in any of the book-stores, shops, or auction-rooms of New York. The omission of the date from title-page, for which there is no explanation beyond the printer's carelessness or proof-reader's indifference, has given rise to much discussion as to the exact time of its appearance. Since the publication of Mr. F. F. D. Albery's letter, which Colonel Prideaux quotes in the *Academy*, its writer has conclusively proved that the Columbus edition was printed in the summer of 1870.

Mr. Albery, who brought to the verification of this questioned date the enthusiasm of an original Omar victim, has probably one of the most interesting collection of Rubáiyáts in the country, including the Meigs miniature, to read which requires a magnifying-glass of twenty diameters. He also has an autograph copy of Frederick v. Bodenstedt's

striking 1, i. quatrain, with its wonderful play on Persian words—a feat never attempted in any other language but the all-flexible German. Bodenstedt, whose translation is considered the finest outside of Fitzgerald's version, visited Columbus in 1881, and was charmed to learn of the unique enterprise that gave America its first edition.

After the Columbus edition was exhausted Quaritch published, in 1873, the third edition of Fitzgerald's version, two copies of which are owned by Columbus

collectors, who also possess a like number of the rare second edition. Mr. Albery's two-year search has located but fifteen copies of the Columbus edition, one of which is owned by Edward Heron Allen, London, England—the copy which the *Academy* critic must have had in mind when he took the English biographer to task for omitting the American editions, and the same which, Colonel Prideaux tells us, he saw since the publication of his book.

Lida Rose McCabe.

ALFRED AUSTIN

TO

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(*Written after reading, a second time, the posthumous fragment, "Weir of Hermiston."*)

I never saw you, never grasped your hand,
Nor wrote nor read lines absence loves to trace,
Ne'er with you sate in your accustomed place,
Nor waited for your coming on sea or land.
But this I know, if along unseen strand,
Or anywhere in God's eternal space,
You heard my voice, or I beheld your face,
That we should greet, and both would understand.
So, till that hour, wherever you abide,
On circling star or interstellar sea,
Or where, from man's imagination free,
There moves no planet and there sounds no tide,
Welcome, as though from friend long known and tried,
This gift of loving fellowship from me.

January, 1900.

—From "A Tale of True Love and Other Poems," by Alfred Austin:
Harper & Brothers.

FACTS AND GOSSIP OF LITERARY PARIS

MARK TWAIN AND THE "CHAT NOIR"

THE true history of literary Paris will be written around its *cabarets*. It will smack of the *heure verte* of the boulevards. Verlaine will be not only the author of "Sagesse," but "le buveur par excellence d'absinthe"; for to be true the history must be personal as well as critical. From the literary evenings in the "caves du Soleil d'Or," where the *jeunes* of to-day congregate to sing their songs and recite their verses, the historian will draw his "copy" for the *vieux* of to-morrow. And, in passing, he certainly will not fail to recall the interesting story of a little studio shop in the Boulevard Rochechouart, better known in its new quarters, Rue Victor-Massé, as the "Cabaret du Chat Noir," now, unfortunately, only a reminiscence of literary good-fellowship.

M. Salis, the founder of the "Chat Noir," began his career as an artist, and one of his first commissions of importance was the decoration of the residence of a high official in Calcutta. On his return to Paris he took a lease of the little shop above referred to in the Boulevard Rochechouart, and it was there, while engaged on a series of panels illustrating the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, that the "Black Cat" as a name for his future enterprise was first suggested. In spite of the fact that the appointments of his new quarters were far from sumptuous, he fitted his quarters as well as his limited means at the time would permit, and it was not long before he had gathered about him a most brilliant coterie of the artists and literary men of the day, among them Rollinat, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Henri Lavedan, Jean Moréas, Charles Cros, Méténier, Alphonse Allais, d'Esparbes, Jean Rameau, Henri Rivière, Grasset, Steinlen, Fragerolle, Zo d'Axa,

Deschaumes, Sapeck, Jules Jouy—and these only a few whose names I happen to recall at the moment. Others who were then or have since become equally famous were of the number of the original *camarades* of the "Chat Noir," which, at the time of which I speak—twenty years ago—was made up solely of the friends of Salis, and was, consequently, strictly private in character.

With such a brilliant company to start with, the fame of the *cabaret* soon spread, and, in 1881, Salis conceived the idea of enlarging his establishment, with the plan eventually of opening it to the public. His first step in this direction was the installation of a piano. As simple as the innovation appears, it immediately got him into considerable difficulty with the police, who, with the characteristic speed of those gentlemen in such cases, at once came down on him and demanded a licence. Of course the law had to be complied with, but not before the incident had been converted into sufficient humorous material to more than balance all expenses.

About this time Aristide Bruant, "le chansonnier de Montmartre," was first introduced to the company of the "Chat Noir." He was brought in one evening by Jouy, and there heard the original of the song which, adapted and rechristened after his own fashion, was published under the title of "A la Villette," and scored for him his first popular success. With this success behind him, Bruant not only became a regular frequenter of the *cabaret*; but it was to him that, in 1885, Salis finally sold his lease, preparatory to moving into the more commodious quarters of the Rue Victor-Massé. Here it may be added, for the benefit of those who are

crossing this year intending to give themselves the pleasure of revisiting the "Café Bruant," that, unfortunately, it no longer exists under his patronage. After several years as the successful manager of the *cabaret* to which he succeeded, he has now retired *en campagne*, with sufficient fortune to enable him to finish his days on a neat little estate just outside of Paris.

The *déménagement* from the outer boulevards to the Rue Victor-Massé was accomplished with great show of "pomp and ceremony." It was an occasion always referred to by Salis afterward with much pride, because, as he used to say, "We arrived there—at our new quarters, I mean—with our heads still unbroken, and with no more serious consequences to the mob that followed our heels than a speech I delivered from the steps in order to prevent them from breaking in the doors."



M. ARISTIDE BRUANT.

[From a sketch by Elliot Gregory in "Scribner's Magazine."]

When we recall one of his previous experiences with the roughs of Montmartre, in which they forced an entrance into his studio, and went so far as to kill one of his waiters outright for denying them admission—for which, by the way, the French police again showed their idea of humor by apprehending Salis himself and bringing him to trial for manslaughter—their escape on the occasion in question may well have been a matter of pride and congratulation.

But, to return to our muttens—and the *déménagement*. First came the two *chasseurs*, in knee breeches, followed by the ensign—a cat rampant, sable; then the porter of the establishment, gorgeous in an Ambassador's costume of gold and lace (which had been left with the tailor and purchased by Salis for the occasion); after him the major-domo as sub-prefect, and Salis himself as prefect. Next came several musicians from the Conservatoire, playing, as Salis never tired of telling, "for all they were worth"; four waiters in the costumes of Academicians followed the musicians, and, bringing up the rear, the entire clientele of the *cabaret*, singing and shouting, and illuminating the way with fire-brands and torches. Such was the scene offered to the denizens of Montmartre on the occasion of the *déménagement* of the "Chat Noir." The speech above referred to prevented, however, any serious collision, and, with the arrival in the Rue Victor-Massé, the first artistic *cabaret* of that quarter was opened to the public.

The house into which they now moved was of the bourgeois type, formerly occupied by Stevens as a studio. The downstairs was converted, by removing the partitions, into a long, narrow *salle*, which served as café and reception-room combined. Grasset was engaged to design the chimney-piece, the lustres, and the great lanterns which hung in front; Charpentier

carved the cat, which served as sign and standard; and Willette and Steinlen furnished most of the decorations and pictures—the former being responsible for the design of the stained-glass window, representing the "Triumph of the Golden Calf," and the latter for most of the designs for the wonderful cats that adorned the walls. Up-stairs a little room was fitted up as a theatre, with rows of benches for the spectators, a two-by-four *guignol* for the *ombres chinoises*, and a small platform, just under the *guignol*, for the recitations and songs of the "poets." The price of "bock," first placed at 80c., entitled the visitor, without further charge, to a seat in the "theatre."

This was in 1885. On December 27th of the following year the press was invited to assist at the representation of "L'Épopée," by Caran d'Ache, in the little theatre up-stairs. Previous to this, Henri Somm had introduced a "Punch and Judy" and *ombres chinoises*, making fun of the Grèvy family. But "L'Épopée" was the first real "feature," which is amply proved by the fact that on this occasion the price of "bock" at once rose to five francs. It was with "La Marche à l'Étoile," however, that the "Chat Noir" scored its greatest theatrical success. And it is a curious coincidence that the Star of Bethlehem, which only appears nowadays once in 100 years, shone on the night of the 6th of January, 1890, the evening of the *première*.

From that time on to the expiration of the lease, in 1897, and the passing of the famous *cabaret*, it would be difficult to enumerate the various authors and artists of note who have congregated there, and passed their evenings together *en camarades*. Suffice to say that the historian who knows not the "Chat Noir" will of necessity omit much of interest in the personal side of the literary history of our day, for not only most of the well-known



M. SALIS, THE FOUNDER OF THE "BLACK CAT."

[From a sketch by Eliot Gregory in "Scribner's Magazine."]

writers of Paris, but of New York and London as well, have at one time or another enjoyed the hospitality of the "good" Salis. In the height of his prosperity, however, Salis always had one great and insurmountable ambition—America. To take his "troupe" of poets across the water, and to make them the "rage" in New York was the dream of his life. In his opinion a suitable impresario constituted the sole obstacle to success, and this, after all, was to him really no obstacle worth mentioning. He would not only make the voyage, but would appear under the management of the greatest genius (in the mind of a Frenchman) America has yet produced, for it was his fervid determination to make his bow to this side of the water under no less distinguished management than that of "le grand Mark Twain." It was in vain to oppose that the "great" Mark Twain was not (whatever his genius as a humorist) essentially a theatrical manager. "Qu'importe?" he would reply, "c'est un grand homme!"—and that, in the mind of Salis, was quite sufficient. The funny side of the situation did not fail of appeal to the "regulars" of the *cabaret*, and, as the fol-

lowing incident will show, they were not long in making the most of it.

It was in the winter of '96. The long room was filled one evening with the usual after-dinner company, all laughing, drinking, and talking, or singing snatches now and then of some popular ballad of the day, and, in general, making quite as much disturbance as, under similar circumstances, seems universally and by common consent to be required. Suddenly all became silent; and presently, in the few moments of calm that succeeded, the announcement passed from table to table that Mark Twain, the long-awaited impresario, was expected in Paris that very evening, and, circumstances permitting, would take this occasion of paying his respects to the *camarades* of the "Chat Noir." The din that followed this announcement was only surpassed a few moments later by the further announcement that the occasion of the visit was nothing less than the intention on the part of the distinguished "manager" of making final arrangements for the transportation of Salis and his entire troupe to America. The effect of this announcement was simply Bedlam let loose. Salis was the only one in the place inclined to regard the matter as a fiction, but, as the fact was vouched for by several of those present with considerable earnestness, it was not long before even he was converted to the admission of the report as a possibility. He took his place with the *Suisse* at the door, ready to be the first to greet the distinguished visitor. Ten o'clock came—the usual time of opening the theatre upstairs. It was put off. Eleven—twelve—twelve-thirty—and still no signs of Mark Twain. Salis began to grow impatient. Finally, about one in the morning, a great cheering was heard outside, and presently a dozen or more students appeared in fantastic costumes, marching one behind the



M. JULES JOUY.

[From a sketch by Elliot Gregory in "Scribner's Magazine."]

other in lock-step, and chanting over and over again in monotonous monotone a refrain something like the following:

"Le voici! Le voici!
All r-r-right! Mark Twain!"

The object of their refrain was an exceeding long person, with a shock of iron-gray hair and moustachios to match—on the whole not a bad counterpart of the expected visitor. Of course Salis had wit enough to turn it all off as a joke, and afterward was more careful to whom he confided his chief ambition. But the spirit in him was still strong. I remember the last time I saw him (not long before his death) his last words to me were: "If, on your return to America, you should see the 'great' Mark Twain, don't forget to remind him of Salis and the troupe of the 'Chat Noir.' Au revoir!" *Pauvre Salis!* Before his message could be delivered, he, too, had passed with his once famous *cabaret*.

Roland Phillips.



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THE RUSSIAN TORPEDO DESTROYER FOREL AT TARGET PRACTICE.

A MARINE ILLUSTRATOR



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A BRITISH TAR.

HENRY REUTERDAHL was born at Malmo, in Sweden, in 1870. Parental opposition against art, its not being conducive of high living, forced him into the career of a scenic artist, this being considered more remunerative. Here, however, fortune did not smile very swiftly, and, tiring of gilding Oriental domes and stretching canvas, he forsook the scenic

studio, and drifted into the black and white, being at the time the youngest

illustrator in Sweden. In this capacity he was sent to Chicago to picture the world's fair, and, to the lasting advantage of American illustration, decided to remain in the United States. Here the individuality of his pictures soon made him a name, and, with the war, he migrated to New York. Early years of boat sailing and roughing it in the forecastle of the coasters in the Baltic, and the sea spirit, always latent in Scandinavian blood, rendered his transition to a marine artist easy, and the naval nature of the war supplied the rest. Subsequently he was sent upon a tour of the European navies by *Collier's Weekly*, and he recorded his impressions in some of the finest work his brush has yet produced.

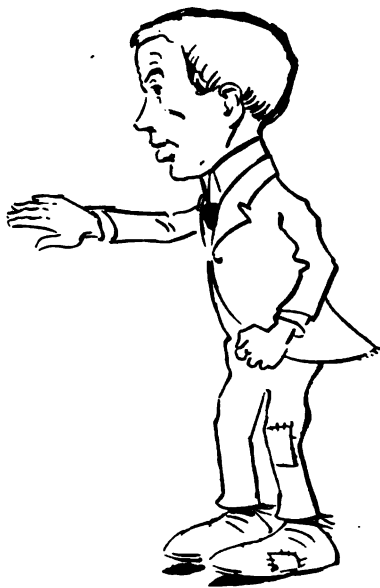
All artists of note have their peculiarities. Henry Reuterдах's lies in an immense ability for subdued detail. This is one of the special charms of his naval pict-

ures—everything is there to satisfy the lovers of technical accuracy, while nothing obtrudes to offend the purely artistic. Nine people out of ten—perhaps forty-nine out of fifty—are ignorant of naval detail, but all with any perception feel instinctively the hand of the ignoramus when they see it. For instance, a trifle like a hatchway may be represented accurately, or merely with hesitating, uncertain lines. The artist who knows what he is doing, who has studied his subject honestly, will, by sheer accurate drawing, render that hatchway an integral part of his picture; the ignoramus artist will either put something that arrests the eye from the sense of inaccuracy that it conveys even to the uninitiated, or else aggravate with a meaningly photographic correctness. These are the two great pitfalls of marine work. It is in his wonderful ability to “manage” detail that Henry Reuterdaahl is so conspicuous a success; his pictures “look right.” He carries this to extremes. The writer, who is captious of naval details, examining one of his pictures with a glass once discovered some bags of coal placed along the side of a German torpedo boat to increase protection in action against the Chinese. Inspection revealed that these bags were just as full—no more and no less—as naval coal-bags always are. It is the extraordinary ability to grasp infinitesimal details such as this that goes to make genius, and to make pictures living fact. Each of those coal-bags went to make up the grand total. Not one in a million might be conscious of them; but there they were, and, with a thousand similar trifles, they contributed their mite to the harmonious whole. There was the secret of success—every single brush touch meant something.

Again, in one of his *Collier's Weekly* “Navies of the World” pictures, there was the British cruiser *Ariadne* coaling. The writer had just left that ship, after a

month's cruise. In this coaling picture all the officers were recognizable portraits; and not only that, but the two types of British navy coal-shovels were clearly recognizable. What did it matter? Nothing, as regards the men or the shovels, perhaps, but much as indicating the extraordinary ability of the artist to secure a realistic representation of facts. But it is little wonder that it struck Americans as “true,” for it means that he gave a British ship as named in the title, not—as most artists would have done—an American ship with a British name tacked under it.

As with trifles, so with greater things. Two of the best-known battle painters today are Detaille and Caton Woodville—a Frenchman and an Englishman. Both have executed famous and familiar pictures. But Detaille, let him paint what he may, always puts *Frenchmen* into the uniforms of his German or British soldiers. Similarly, Caton Woodville's Boers are only *British* in Boer dress. Reuterdaahl's genius for trifling details frees him from



HENRY REUTERDAHL.

[From a caricature by J. T. McCutcheon.]



FOR A MOMENT HE HUNG IN MID-AIR.
From 'The Making of a Pilot,' in *Scribner's Magazine*.



'ORE AND GRAIN SHIPS WENT BY, AND WHALEBACKS IN LONG TOWS.
From "The Echo in a Boy," in *Scribner's Magazine*.

this mannerism. No one would take his British sailors for anything but Britishers. Similarly, in the finest things he has yet done, "Picked Up by the Search-light"—one of his *Collier's Weekly* pictures of the French navy—the men are Frenchmen, not Americans in French uniform. I confess I do not know what makes them French. In one man near the funnel a trick of the bend of the knee, perhaps, betrays his nationality; for the rest, they are French, and anyone looking at them feels that they are French without knowing why. At once the whole thing "strikes true." The torpedo-tube is a real tube; the swished up waves beside the boat are not mere brush marks; they are real salt spray swirling as the sea does beside a boat going fast—the light catching inconsequently on a distant wave catches as search-lights ever do. I have been under them often enough in boats. This picture vividly recalls a dozen actual ones; but,

analysis apart, it is not merely the truth of the effect that does it. Had I never seen a torpedo-boat under the search-light instinct would make me feel that the picture was true—just as I felt it over this artist's illustrations to a recent pilot story in *Scribner's*. I have no knowledge of pilots, but the pictures "struck true." Afterward I met a man who knew New York pilot work. "The man who did those pictures," ran his verdict, "must have served as pilot for years and years, and done that identical trip." Reuterdahl had done nothing of the sort, of course, but—he had observed. And it is this ability to observe that is making Henry Reuterdahl a leader in the art of marine illustration. And that kind of art is rare, because it must be born in a man; it cannot be taught. As I have indicated here by cold analysis of technical trivialities, it is born in him.

Fred T. Jane.



HENRY REUTERDAHL DRAWING FROM THE MODEL.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

A SOMEWHAT depressing air continues to hang over the book world; that is to say, in so far as it affects the non-literary public. Publishers blame the war for affecting the book trade, especially books of travel. But one may doubt where the curious absence of any one dominating school of fiction, so marked at the present moment, can be laid at the door of the campaign. We have had days when studies in erotics and neurotics have been the rage. Then we have had the necessary reaction of cap-and-swordism; but to-day we have neither one school nor one author dominant. What the actual cause is I hardly care to decide; but there is an unmistakable air of indifference, which makes it difficult for the literary gossips to spin out their columns week by week. The levelling down of all schools of fiction has made no exception in the case of the Kailyarders. Apropos of which, I notice that the most recent issue of Dr. Murray's Dictionary really attributes to Mr. J. H. Millar the invention of the use of the word "Kailyard," as applied to recent fiction in the Scot's vernacular. Mr. Millar applied his epithet in a now classic article of the *New Review* of 1895. Mr. Millar is an advocate in Edinburgh, and has been confused with one of the most recent denounciators of Omar Kháyám, namely, Mr. A. H. Millar, who is a journalist in Dundee.

In lieu of startling new novelists we seem to be reading some old-fashioned favorites. There is certainly a touch of irony in seeing the new edition of Harrison Ainsworth, and to find the literary man really reading it. Ainsworth, who died twenty years ago, wrote up to the time of his death, and yet, in 1885, the *Dictionary of National Biography* had to confess that his later books "did not at-

tain the striking popularity of his earlier efforts." Mr. Thomas Seccomb has pointed out that it was Ainsworth who really created Dick Turpin as a heroic figure. In real life Turpin was only a common sort of ruffian, but Ainsworth, in "Rookwood," which was published in 1834, canonized him. "What Johnson did for Savage, and Goldsmith for Nash," says Mr. Seccomb, in an out-of-the-way review, "and Raspe for Munchausen, and Lytton for Aram, and Defoe for Selkirk—that Ainsworth has done for Turpin."

There is a very curious recrudescence of the serial form of book publication which



KING EDWARD'S BOOK PLATE FOR FOLIOS.

It contains the Royal Arms within the Garter, with supporters Crest and Imperial Crown. The Royal cipher is on the background, and the upper part of the design is decorated with badges which allude to the Garter of which Most Noble Order Windsor may be considered the home and shrine. On each side is the sunburst badge of Edward III., the founder of the Order, surmounted on one side by the cross shield of St. George its patron saint, and on the other by the Tudor Rose of Henry VII.

had fallen out of use. It is very largely due to the Harmsworths, who made a little fortune by issuing Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Sixty Years a Queen." Several publishers are adopting this mode of issue as a regular stand-by, one of the most recent being Mr. George Allen, who is publishing "The Living Rulers of Mankind," compiled by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, who has written several works on popular natural history. The latest venture is a big portfolio, called "British Battles," being reproductions of the pictures of M. Henri Dupray, who (born at Sedan) is well acquainted with England. M. Dupray is bordering on sixty. The pictures reproduced are valued at £50,000. Cassell's have several such ventures on hand, notably a large portfolio of colored pictures dealing with sport, which is issued with an arrangement by Savory, of Bristol. The house of Jack, in Edinburgh, has got another serial, in the shape of "Cricket of To-Day," edited by Mr. Percy Cross-Standing, who figured conspicuously as a great Ibsonite some years ago. Each part has a colored frontispiece. Indeed, one of the great causes of these serialized books is the immense advance which has been made in color printing from process-blocks. These serial publications, while probably not of very much moment from a literary point of view, unquestionably absorb a great deal of money which would otherwise be spent on books. In nine cases out of ten they are ultimately exceedingly expensive, and yet the fractional cost induces the public to buy, as they bought the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The first of the new volumes of the "Encyclopædia" has appeared under the auspices of the Blacks and the *Times*. The new edition will contain 10,000 articles, and will run into eleven volumes.

Mr. Bailey Saunders, who has replied to Professor Harnack's "What Is Christianity?" is an Irishman, whose interest in



ONE OF KING EDWARD'S BOOK-PLATES.

theology is due largely to his intimate acquaintance with German. He has translated Schopenhauer, and in 1896 he gave us a version of Harnack's "Christianity and History." Mr. Saunders is married to a Tyrolese countess. Another Oxford-trained man of the same age as Mr. Saunders—namely, Mr. C. W. C. Oman—has prepared a new history of the Peninsular War. Mr. Oman is deputy professor of modern history at Oxford, where he distinguished himself greatly in the early eighties. He made his name by a book on "Warwick the King-Maker." Four years ago his history of "The Art of War in the Middle Ages" created much attention. Mr. Oman has also ready a book called "Seven Roman Statesmen" which is a study of the great men who made Rome.

The Celtic movement, which is being worked for all it is worth from the political point of view in Ireland, has now brought about the establishment of a Celtic-Cor-

nish society. There seems to be a little doubt whether the Cornish people are really Celts, for, at the last Celtic congress in Ireland, they occupied a somewhat anomalous position. Whatever their origin, they are intensely characteristic. The society wants to revive the Cornish language as a spoken tongue, and to give Cornish miracle plays, and to re-establish the Cornish "Gorsedh" of the bards. Among its other ideals are the keeping of every national custom, and, above all, the truly Cornish sports of wrestling and hurling.

Mr. Rhodes's magnificent bequest to the University of Oxford is splendid in its idealism, but it may be seriously doubted whether that university possesses the cosmopolitan Anglo-Saxonism which was the leading ideal of his life and death. Oxford is typically English; by which I mean it represents the feeling dominant in the geographical area called England. It has nothing of the democracy which is a great feature of the Scots and the Continental universities, and the mere fact that Mr. Rhodes should have thought it necessary to have provided scholarships of £300 each shows how different were his ideals from those of Mr. Carnegie, who has made university education in Scotland free. On the other hand, there is no denying that Oxford has an extraordinary fascination for everybody who has come in contact with it. That the South African colossus of all men should have been touched as he was by his university training proves the potency of Oxford, which in his high hopes was to become the intellectual cradle of the English-speaking peoples.

A new publishing house has to be reckoned with, in the shape of the De La More Press, which has been added to the heraldic business of Mr. Thomas Moring, so long in High Holborn. The business, which is now conducted by Mr. Moring's son, has been shifted westward, and Mr. Mor-

ing, who has the advice of Mr. Mansfield, of New York, is issuing books on which he is paying particular attention to *format*. Among other efforts, he is issuing a series of little books called "Nights at the Opera," edited by Mr. Wakeling Dry, a musical critic of a London newspaper. Each volume has a little monograph on a particular opera, and the series ought to be exceedingly useful, for our programmes at the opera itself are painfully inadequate.

Mr. Moring's migration west is typical of the tendency of the publishing business, which is leaving its classic haunts. Leicester Square, which is being almost completely reconstructed, is becoming a favorite spot for publishers, and not inappropriately, seeing that the only statue of Shakespeare in London, the gift of a German-Jew, is to be found there. Mr. Grant Richards has been followed by the publishers of the "Unit Library," and also by the *Studio*, while the Macmillans have spacious premises in an alley which leads off the square. Quite recently the great book-sellers, Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., opened a warehouse which stands on the site of the old "pell mell" court, in a little street off the Haymarket, where Pickering's book-shop still stands. Nobody has gone farther west than Mr. Murray—he invariably uses the "Mr." in his advertisements, in an old-fashioned way—for the house of Murray stands where it did, in Albemarle Street, off Piccadilly.

As there seem to be many doubts about the career of Alexander Macgregor Rose, the author of "Hoch der Kaiser," I have been making inquiries into his early life. He was the son of a certain George Rose, in the parish of Tomintoul, in Banffshire, Scotland. He was a student of Aberdeen University from 1863 to 1867, but never took his degree. After teaching for some years he entered the Free Church College.

in Aberdeen, and afterward got the church of Evie and Rendall, in Orkney. He left that about 1880, and went west. His friends here were surprised to hear that he had died in America, and equally surprised when he turned up, in 1886, in Toronto, where he wrote under the name of "A. M. R. Gordon." (I think his mother's name was Gordon.) He left two children.

The rumor that "Diana of the Crossways" and the "Egoist" are to be dramatized is a very old story. I can conceive nothing more likely to upset the equanimity of Mr. Meredith than to see his wonderful comedies staged for the average English actor, to say nothing of the extreme difficulty of adapting his wit to the requirements of the stage. Mr. Meredith rarely attends the theatre nowadays. The only occasion on which I have seen him there was when Duse played "La Gioconda," two years ago, at the Lyceum, in which Mr. Gillette has found a fortune. Several novelists are at work on plays. Mr. Hall Caine, who has taken Mrs. Oliphant's house, at Wimbledon, as a London residence, is dramatizing "The Eternal City," which Mr. Tree will produce on the conclusion of the run of "Richard II.," which will follow "Ulysses." Mr. Caine made a great deal of money by the stage versions of "The Deemster" and "The Manxman," but "The Christian" proved a failure in London. "John Oliver Hobbes," with the aid of Mr. Edward Rose, is writing a play for Mr. J. E. Dodson, who has made a hit in "Ben Hur," while Robert Buchanan's sister-in-law, Miss Harriett Jay ("Charles Marlowe"), is also at work on a play. Nothing more has been heard of Mrs. Humphry Ward's adaptation of "Eleanor." Mrs. Craigie has also written a play, with Mr. Murray Carson, part author of "Rosemary."

Two efforts in eccentric journalism are amusing the public, in the shape of *The Tiger*, edited by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, and *The Rambler* (which imitates its



ANOTHER OF KING EDWARD'S BOOK-PLATES.

famous namesake), edited by Mr. Herbert Vivian. Mr. Vivian made his name as a boy by editing, in conjunction with the Hon. Stuart Erskine, a delightfully impudent weekly, called *The Whirlwind*, issued in the name of those who still favor the Jacobite cause. Mr. Crosland, who has been responsible for the exceedingly amusing prose verse in the pages of *The Outlook*, is reader for Mr. Grant Richards. He is one of the most independent of journalists, and writes with great vigor, which always gives a piquancy to his prejudices.

The king's private book-plates have been published, on behalf of the funds for the London hospitals, in which his Majesty is so keenly interested. They are the work of Mr. George W. Eve, the well-known heraldic designer. They were originally done in 1897 and 1898 for the late Queen Victoria, and have been altered to suit the requirements of the king. The plates are of three sizes, one of them being for folios. Fifty sets, at eighty guineas each, are being issued. The king is not a bookish man, but he takes the keenest interest in the fine library at Windsor, which is in charge of Mr. Holmes, the biographer of the late queen. J. M. Bulloch.

SIR WALTER THE SECOND

THE abiding impression left in the mind of the reader of Sir Walter Besant's *Autobiography* is one of a successful and happy life wisely and gratefully lived, of a rare harmony of tastes and talents, of active service of his kind, of wisdom in all the affairs and periods of his long and full career. He had talent, he lacked genius. He knew it, but repined not, making the best of his gifts manfully and industriously. More than a touch of the phlegmatic in his temperament cannot be denied, as he reveals it himself in these pages. He was inclined to follow along the line of least resistance, which the persistent worker is apt to make the best line to follow in his own case. He had through all his life but one personal enemy—the director of the college at Isle de France—and even of him he speaks without bitterness, reserving that for the “ignorant reviewers” and “criticasters” who were personally unknown to him. And, even in their case, Mr. Spriggs assures us, in his prefatory note, he would have tempered the bitterness of his words, which, to tell the truth, are rather unjust and unreasonable, if he had had time to revise his manuscript.

Modesty is the keynote of this volume. Sir Walter Besant did not take his fiction too seriously. He appears to have valued it mostly for the pleasure it gave him in the writing and the good “All Sorts and Conditions of Men” and “Children of Gideon” brought to the poor. His admirable studies in French literature are but lightly touched upon as mile-stones on the road to his novels, and his monumental history of London, left unfinished, receives but scanty mention. It is here that the

fact that Sir Walter died before he had finished his *Autobiography* is most noticeable. Of the Society of Authors, its aims and achievements, he says enough; the philanthropic movements which he organized have a chapter all to themselves, and so has the pet plan of his closing years—the Atlantic Union. But it is ever results he chronicles, not his own share in their creation. Of the knighthood Walter Besant accepted from the hands of the queen, over which some people in this country grew pointedly sarcastic, there is not a word of mention; nor of that other honor, so valued by Englishmen—his election to the Athenæum Club as a “person who has attained to a distinguished eminence in literature.”

Walter Besant was born on August 14, 1836, at Portsea, on the south coast of England, of middle-class parents—the best social class, he informs us, for a writer to be born in.

If a man is destined to be a writer of the kind which demands imagination, sympathy, observation, then he should ask to be born neither in the lowest ruck nor in the upper levels. For in the former case the manners and the standards of the people would become part and parcel of himself, so that he would be unable to separate himself from them, or to describe them, or to understand them; while in the latter case he would have no chance of observing or knowing how those people live for whom getting their livelihood is the first and most important consideration. For such a writer the most favorable position to be born in is that of the so-called middle class, where one is not so far above the mass as not to know or to understand something of their thoughts and standards, of their manners, their customs and their convictions; and where one is yet so far removed as not to be led or guided by them, or to be unable to get outside their prejudices.

Besant was a town child, and, to the very end, he confesses elsewhere, the

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR WALTER BESANT. With a Prefatory Note by S. Squire Spriggs. Dodd, Mead & Co., royal 8vo, \$2.40 net.

things of Nature—the birds, the flowers, the trees, the woods, the streams, the creatures—were not, so to speak, a part of him. He loved nature as a whole; the details of her beauty escaped him. But, on the other hand, he stored away in his little brain other impressions of the seaport—its streets and daily life, of the veterans that lived in it—adding the reminiscences of his elders, who had lived through the Napoleonic wars, and seen French prisoners and Polish exiles dwelling among them. All this Walter Besant drew upon in later life when he began to write fiction. He traces, in the early chapters of his book, the connection between his childish impressions and the localities in which the events of some of his stories are laid, quoting at some length and to good purpose.

His father was a shy man, not markedly successful; his mother, "the cleverest woman I have ever known." There was a small but well-chosen library in the house—an exceptional thing with English middle-class families of that day. Walter devoured the books it contained.

"A boy who is ignorant of things," says Sir Walter, "may read the worst books in the world without harm. For my own part, I read 'Tristram Shandy' through with the keenest delight. I adored the Captain and Corporal Trim. I found Dr. Slop delightful; as to the *double entendre* with which this work is crammed from beginning to end, I understood nothing, not a single word. When, in after years, I took up the book again, I was amazed at the discovery of what was really meant in passages which had amused me even in my ignorance."



From "Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant." Copyright, 1902, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

In 1851 Walter Besant was sent to Stockwell Grammar School, situated in a London suburb, and somewhat nebulously connected with King's College. It was at this early date that was born his love of and interest in London that, at a later date, bore such rich fruit. Writing of his school-life, Sir Walter informs us:

I had a form of recreation all my own, of which I said nothing, because the other boys would not understand it. I had friends at Camberwell and Brixton, who asked me two or three times a term to dinner on a half-holiday. On such occasions I used to get away at two and walk all the way into the City of London, which was to me then, as it has been ever since, a place of mystery, full of things to be discovered. Nothing could be more delightful than to wander about, not knowing where, so long as one was in the City.

A few pages later, when speaking of his three short terms at King's College, he adds:

When lectures were over I used generally to walk by myself into the City. There was no reason for getting into the City; I knew nothing of its history; but it fascinated me, as it does to this day. Apart from all its historical associations, the City has still a strange and inexplicable charm for me. I like now, as I liked then, to wander about among its winding lanes and narrow streets; to stand before those old, neglected City churchyards; to look into the old inn yards, of which there remain but one or two. If I could only by some effort of the memory recall those streets and houses, which I suppose I saw while they were still standing, but have forgotten!

From King's College Besant went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he found the spirit of the eighteenth century still enduring. His chapters on the life and conditions at the famous university are as valuable historically as they are readable. He reproduces, indeed, an atmosphere that is older than the years that separate modern Cambridge from us. It was still a gathering-place of provincials from many parts of the kingdom; it drank much more beer than is customary now; it indulged more freely in wine; it had practically no women to give tone to its social life, and the "dulness, the incapacity, the stupidity of the dons brought the small colleges into a certain contempt." Literary circles were very few and very limited; the undergraduates were mostly reading the writers of the past. The profession of letters, in any shape, was regarded with pity and contempt, not entirely without reason, for Fleet Street and its squalid Bohemianism still flourished.

Walter Besant was saved from the Church, for which he was destined and for which he felt no calling, by a friend, a junior in the Colonial Office, who obtained for him a professorship in the royal college at Mauritius. Here he lived until 1867, when he returned to England, and it was here that he began his studies of

French literature, under the guidance of a colleague.

At thirty-one he faced life afresh, with but two resolutions—that he would never go back to Mauritius, and that he would never undertake a mastership in any English school. Experience had taught him that he was not born to be a teacher. He resolved that his future must be found in literature, which in those days still meant, in the popular mind, Bohemianism, privation, debts, duns, and dependence.

I had no intention whatever of joining the Bohemians. I say that I did not quite know what I should do, but I was resolved that I would not become a publisher's hack; that I would not hang about publishers' offices and beg for work; nor write introductions and edit new editions at five guineas the job with a preface, an introductory life, notes, and an index thrown in. I meant to get on by means of literature and live an independent life. Understanding, as I do now, the difficulties which lay before me, I am amazed when I consider the absolute confidence with which I regarded the future.

Walter Besant's way was made easy for him by his appointment to the post of secretary of the Egypt Exploration Society, which he held for eighteen years. This was in June, 1868. In the autumn of the same year he published his "Early French Poetry," which immediately gave him a literary standing. It led to an extended connection with English periodicals and newspapers. The salary connected with his secretaryship sufficed to support him in modest comfort. He could afford to take time over his literary work. "I would urge," he says, "upon everybody who proposes to make a bid for literary success to do so with some backing—a mastership in a school, a Civil Service clerkship, a post as secretary to some institution or society—anything, anything, rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone."

In 1868 Besant contributed a short story to the Christmas number of *Once a Week*, of which James Rice was then the pro-

prietor and editor. For the number of the following year he wrote the tale called "Titania's Farewell." This "flimsy trifle," as he calls it, had momentous results, for it brought him a proposal from Rice that they should collaborate on the ingenious new version of the parable of the Prodigal Son, which became "Ready Money Mortiboy." Thus was begun a literary partnership which is unique in the history of English letters. It lasted ten years, without any binding conditions; it was always liable to be discontinued; there was no contract of any kind; it was signally successful, and yet, discussing literary collaboration in the light of his own fortunate experience, Sir Walter advises against it.

I say this without the least desire to depreciate the literary ability of my friend, as a *collaborateur*. The arrangement lasted for ten years and resulted in as many successful novels. I only mean that, after all, an artist must necessarily stand alone. If two men work together, the result must inevitably bear the appearance of one man's work; the style must be the same throughout; the two men must be rolled into one; each must be loyal to the other; neither can be held responsible for plot, incident, character, or dialogue. There will come a time when both men fret under the condition; when each desires, but is not able, to enjoy the reputation of his own good work; and feels, with the jealousy natural to an artist, irritated by the loss of half of himself, and ready to accept the responsibility of failure in order to make sure of the meed of success. The collaboration would have broken down, I believe, amicably. It would have been far better if it had broken down five years before the death of Rice, so that he might have achieved what has been granted to myself—an independent literary position.

Of his novels he considered "Dorothy Forster" the "best," and "The Fourth Generation" the "most serious of all" in purpose. The tangible result of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" apparently was a disappointment to him in the end. He complains that his idea was spoiled when an attempt was made to mix up the place of recreation that the People's Palace was meant to be with a place of education. The books in the library are falling to

pieces, he complains; they cannot put down the concerts, but they have stopped the baths, they have closed the winter gardens, they have stopped the girls' social side, they have turned the place into a polytechnic and nothing else—except for one or two things which they cannot prevent. "Alas! alas! what might not the Palace have done for the people if the original design had been carried out—if no educational side had been attached, and if the Drapers' Company had never touched it?"

"Children of Gideon," in which Besant sketched the things that were, followed the novel of the Palace of Delight three years later. He declares that he does not know if the book did any good. It led to an attempt at the organization of co-operation among working-girls, but, in his reminiscences of his philanthropic work, he goes on to other things, stopping on the way to pay a glowing tribute to the Salvation Army and its work.

His services to the man-of-letters are well known, and were, happily, appreciated at their full value while he was still in the flesh.

Sir Walter's literary confession of faith may well close this review:

Of all forms of work there is none, to me at least, which could possibly be more delightful than that of fiction. One never wearies of the work; it fills the brain with groups of people, all curious and all interesting, some most charming, and some most villainous. I have never attempted what is called analysis of character. Most so-called "analyses" of character are mere laborious talks—attempts to do on many pages what should be done in single strokes and in easy dialogue. If my people do not reveal themselves and their acts and words, then I have failed. . . .

For my own part, I like my characters to tread the stage speaking and acting so that all the world may understand them and their revelation of themselves in works and ways, in thoughts and speech. Mine, it will be objected, is a simple form of art. Is it not, however, the art of Dickens, Scott, and Fielding? Let me belong to the school of Masters; let me be content to follow humbly and at however great a distance in the lines laid down by them.

SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

A NOVEL BY CLARA MORRIS

NOVELS of stage-life are not numerous, and novels of American stage-life are almost unknown. With the experience in writing which she acquired in her volume of reminiscences, "Life on the Stage," it was natural that Clara Morris should turn to this field, which she knows so well, for the theme of her first novel, *A Pasteboard Crown: A Story of the New York Stage*.

The title has unusual significance, for the ethical purpose of the book is to show the artificiality, the pinch-beck character, the disillusionizing disappointments of the life, even for the ambitious girl who wins the "Crown Dramatic" and, with it, the adoration of the public. The author has expressed the hope that this realistic picture of theatrical life which the book contains may have the effect of dissuading some stage-struck girls from pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of dramatic fame. This is

one of the motives which led Miss Morris to write it. But the prize to the girlish imagination is so great that the warning which Sybil Lawton's career supplies is likely to go unheeded. Each new aspirant for dramatic honors will find it easy to persuade herself that the crown, when once won, will be found to be of pure gold, and not merely of pasteboard so thinly gilded that the first contact with the rough world destroys its beauty and its value. "You told me," says Miss Morris's heroine, in the hour of her bitterest sorrow, "that the crown was pasteboard, but you did not tell me that it was lined with thorns!"

No one will be disposed to question the thoroughness of the author's knowledge of the types which she portrays. They are drawn from the life, and they are set before the reader with un-

compromising frankness. The experienced actress through whose influence Miss Sybil secures her opportunity to go upon the stage has an autobiographical character easily associated with the author of the book. The actor-manager, Stewart Thrall, has all of the weaknesses of his class, and



From "A Pasteboard Crown." Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I WILL PLACE THE CROWN UPON YOUR HEAD," SAID THE ACTOR-MANAGER, "ONLY PROMISE NOT TO REPROACH ME WHEN YOU FIND FOR YOURSELF THAT IT IS ONLY PASTEBOARD!"

A PASTEBOARD CROWN: A Story of the New York Stage. By Clara Morris. With frontispiece by Howard Chandler Christy. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

rather more of the virtues than are usually associated with men of his type—virtues, that is, in the small things of life, if not in the larger. Jim Roberts is an admirable representative of the old actor who is broken down by drink and disappointment. “The Manice” is a familiar figure in the divorce courts, and later on the stage, while “the Missus” plays her part in the drama with a cynical stubbornness and consistency throughout.

The leading figure, however, is the young girl who conceives a passion for the stage as a means of retrieving the broken fortunes of her family, and, ignorant, unsuspicious, and trustful, throws herself into the work with a youthful ardor and abandon which carry her to success; and with success come disappointment and a rude awakening to the realities of life and to an undreamed-of knowledge of human nature. As an actress Miss Morris possessed the power to move her audience greatly. She retains this art in her writing. No one can read the pathetic story of this girl’s career without a throb of pity and sympathy. Her eyes were opened at last, but it was too late. At the end the public is at her feet, but her heart is full of bitterness and anguish. Her *Juliet* and her *Beatrice* were the talk of the town, but the price which she had paid for her success was a terrible one. A tragic and pathetic figure she presents as she sails away from the city which has been the scene of her triumphs, giving help and encouragement to the old father, who, happily, is ignorant of the tumult in her soul.

E. W. M.

THE EMBARRASMENTS OF A BUCCANEER.

According to Mr. Stevenson marriage makes an end of heroics for most men.

KATE BONNET. *The Romance of a Pirate’s Daughter.* By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. T. Keller and H. S. Potter. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

“Twenty years ago,” he says, “this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; now he is fit for neither. He is asleep, and you may speak without constraint; you will not wake him.”

With Mr. Stede Bonnet the reverse was true. Marriage, too often indulged, was almost the direct cause of his outbreak into adventure. Life with Madame Bonnet, second, awoke in him a craving for the buccaneer’s existence. The iron rule of that lady and the tolerant attitude of the Scotch overseer on his plantation fired Stede with the longing to wear a red sash, to brandish a broad-sword, to see trembling creatures walk the plank at his command. Being a gentleman of means, he indulges in his caprice; and, sailing from Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes, early in the seventeenth century, he ran up the Jolly Roger and became a Terror of the Seas, to his almost complete satisfaction.

Mr. Stockton, whose cheerful conceit this is, has named his book after the reformed agriculturist’s daughter, Kate Bonnet. And, indeed, she is an attractive enough young person, with her spirit, her ingenuity, her sweetness, her adventures in search of her father, and her train of adorers, to have anything named for her. But the lovers of Stockton will find more of the Stocktonian charm in the career of Stede.

What pirate, indeed, was ever before so hampered? For the Scotch overseer manages to get aboard *The Revenge*, and there he stays, the fly in the clear amber joy of piracy.

“Master Stede Bonnet,” says this irrepressible person when he discovers his employer’s intentions, “ye are no more fit to be a bloody pirate than I am. Ye oversee your plantation weel, although I hae often been persuaded that ye knew no’ as much as ye think ye do. Ye hae sufficient judgment to tak’ the advice o’ a judgmat-

ical mon about your lands an' your herds. But when it comes to you're ca'in' yoursel' a pirate captain, it is enough to make a deceased person chuckle by the absurdity o' it."

But Mr. Bonnet forces his scornful man to revise that opinion later, although there was probably never a pirate more harassed. For the very first ship he seeks to scuttle proves to be that of a Bridgetown neighbor, the senior warden's at that—and Stede was but the junior warden! It was a painful position for a neighborly pirate bent upon winning his spurs, so to speak. And it must have been galling to pirate pride to be pursued on the high-seas by a loving daughter, as bent upon bringing her father to his senses again as if he had been a toper and she the emissary from home to the public-house! But how Stede Bonnet surmounts these difficulties and becomes a pirate of renown makes an entertaining novel.

LA VRAIE VIE DE BOHÈME.

TO anyone who knows his Paris it is at once perfectly evident that Mr. F. Berkeley Smith has described the real Latin Quarter in *The Real Latin Quarter*.

THE REAL LATIN QUARTER. By T. Berkeley Smith. With illustrations by the author. Introduction and Frontispiece by F. Hopkinson Smith. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 12mo, \$1.20.

The indescribable charm, the free life, the customs, the point of view, the keen desire for happiness in new sensations, the color, are all there. There are just enough French expressions to give atmosphere—not expressions of the *je ne sais pas* order, indicating that the writer has enough French at command to engage a *cocher* to carry him as swiftly through the city as those poor cab horses can go, but expressions showing knowledge of the intimate life of the people, and not too many of



From "Kate Bonnet."

Copyright, 1901 and 1902, by D. Appleton & Co.

"OH, KATE!" SAID DICKORY, "YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT WONDERFUL PIRATE FIGHT."

them to frighten away readers ignorant of French.

The Rue Vaugirard is described, where Mr. Smith has his studio; the Boulevard St. Michel (the "Boul' Miche"), with its famous Taverne du Panthéon, the Bal Bullier, the Bal des Quat'z' Arts, a *déjeuner* at Lavenue's, an evening at Marcel Legay's, a *cabaret* of *chansonniers* known as "Le Grillon," where a dozen celebrated singing satirists entertain an appreciative audience in the stuffy little hall serving as an auditorium; the Luxembourg Gardens during a concert of the military band, and the ragged edge of the Quarter, out toward the fortifications. Mr. Smith merely mentions the "Moulin Rouge" as not characteristically French, except on the occasion of the Bal des Quat'z' Arts. Few Frenchmen ever go there, although every American goes on his first night in Paris. "Aunt can wait until to-morrow to see the tomb

of Napoleon. The Moulin Rouge must receive my first attention."

One of the best things in the book is Mr. Smith's description of the man from Denver, the "Steel King," and their friends the "Copper Twins," whom Fortune had awakened in the far West one morning and had led to "The Great Red Star" copper mine. These four found the Quarter "the best ever," and had a good time every minute.

"'Here! Hold on!' thundered good-humoredly the man from Denver, 'git the girls a good drink. Rye, garsong! Yes, that's it—whiskey! I see you're on, and two—deux!' he explains, holding up two fat fingers, 'all straight, friend; two whiskeys, with seltzer on the side—see? Now go roll your hoop, and git back with 'em!'"

Probably no book in English gives a truer glimpse of the Quarter than this.

NEW NOVELS WORTH READING

HERALDS OF EMPIRE.

Miss A. C. Laut, a young Canadian, who prefers to be called an "American," won her spurs with *Lords of the North*, a tale of the pioneers with a touch of virility rarely found in woman's work. She has a message to preach to all born in the northern half of this continent—a message whose realization has begun. We are a new race in a New World, she proclaims; not a branch of Anglo-Saxondom, or—thanks to the exigencies of British politics, upon which the German people look with unconcealed irritation—an important member of the pan-Teutonic family. We are Americans, the sons and daughters of the bold men of daring

deeds—English and New English, French and Scotch, Scandinavian and Dutch—who invaded this virgin continent and laid the foundations of our Empire—in the frozen North, as on Plymouth Rock, Virginian soil, at the mouths of the Father of Waters, or on the island of Manhattan. But whereas New England and the Old Dominion, New Amsterdam and New Orleans have had their chroniclers in fiction the high North, where the Hudson Bay was trading, and Frenchman and Puritan and Dutchman poached, has been comparatively neglected. This is Miss Laut's chosen field.

There is an epic quality in this new book of hers. Its heroes are Homeric; there is a note of the Saga in her record of their exploits. Rarely has the Northern winter been more strongly painted than in

this book; rarely has the desperate struggle of the pioneers been more potently described in its giant proportions than by her.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

Chronologically Mr. Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi Bubble* follows Miss Laut's book. It is a veracious history of John Law and his attempt to rehabilitate French finance through his exploitation of the Louisiana colony. Law was not one of the pioneers; he was one of the discerning minds at home. France ever lacked them. She never had the men to grasp the value of the conquests of her heroes on the frontier of the New World. Law was no mere adventurer, but a financier of standing in Europe. His fundamental mistake lay in the delusion that money makes wealth, whereas in reality it is wealth that makes money. The Regent of France, ever in need of funds, hastened the collapse of his great plans by clinging to the delusion of fiat money. He took the management of affairs out of his hands, and precipitated a panic which has never been equalled in modern times. All this, however, by the way, as it is incidental to the vivid tale of Mr. Hough, who holds a brief for his hero. We see Law arriving in London, a poor Scotchman come to make his fortune; his love-affair and its resultant duel are told as they really happened, but with a clever doubling of the heroines for the purposes of fiction; then he goes to Canada to penetrate the forests of the West. Law may have been in America. We are not sure of this, but it is certain that the chapters in this book dealing with the first settlement of white man on the Mississippi are its best; that Mr. Hough's epic of the corn is as admirable a bit of writing as Miss Laut's dirge of ice and snow.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE. Emerson Hough. Bowen-Merrill Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

LEPIDUS THE CENTURION

"Phra the Phœnician," Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold's first novel, was a kind of historic panorama strung on a slender thread of reincarnation. *Lepidus the Centurion* deals with this same interesting subject of reincarnation in a vein of light comedy. It is good comedy, too, with a touch of genuine poetry to give the book claim to a moment's serious notice. The Roman centurion discovered by an English country gentleman in a grave on his estate is passed off as a distant relative on a visit, and furnishes the fun, with his pre-Christian manners, customs, and ways of looking at things, contrasting so unexpectedly with twentieth-century social life. But the experiment threatens to become tragic when love casts its spell over the Roman and guides him to the feet of his discoverer's own betrothed. It is here that Mr. Arnold gives the literary touch to his story; here, also, that he draws upon the reincarnation theory with notable success. His book deserves special notice among the season's fiction.

OPENINGS IN THE OLD TRAIL

The West of Bret Harte became a part of history long before his death last month. He alone, almost, preserved the freshness of its memory to the last, revived it year after year in the volumes of stories which fell from his hand with such unvarying regularity. He was often accused of muddying the source of his inspiration by deserting its vicinity and taking up his home in an alien atmosphere; yet the source itself dried up under the sun of changing conditions in California itself. Therefore it is not improbable that he retained the vividness of his early im-

LEPIDUS THE CENTURION. Edwin Lester Arnold. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

OPENINGS IN THE OLD TRAIL. Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.

pressions better and longer in London than he could have done among the ruins of the old conditions in progressing California. Some of his original freshness may have been lost, but it was very little. The average excellence of his stories is far higher—detractors to the contrary notwithstanding—than that of the work of most of his famous contemporaries. In this last book of his there are tales worthy to be placed beside those early ones that brought him fame. Old acquaintances reappear in them, without a trace of deterioration in character or interest, and what more can be said in their praise?

THE CLAYBORNES

The Civil War marks the limit of time in American historical romance. We have not yet advanced to the Spanish War or the Philippine purchase in our fiction; we are not yet far enough removed from them. Moreover, one of the struggles—the war we bought for twenty millions—has not yet passed into history. Mr. William Sage's *The Claybornes* serves to recall the opinion expressed five years ago by another writer who has just left us, Paul Leicester Ford—an opinion which, at the time, had somewhat of the quality of prophecy—that, whereas our revolutionary fiction could never be free of bitterness and hatred, our Civil War romances would be

marked by tolerance, by the fundamental feeling of brotherhood in the retrospect of the days of a family feud. Mr. Sage deserves credit for the freshness of his tale of a period that threatens to become hackneyed through much treatment. The two sons of Virginia, brothers, who choose opposite sides in the struggle, with whom the story opens, are not encouraging. That situation has been used before; but ere long the reader finds himself interested in an original plot, in constant action, and in some descriptions of minor incidents of the war that are admirably done.



THE CLAYBORNES. William Sage.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

From "The Mississippi Bubble."

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED DETECTIVE STORY

Mark Twain starts his new tale, which is decidedly a new departure for him, with a situation that suggests endless possibilities for serious treatment. Here's an idea for a first-class shilling-shocker—the son avenging the wrongs of his mother at his father's hands, Nemesis on the trail, the blackguard fleeing before the youth with the wonderful gift of tracking—but Mark Twain intended from the first to have some fun with the story himself, as well as to surprise his readers. Therefore the second part of this short tale develops unexpectedly into a most ingenious parody upon Sherlock Holmes, capitably done. The Wells-Fargo agent at the Hope Canyon mining camp, who knows everyone of the great detective's stories, and admires him immensely, wonders "if God made him," and Ham Sandwich expresses his solemn conviction that He could not have done it "all at one time, I reckon." So Sherlock Holmes ingeniously constructs a theory, only to be exposed by the boy avenger. The real criminal took him along when he went to commit the crime, for "if you don't want detectives to find out a thing, it's best to have them around when you do it."

CHIMMIE FADDEN AND MR. PAUL

Chimmie Fadden has developed into a social philosopher worthy to rank with Mr. Dooley himself, under the influence of the high circles in which he moves. To be sure, Mr. Paul supplies the philosophy, Chimmie merely translating it into Bowery

Manhattanese. But would it be quite so entertaining without the dialect and Chimmie's shrewd comments? Mr. Townsend continues the story of Mr. Paul's tender feeling for Miss Fannie, and His Whiskers and the Duchess still abide with them. In this season of the Nature book Chimmie's recent description of the robin as a "chesty boid" is a gem. Professor Schuyler Matthews could not have evolved it, and Elizabeth could never have thought of it in her German garden, where the sturdy little American fighter is not known.

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE-GIRL

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin rediscovered England and Scotland and Ireland long after the diligent reader and the even more persevering tourist had concluded that there was nothing new to be found under the sun, which never sets upon the realm of Britain's rulers. She brings with her a most captivating power to see wherever she goes. Life as she sees it—and, fortunately for us, knows how to write about it—is full of poetry and sunshine and smiles, of humor, and good things. Her new heroine is a worthy sister of Penelope—a wholesome, dainty American girl whose joy of living is contagious. She chooses to dwell for a while in a remote English village, on a poultry farm, where she amuses herself, with all the energy of the national temperament, as goose-girl, poultry-maid, tender of Belgian hares and rabbits, and shepherdess, resting from the festive round of fashion, and delighting in the stolid British farmer and his family. Mrs. Wiggin's work is too daintily artistic to be dissected, to be written about except in words of grateful praise.

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED DETECTIVE STORY. Mark Twain. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

CHIMMIE FADDEN AND MR. PAUL. E. W. Townsend. Century Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE-GIRL. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

COMMENTS OF A COUNTESS

Who the Countess is we are not told, but she is clever and amusing from first page to last, so that when we reach the preface supplied by Carlton (that's the Earl, her husband), which is printed at the end of the volume, we are quite ready to corroborate his opinion that Dolly's "a clinking good sort," and "a lot better than she lets you see." The book is a kind of "round the year" with the smart set of London—laughing a little at its doings, shrewdly probing below the surface, but never descending to cynicism or a sneer. It is all good-natured, wholesome fun, wise and witty, ultra-modern, refreshingly vivacious. And it bears the stamp of being the work of one who knows whereof she writes, who is a part of it, and loves its glitter and restlessness.

SARITA THE CARLIST

From the facts of history to its possibilities is but a short step, and a legitimate one, suggested by and taken after the discovery of the imaginary Ruritania. In fact, this kind of thing—the invention, for instance, of a plot by anarchists to abduct the Emperor Nicholas during his visit to Paris some years ago (it has not yet been done, and the idea is free to all), or, as in Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new story, a Carlist conspiracy at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War—is but a logical development of Mr. Hope's resurrection of an old idea. Mr. Marchmont makes the best possible use of the tale he has evolved from his inner consciousness. Rapidity of action, complications of plot are the first requirements for a tale of this kind, and

these Mr. Marchmont supplies in good measure. He has written an ingenious story, which reads remarkably well.

"THE RESCUE"

Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose "Confounding of Camelia" was a remarkably promising first novel, has fallen under the spell of Mr. Henry James. She betrays an attitude of purely intellectual curiosity toward life not unlike his own. The portrait of a lady, a suddenly awakened interest in its original, the man's love for her, though he is many years her junior—this is the situation whose *crux* is found in the rescue, for the lady has a daughter, who is very much her father's child, thus enabling the author to drift into a curious study of heredity. The *demi-vierge* is far from being a new figure in present-day fiction. Paul Hervieu first discovered her in a literary sense; Mr. James has repeatedly experimented with her and what she knows in recent years; she is met with time and again in the smart novels of England's social froth, but in all these delineations she is the product of her environment, not of her ancestry. It is different with Miss Sedgwick's young person, who was born with all the taints of her decadent father, a cad at heart. The character of the girl is what gives value to this book. There is no strength, no healthy red blood in the love of the young man for her mother, or in the passion of the Frenchman. This is all done from the outside—reported, not felt. The atmosphere of the book is gray; it decidedly lacks cheerfulness.

"LORD ALINGHAM, BANKRUPT"

The doing again in fiction of a thing that has often been done before is justi-

COMMENTS OF A COUNTESS. John Lane. 12mo, \$1.00 net.
SARITA. A. W. Marchmont. T. A. Stokes & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE RESCUE. Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Century Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

fied by the merits of the new version. Miss Marie Manning need not plead extenuating circumstances for the writing of *Lord Alingham*, the latest of the many tales of the bankrupt British nobleman and the American heiress to come from the press. The two familiar figures are conventional only in their outward circumstances; in character they differ from their many predecessors, while the accident of their meeting and the progress of their wooing are original and well handled. The charm of British upper-class life is in these pages, which sparkle with a somewhat flippantly cynical turn of phrase. It is an entertaining book to read, even though one likely to be forgotten before the end of the season. It is as likely, however, to be recommended during its short span of summer life, to be passed from hand to hand.

"PHILIP LONGSTRETH"

Our aristocracy and the toiling masses, the son of the millionaire and the handsome girl in a shoe factory—these are the contrasting ingredients about which Miss Marie Van Vorst tells a tale in *Philip Longstreth*—a tale marred by a wilfully artificial style, the cause of much irritation in the long-suffering reader. The child of fortune who, in the days of his enthusiastic youth, plans to benefit the toilers, is occurring ever more frequently in American tales. He never accomplishes anything, his philanthropic plans are usually as vague as his conceptions of the iron laws of competition; but he is there, educated, strange to say, by his hard-headed father in a manner that must make him utterly unfit to take care of the large fortune he is to inherit. He only serves to emphasize an assumption of exclusive-

ness that is remarkably slow in penetrating the consciousness of the toilers. The social chasm yawning between the son of a Wall Street man and the daughter of a Maine guide is not quite so deep nor so wide, from her view-point, as this book would lead us to believe. It is one of the sore tribulations of our upper classes that they cannot impress the lower ones with a proper realization of their superiority.

"SPINDLE AND PLOUGH"

Mrs. Henry Dudeney maintains the place she won with "The Maternity of Harriet Wicken," well in the front rank of contemporary English novelists. As a painter of landscape she has rare merit. The love of Nature, of the Mother of us all, gives color and strength to her work *Spindle and Plough*. It is through her passion for flowers and gardening that Shalisha Pilgrim comes to learn the beauty of a deeper feeling; it is through a growing child that she realizes the need of a master passion to make whole her life. Nature, whom she serves, leads her to the true service foreordained for men and women in her vast scheme of earthly life. One may call this a psychological novel; it would be more correct to call it a study of the deepest forces that rule mundane existence. Much is suggested in the book that is not expressed, allusion being sufficient to set one thinking. Taken altogether this latest book of Mrs. Dudeney is, in many ways, her best.

FRIENDS OF FIELDS AND WOODS

The effort, so marked of late, to infuse into stories of wild animals a human interest may be said to have culminated

LORD ALINGHAM, BANKRUPT. Marie Manning. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

PHILIP LONGSTRETH. Marie Van Vorst. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

SPINDLE AND PLOUGH. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

FOREST NEIGHBORS. Life Stories of Wild Animals. By William Davenport Hulbert. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

in Mr. William Davenport Hulbert's *Forest Neighbors*. His descriptions have about them nothing of the regular methods of biology. Everything is told in narrative form by one who lived beside and with the creatures depicted. Mr. Hulbert had unusual opportunities for watching the lives of his dumb friends from the egg to the animal, so to speak. He gives a graphic account—in an introductory chapter—of his father's purchase from government, during his own childhood, of a strip of wild land along the Michigan lakes, to which beautiful spot the family moved, and had not even Indians for neighbors—nothing but the wild creatures of the woods and stream.

"Some of the animals seemed to take a very lively interest in us," writes Mr. Hulbert. "The chipmunks came into the house occasionally on a foraging expedition; and so, I regret to say, did the skunks. There was a woodchuck who used to come to the back door looking for scraps, and who learned to sit bolt upright and hold a pancake in his forepaws while he nibbled at it, without being in the least disturbed by the presence and the comments of half a dozen spectators. The porcupines became a never-ending nuisance, for they made almost nightly visits to the woodshed. . . . Once in a while one of them would climb up into the roof of the house, and between his teeth and his feet and the rattling of his quills on the shingles, the racket he made was out of all proportion to his size."

"The Biography of a Beaver" tells the intimate experiences of that energetic, brave, pugnacious, resourceful creature from the view-point of one who might have lived with him; a touching biography it is, too. Equally intimate knowledge is portrayed in the "Strenuous Life of a Canada Lynx," "Pointers from a Porcupine Quill," "The Adventures of a Loon," "The Making of a Glimmerglass

Buck," etc. But the record of "The King of the Trout Stream," whose wriggling from the egg is minutely pictured, together with his progress in growth, his many escapes from the hook, his capture and restoration to the water through intercession of a woman, and his final ignominious capture and end, reaches the height of pictorial picturing of life that cannot speak for itself.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's *Wild Life of Orchard and Field* furnishes another wonderfully interesting series of nature studies from the intimately personal point of view; and, like Mr. Hulbert's work, this book is also profusely illustrated. Among the animals dealt with are the weasel, in all his ways and methods of supporting himself; "Our Winter Birds," with all their traits and qualities; "Birds of Passage," "First Comers," "Courting Fickle May." "Wild Mice" make a fascinatingly readable article, and so does the essay on "Flying Squirrels." "How Animals Get Home," "A Midsummer Prince," and "A Gentleman of the Orchard," are luminous with information concerning the mind and movements of these beautiful creatures so near and yet so far from people of average observation. "Easter Skylarks" is well worth perusing; and one who has never looked into the subject could hardly believe what an interesting little fellow our author makes a snail appear in his chapter entitled "In a Snailery."

THROUGH GARDENS AND BEYOND

The literature of the garden never loses its charm or fails to afford a certain relief from the pressure of more material and worldly things. There is a breath of

WILD LIFE OF ORCHARD AND FIELD. Papers on American Animal Life. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated from photographs. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

pur air, a sense of aloofness from the crowded city ways, and the oppression of business to be found in the writings of the real nature lover. No longer is the feeling common that an interest in growing things is only possible to the milksop or the poseur. By very sense of contrast with the things that lie near about us every day we have been taught to value and care for the flowers, the trees, the thousand growing things that take us back in a measure to the domain of the simple and the primitive.

How many of us can recall and cherish associations with some old-fashioned garden where hollyhocks, sweet William, candy-tuft, pinks, poppies, gilly-flowers, mignonette, and other familiars gave a touch of sentiment and homely comfort to the house. Two recently published books on gardens, written by Englishmen, will find many appreciative readers.

It is his loving and yet perfectly sane and unaffected approach to the subject of flowers that has made it seem worth while to republish, after nearly thirty years, Dr.

Forbes Watson's little book on "*Flowers and Gardens—Notes on Plant Beauty.*" An artist in the best sense, the author found solace in a last illness in writing the papers that make up the volume. It was not the botanist, though he was that in the best sense, but the poet and artist in the man that has given such a note of personal charm to the things he wrote. In form and color Dr. Watson saw not alone the appeal to the eye, but as well those wonders of adaptation and perfection of structure that afford an unending pleasure to the close observer. Here we have appreciation of the simpler things together with the trained draughtsman's capacity for seeing form and appreciating refinements of color and light and shade. Dr. Watson's preferences were obviously for the old things, the common flowers of the wayside and the



From "Forest Neighbors."

Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

BEAVERS LUMBERING.



From "The Brook Book."

Copyright, 1901, by Doubleday, Page, & Co.

THE REFLECTION OF A BROOK.

wood. The Snowdrop, The Yellow Crocus, The Violet, The Cowslip, The Primrose, The Daffodil, and other familiar flowers are dwelt upon with enthusiasm and minute and loving care for every minute and changing aspect.

Here in America the preservation of the early spring flowers is becoming a matter for serious consideration, for year

after year shows a diminution of the common wild flowers, and in many districts some of the most welcome of these forerunners of the year's plant-life have entirely disappeared. The arbutus, one of the loveliest of the early blossoms and one associated with some of the most secluded and delightful woodlands, is rapidly disappearing. New York's fine Bronx Park is not-

ably rich in many of the wild flowers, but at the rate they are being pulled and carried away we shall in a few years look for them there in vain.

may be made to fill the window-boxes all the year through, we commend *Miniature and Window Gardening*, by Phoebe Allen and Dr. Godfrey.

GARDENS, OLD AND NEW

"Garden-Craft, Old and New," by John D. Sedding, is another book published after the author's death. The memorial preface is dated 1891. Here again we have the work of a man who was primarily an artist, and who took up comparatively late in life the study of the subject about which this book is written. An architect and a designer, a man of fine attainments in his chosen profession, it was only natural that in his professional work he should have been brought to notice the things that help so much to make a country home attractive, the grounds about them and their treatment.

WINDOW GARDENS

Window gardens are not of the country, but of the crowded cities. Way over in the tenement districts, where there is always a large foreign population, the windows and even the fire-escapes are made to bloom and brighten up the bare walls with a touch of the life of the fields.

For the little garden possible for the small suburban home and the gardens that

BROOK WANDERINGS

Mary Rogers Miller's *Brook Book* has a most alluring title, and that plays no small part in preparing us for the things she writes about.

Brooks are living things, companionable at all times, and to the knowing mind and seeing eye they abound in a thousand interesting and curious things the worth getting acquainted with. The author of this book, a teacher associated with the Nature Study Bureau at Cornell, has followed a typical brook through the year.

She tells us of the brook's ways, its ever-changing moods and varying aspects, and of the plant, insect, and animal life that finds the little waterways such favorite places to live with. It is a young folks' book chiefly, but we are all young folks when it comes to finding out things that lie beyond our usual interests. The personal and familiar approach to nature aspects gives such books their main charm, and helps to make out-of-door things so popular. The illustrations of this book are especially attractive, the full pages from photographs being notably beautiful.

James B. Carrington.

NOTES ON RARE BOOKS

HERE this number of the BOOK BUYER goes to press, Part VI. of the sale of the library of Thomas J. McKee will have taken place. Part VII. is to be sold in the fall, and will consist of engraved portraits, playbills, MSS., autograph letters, etc. This, it is announced, will be followed by one or two other sales of like nature.

FLOWERS AND GARDENS. By Forbes Watson. John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50 net.

GARDEN CRAFT, OLD AND NEW. By John D. Sedding. John Lane, 8vo, \$2.50 net.

The statement is followed by the welcome fact that a complete index of the whole is to be issued. This will make the catalogue one thousand fold more useful and bring the valuable material contained therein, within the reach of collectors.

Part VI. contains 1,175 lots, and is composed of Americana, English authors, in first editions,

MINIATURE AND WINDOW GARDENING. By Phoebe Allen and Dr. Gregory. James Potter & Co., 16mo, 50 cents net.

THE BROOK BOOK. By Mary Rogers Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co., Small 4to, \$1.35 net.

early printed books, etc. From the standpoint of the general collector there is more in this catalogue of unusual interest than in the other five parts. Of Americana proper, there are 272 lots, and some books of great rarity included among them may be mentioned. Smith's "History of the Colony of New Jersey," Burlington, 1765; Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana," London, 1703; The Bible, printed by Baskett, London, 1752; Thomas's "Pennsylvania and West New Jersey," London, 1698; Morton's "New England Memorial," Cambridge, 1669; and "New England's Canaan," Amsterdam, 1637; Smith's "General Historie of Virginia," folio, London, 1624; Horsmanden's "Negro Plot," New York, 1744 (printed by James Parker).

Among the books particularly interesting for their association, may be noted Livy's "Works," 5 vols. (printed by Aldus, Venice, 1518) (Grolier's own copy with his name in three volumes); Gray's copy of "Linnæus," London, 1762, 82 vols.; Wright's "Guide to the Lakes of Killarney," 1822 (Bessy Moore's copy); the first Bible printed in America; Benjamin Franklin's "New Experiments and Observations on Electricity," London, 1754-60 (2 Parts, 4to, Benedict Arnold's copy); "A Catalogue of Choice and Valuable Books to be Sold April 11th, 1774," by Benjamin Franklin (in which the printer, who was also auctioneer, informs his customers that "Those persons that live remote, by sending their Orders and Money to said B. Franklin, may depend on the same Justice as if present"), Philadelphia, B. Franklin, 1744; Colden's "Five Indian Nations," New York, 1727; Woods's "New England's Prospect," London, 1684; Roger Williams's "Key into the Language of America," London, 1643; "History of Romances," London, 1715 (with P. B. Shelley, 1816, on fly leaf); "David Copperfield," London, 1850 (presentation copy from Dickens to J. L. Richards); Thackeray's copy of "The Spectator," folio, London, 1711; The Works of Henry Ward, London, 1746 (with Peg Woffington's name written in six different places); Thomas Sackville's "Poetical Works," London, 1820 (from Keats's library with his name signed in full in 1820).

The library was rich in first editions of nineteenth century authors, notably the principal works of Burns, Keats, Hallam, Lamb, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth. Among the most desirable may be named Burns's "Poems," Kilmar-nock, 1786; Burns's "Poems," Philadelphia, 1788; Keats's "Poems," London, 1817; "Endymion," London, 1818; "Lamia Isabella," etc., 1820;

Lamb's "Rosamond Gray," 1798; Hallam's "Poems" (privately printed); "Remains," London, 1884; Shelley's "Zastrozzi," London, 1810; "Adonais," Pisa, 1821 (presentation copy, "To my dear friend, Leigh Hunt"); Ruskin's "Poems," London, 1850 (privately printed); Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," large paper, London, 1827; Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," 2 vols., London, 1800.

The total for the sale was \$32,870, an average of \$27 per lot.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is not a master in the realm of finance only. He is a well-known connoisseur of books and pictures, and in the former he has shown rare judgment and wisdom in the purchasing many of the monuments of printing and binding. We have only just recovered from the shock occasioned by the news that he had bought the Fust and Schoeffer "Psalter," when here comes the news that the great jewelled edition of the four gospels has come to this country, and is now in Mr. Morgan's collection. A recent trip of his nephew, Mr. Junius S. Morgan, has resulted in the arrival of the book in this country. According to the best information, the facts relating to this book are as follows: In January, 1901, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, the well-known auctioneers of London, sold at a private sale the MS., well known in the annals of book making, entitled "Evangelia Quatvor." This famous MS. was for sixty years in the possession of various members of the Ashburnham family, and was sold for £10,000, the highest price ever realized for a book. It had belonged, for many centuries prior to its purchase by the Ashburnham family, to the Abbey of noble canonesses, on Lake Constance, in Italy. On the dissolution of that institution, in 1803, it changed hands once or twice before coming into the possession of the late owners. Briefly, a description of the binding is as follows: The upper cover is the more sumptuous, being studded with three hundred and twenty-seven emeralds, sapphires, carbuncles, pearls, and various other precious stones. The lower cover is composed of a "croix patée" formed of mosaic enamels set with thirty-five precious and brilliant gems. All who have seen this MS. pronounce it the finest specimen of its kind in the world. The authorities of the British Museum lamented bitterly that they had not the money to buy and add it to their famous collection and to prevent its removal to this country.

ERNEST DRESSER NORTH.

FIRST EDITIONS OF FRANK R. STOCKTON'S BOOKS

For those interested in collecting first editions of Mr. Stockton's books, we append a check list, omitting those books to which he was only a contributor.

CHECK LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS OF FRANK R. STOCKTON

Ting-a-ling Stories.	16mo.	Hurd & Houghton.....	Boston, 1869
Roundabout Rambles.	4to.	Scribners	New York, 1872
The Home, etc.	12mo.	Putnams.....	New York, 1872
What Might Have Been Expected, etc.	16mo.	Dodd & Mead	New York, 1874
Tales Out of School.	4to.	Scribners	New York, 1875
Rudder Grange.	12mo.	Scribners	New York, 1879
A Jolly Fellowship.	16mo.	Scribners	New York, 1880
The Floating Prince, etc.	4to.	Scribners	New York, 1881
The Story of Viteau.	8vo.	Scribners.....	New York, 1884
The Lady or The Tiger.	12mo.	Scribners.....	New York, 1884
The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.	16mo.	The Century Co.....	New York, 1886
A Christmas Wreck and Other Stories.	12mo.	Scribners	New York, 1886
The Late Mrs. Null.	12mo.	Scribners	New York, 1886
The Hundredth Man.	12mo.	The Century Co.....	New York, 1887
The Bee Man of Orne.	12mo.	Scribners	New York, 1887
The Dusantes, etc.	12mo.	Scribners	New York, 1888
Amos Kilbright.	12mo.	Scribners.....	New York, 1888
Personally Conducted.	4to.	Scribners	New York, 1889
The Great War Syndicate.	16mo.	Collier.....	New York, 1889
Ardis Claverden.	12mo.	Dodd, Mead & Co.....	New York, 1890
Stories of Three Burglars.	16mo.	Dodd, Mead & Co.....	New York, 1890
The Merry Chanter.	16mo.	The Century Co.....	New York, 1890
The Squirrel Inn.	12mo.	The Century Co.....	New York, 1891
The House of Martha.	16mo.	Houghton, Mifflin Co.....	Boston, 1891
Rudder Grangers Abroad, etc.	4to.	Scribners.....	New York, 1891
Clocks of Rondaine.	4to.	Scribners.....	New York, 1892
Watch Maker's Wife.	12mo.	Scribners	New York, 1893
Pomona's Travels.	12mo.	Scribners.....	New York, 1894
Adventures of Captain Horn.	12mo.	Scribners.....	New York, 1895
Mrs. Cliff's Yacht.	12mo.	Scribners.....	New York, 1896
Stories of New Jersey.	16mo.	American Book Co.....	New York, 1896
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Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast.	12mo.	Macmillan.....	New York, 1898
The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander.	16mo.	The Century Co...	New York, 1899
The Associate Hermits.	12mo.	Harpers.....	New York, 1899
A Bicycle of Cathy.	12mo.	Harpers.....	New York, 1900
Afield and Afloat.	12mo.	Scribners..	New York, 1900
Kate Bonnet, etc.	12mo.	Appletons	New York, 1902

ERNEST DRESSER NORTH.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

656.—(1) Can you tell me the origin of the custom of dedicating books?

(2) Also when new editions are brought out, is the dedication always continued?

(3) When the dedication consists of a number of lines, as in Donald G. Mitchell's "About Old Story-Tellers," to whom is the matter of spacing, type, and arrangement of words left? B. G. P.

(1) It was for the purpose of securing a patron, and hence a sale. The custom is very old, and has appeared in many forms. Horace's "Qui fit, Mæcenasi" and Pope's "Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things," are virtually dedications. Much curious information is given in Disraeli's chapter on "Dedications," in his "Curiosities of Literature."

(2) Almost invariably the dedication is continued in all editions, as it would appear like a discourtesy to drop it. But we know of a few instances in which it has been changed. The most remarkable is that of Castell's Polyglot Bible, which was originally dedicated to Oliver Cromwell, but after the restoration the dedication was dropped and certain corresponding changes were made. The two editions were called the Republican and the Loyal.

(3) The typographical arrangement of a dedication is first made by the printer; it then, like all the rest of the book, passes the inspection of the proof-reader, the publisher's assistant or editor, and the author, any one of whom may change it.

657.—A familiar passage in some drama remains in my memory since school-days, but I cannot recall its authorship, nor have I been able to discover it by search. Perhaps some reader can help me. Here is a part of it:

"This—trial—
Here I devote your Senate. I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's shew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows. This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths, my lords,
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus—all shames and crimes—
Wan Treachery with his thirsty dagger drawn,
Suspicion poisoning his brother's cup,
Naked Rebellion with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blinding thrones,
Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave."

T. A. E.

658.—Can you, or any reader, tell me where the old saying "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you" originated? E. E. M.

659.—Who said, "Where liberty is, there is my country?" H. K.

660.—Can you tell me who wrote the following lines, and where the whole is to be found?

"Are these the ancient, holy hills, where sages walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills with glory not yet cold?
For I have passed by many a shrine, by many a land and sea;
And still, O promised Palestine, my dreams have been of thee."

H. C. B.

661.—Where can I find the following quotation?—"When the voice of the heart begins to speak, Reason puts her fingers in her ears."

F. J. P.

662.—Of which Mr. Arnold is Mrs. Humphry Ward the daughter? M. W.

She is the daughter of Thomas Arnold (brother of Matthew Arnold) and granddaughter of the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby.

663.—In Hamlet's soliloquy how should one construe the lines:

"But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will," etc.?

Is "country" in apposition with "something," or with "death," or is there a large ellipsis? S. B.

We should parse it by supposing an ellipsis and supplying the words "the dread of" before the second line.

664.—Has anyone ever discovered the origin of the saying "Love laughs at locksmiths"? T. L.

665.—I should like to find the poem from which the following stanza is taken, and to learn who is the author:

"Mid smiling friends and sports, far, far from sorrow,
Hanging around a mother's lap, we play
In the bright sunshine of our childhood's morrow,
Nor dream of any darker future day.
We smile on smiling hours that pass, and borrow
No gloom from all the mists that dim our way;
But rise and fall on every floating wave,
And with each image sweet communion have."

E. Z. C.

It is from a poem entitled "Ages of Life," by the Hungarian poet Charles Kisfaludy (1788-1830). The translation is by Sir John Bowring and may be found in his "Poetry of the Magyars."

666.—I should like to find a delicious piece of nonsense with which I used to be familiar. It was in the form of an oration, and was full of such expressions as "the neighboring top of a distant mountain" and "recline on a low pinnacle of bliss." I knew it by the title "Oh both-erum."
A. A.

ANSWERS

636.—This quotation is from William Wordsworth's "Laodamia."
E. P. C.

642.—The Art Gallery in Detroit has what is claimed to be the original of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death." But I have an impression that the original was destroyed by fire many years ago.
J. M. P.

646.—The original edition of the work by Smollett inquired about by E. R. is in three volumes, 12mo. The title-page reads: The Expedition of Humphry Clinker. By the author of Roderick Random. In three volumes. Vol. I. [II. III.]—Quorum hæc tam putida tendunt, Furcifer! ad te, inquam—Hor. London, Printed

for W. Johnston, in Ludgate-Street, and B. Collins in Salisbury. MDCCLXXI.

The date on the title-page of Vol. I. in "the first issue" is misprinted MDCLXXI. [1671].

Besides those writers cited by E. R. who mispell the name (Humphrey) there are many others "who ought to know and to do better"—e.g., E. Farquharson Sharp, "Dictionary of English Authors" (London, 1897); "The Century Cyclopedia of Names"; and—saddest of all—Thackeray, "English Humorists of the 18th Century" (New York, 1853), pp. 206, 212; also Ibid., London (1853), pp. 242, 250.

Perhaps the oldest delinquent is the anonymous author of "Brambleton Hall" a novel; being a sequel to the celebrated expedition of Humphrey Clinker, by Tobias Smollet [sic]. Colored front, by C. Williams (12mo, London, T. H. Green [etc.], 1818). And, to add to the confusion, the name appears in the head-lines and everywhere else throughout this book, except on the title-page, as Humphry, pure and simple! It is a pleasure to record that the protean name is spelled correctly—without the e—by Lowndes; though, alas, even such a usually careful authority as Professor William Minto goes astray. See Encyclopædia Britannica, s. v. Smollett, 9th edition (New York, May 6, 1902).
F. R. H.

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VOL. XXIV

NEW YORK, JULY, 1902

No. 6

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THE RAMBLER

THE picture of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, which forms the frontispiece to this number of the BOOK BUYER, is reproduced from the portrait painted by Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry and completed within a few weeks. It is the only portrait in oil of Mr. Smith in existence, and there is a special fitness about its publication in the BOOK BUYER, for, as Mr. Smith recently observed, this periodical was the first to publish any portrait of him. A wood engraving made from a photograph appeared as the frontispiece of the BOOK BUYER for January, 1892, and this was the beginning of the many appearances in print that have made Mr. Smith's face so familiar to-day to all readers. The portrait here published is an admirable and strikingly characterized likeness. Aside from its art qualities, it possesses an interest as a work of real affection. When Mr. Smith came to New York from Baltimore many years ago, just as his latest hero, Oliver Horn, did, and, like Oliver Horn, to study art, he met Mr. Perry, and their acquaintance grew into a firm and lasting friendship. Mr. Perry, who was for a time Art Editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, returned about a year ago from Paris, where he had been studying for some time, and this portrait, which was begun not long after his re-

turn, is not only the latest but the best example of his work. The chair in which Mr. Smith is seated is old Spanish, and one of the many valuable pieces that Mr. Smith collected in a journey through Spain.

The portrait appears in the new subscription edition of Mr. Smith's works now being published by the Scribners. This edition will be complete in ten volumes, two of which have just been issued. The volumes are illustrated by various artists and are similar in size and style to the subscription sets of Field and Riley, published by the Scribners.

A new volume of short stories, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "A Sea Turn, and Other Matters," including practically all his literary output since the publication of the collected edition of his work several years ago, is announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. among their forthcoming fall books. These stories, many of them already familiar through their appearance in the magazines, are laid in widely differing scenes—one in Buda-Pesth, one in New York, one in Marblehead, one in London, one in Virginia, and one in New Hampshire.

The accompanying portrait of the original Weir of Hermiston is taken from Francis Watt's new volume, "Terrors of the Law," in which he figures again in an heroic rôle, though the character here is unrelieved by any of the fictitious charm that attaches to Stevenson's picture of the man. Mr. Watt says that "on the Bench his characteristics were accentuated, and, of course, more noticeable. Passable in a young advocate, a fondness for cards, for wine, was scandalous in an elderly judge, and swearing was no longer considered 'a great ornament to the conversation of a gentleman.' Yet Braxfield out-Heroded Herod. He cursed 'without provocation, like an ensign of the last age in his teens,' is the strange simile of his contemporary, Ramsay of Ochertyre." Yet Mr. Watt adds: "No one laughed at Braxfield's talk and manner on the Bench; the grotesqueness was lost in terror."



From "Terrors of the Law," published by John Lane.

ROBERT MACQUEEN, LORD BRAXFIELD, THE ORIGINAL
WEIR OF HERMISTON. AFTER A PORTRAIT BY
RAEBURN.

Carolyn Wells was discovered recently in an alcove of the Boston Public Library reading nonsense verse. Her discoverer was a local newspaper reporter, and forthwith there went out to the four winds the announcement that the author of "The Sense of Nonsense" had some sort of an enterprise afoot connected with the madcap and topsy-turvy in literature. Unlike some other premature announcements, this proved literally true. Her enterprise is, to quote the title of the book which she will bring out in the autumn, "A Nonsense Anthology." It is the first of its sort, and so complete is it in scope and so sympathetic in treatment that it may well prove the last also. She has called together the Kings of Nonsense, American and English, and got of them, freely, their best; and not only they, but the princes and nobles as well. Nor has she overlooked the untitled in their sometimes royal mood. "Let us give nonsense its place among the divisions of humor," says Miss Wells, "and, though we cannot reduce it to an exact science, let us acknowledge it as a fine art." A delightful appreciation of the fine art of nonsense constitutes the very atmosphere of this book, and Miss Wells's introduction happily enables the reader to breathe it with her.

Mr. Hornung has been unusually active of late. A new novel from his pen will appear in the autumn, bearing a title suggestive of the fate that so long awaited—fortunately in vain—the redoubtable Raffles. "The Shadow of the Rope" has a hero who is described as having many of the traits of the amateur cracksman. He shows his nerve, however, in quite a different way, namely, by marrying a widow accused of murdering her husband. There is much mystery in the tale, and Mr. Hornung handles it with his familiar skill.

The work of the artist E. C. Peixotto is more familiar to the public than his portrait. Few illustrators are more industrious or have fuller representation in the magazines than this young Californian. Since he first made himself known in connection with the little periodical *The Lark*, in San Francisco, Mr. Peixotto has had more than enough to do. His work is always good, and shows continual progress. The portrait of Mr. Peixotto printed in the *Rambler* is from his latest photograph, and will interest a great many readers who have long known the fine qualities of his pen and wash drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Peixotto have been spending the year at various points along the shore

of the Mediterranean, and their trip has brought rich results in the way of descriptive illustrated articles that have appeared in various magazines. For some of these articles Mr. Peixotto supplied the text as well as the illustrations. Several articles, that magazine readers will readily recall, were written by Mrs. Edith Wharton and covered interesting localities in Italy. The August number of *Scribner's* will contain an article on "A Midsummer Week's Dream" in Italy by Mrs. Wharton, illustrated by Mr. Peixotto.



E. C. PEIXOTTO.

It will be news to delight the little folks that Paul Du Chaillu has been writing a new book about the wonders of the great African forest. It is to be called "King Mombo," and will make its appearance in the autumn. King Mombo, it seems, was an African monarch whom the famous explorer had much to do with during his long sojourn in the woods, and the story has many of Du Chaillu's thrilling experiences in hunting elephants, crocodiles, gorillas, and a number of other wild beasts.

Harry Leon Wilson, editor of *Puck* and author of "The Spenders," a romance of the New West, just published by the Lothrop Company, is a native of Illinois, born in the little town of Oregon, about one hundred miles west of Chicago, in 1867. His first contribution to any periodical and his first effort at writing as well was sent to the paper he now edits in 1887, and accepted. In 1891 he undertook a series of short stories for *Puck*, and the next year became associated with H. C. Bunner on its editorial staff. Upon Mr. Bunner's death, in 1896, he had the unique experience of becoming the editor of the paper that took his first manuscript but nine years before.



HARRY LEON WILSON

We have received from the English correspondent of the BOOK BUYER a photograph of the gold-headed cane presented to Jules Verne by the Boys' Empire League of England. We reproduce it

here as an interesting token of the love and esteem of our younger generation for the well-known French "wonder-writer." Evidently his popularity remains ever "Vernal."



GOLD-HEADED CANE PRESENTED TO JULES VERNE BY
THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE OF ENGLAND.

As a companion volume to Mr. Sanborn's "Personality of Thoreau," issued in a limited edition last year, Mr. Goodspeed has just brought out "The Service," a hitherto unpublished essay of Thoreau's, which was originally intended for the short-lived organ of the Transcendentalists, *The Dial*. Judging by the present popularity of Thoreau with the public as well as the collectors, it is hardly possible that the five hundred copies printed of "The Service" will begin to supply the demand for the book. It seems like an unfortunate discrimination in favor of collectors to so limit the only edition obtainable of an important contribution to our literature, and we shall be surprised if there is not an almost immediate call for a popular edition as well of this essay. As a piece of book-making the present volume from the Merrymount Press is quite faultless.

Within the last twelve months the name of J. B. Connolly has become very familiar to magazine readers. It is not often that four or five magazine contributions draw so much attention as Mr. Connolly has excited by his stirring, breezy stories of deep-sea fishermen. He is in a real sense a "discovery," and future work from his pen is awaited with eager expectations. A fine, fresh, salt-sea air blows through his stories, and they carry conviction to the reader of one who has known and felt all that he tells—as Mr. Connolly has. He is the son of a New England skipper, and was brought up in the region in which some of his stories are laid—the Gloucester shore. While a student at Harvard University he developed a strong taste for athletics, and an aptitude in games of all kinds. He joined the all-American team that took part in the Olympic games at Athens in 1893, and won a prize in that competition. He has been a newspaper reporter and correspondent, and he was engaged in work of this kind on the *Boston Transcript* when his first story was published a year ago, and gained for him instant recognition as a new and vigorous personality in the field of literature. Since then several stories have appeared from his pen, describing the life of deep-sea fishermen on our own and on foreign shores, and each story has added to the vivid impression of individuality produced by the first. Mr. Connolly has completed a story for boys entitled "Jeb



JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

Hutton," which will be published in the fall. During the past month he sailed for Europe on an extended tour of observation and adventure.



None of England's colonies responded more quickly with help in the time of need, after the first reverses in South Africa, than Canada. Now from the same quarter comes a Coronation Ode by Bliss Carman. Mr. Carman's effort is a dignified piece of occasional verse, and thoroughly worthy of his reputation.



SHEPPARD STEVENS.

Sheppard Stevens, author of "In the Eagle's Talon," just published by Little, Brown & Co., is a St. Louis author. Previous to writing this romance of the Louisiana Purchase, she has published two books—"The Sword of Justice" and "I Am the King."

Her latest book, in which she displays narrative faculty and dramatic power, is the story of the rescue, by her cousin, of a beautiful young girl who had attracted the attention of Napoleon, and her return to the St. Louis colony.

The publication by A. S. Barnes & Co. of "The Love Story of Abner Stone" introduces a new name to the book world. Edwin Carlisle Litsey, a Kentuckian. The story, which is one of local color and local character, has qualities that promise well for future work. The picture of Mr. Litsey shows him to be a young man—as a matter of fact he was born in 1871, and this is his first venture between the covers of a book.

It would be superfluous, indeed, to note, to-day, the originality of Rudyard Kipling except for the fact that always before the comment grows stale another story comes as a fresh revelation, and renews the wonder. This thought will occur to many in reading the story that Mr. Kipling has written for the Fiction Number of *Scribner's Magazine*. With the exception of a few sketches relating to experiences in South Africa, no short story has come from Mr. Kipling for several years. The new story will get, therefore, the full meed of appreciation that it deserves. The title is "Wireless," and Mr. Kipling has drawn the suggestion for the plot from the Marconi discovery. It is not, however, a scientific story. Out of this subject-matter he has evolved a most amazingly original and daring psychological situation. Wireless telegraphy has its parallel in the field of mental activity. That idea forms the basis of the story, and Mr. Kipling has developed it with his characteristic skill.



EDWIN CARLISLE LITSEY.

Mr. D. B. Updike, The Merrymount Press, Boston, is issuing "Four Addresses," by Henry L. Higginson, which includes the two addresses on the Harvard Union and the Soldier's Field, lately printed and distributed by a friend of Harvard University. In addition to the two addresses in the previous volume, the publisher has included the one delivered at the mass meeting held at Saunders Theatre in acknowledgment of the gift furnishing the means to build the Union, and the address on "Robert Gould Shaw," delivered on the eve of the unveiling of the Shaw Monument. Two portraits of Mr. Higginson are included in the volume.



The *Musical Courier* prints the following interesting note about a new book in preparation by James Huneker, the well-known music critic, and author of "Mezzotints in Modern Music," "Chopin," and "Melomaniacs."

James Huneker, of the *Musical Courier's* staff, has begun a work of formidable proportions which he hopes to finish by 1905. It is to be called "Franz Liszt: His Art and His Times."

Liszt's chameleon personality—virtuoso, actor, priest, poet, and composer—will be faithfully painted, with a close and sympathetic study of his music; original piano compositions, paraphrases, songs, oratorios, and symphonic works. His enormous influence on his contemporaries, his services to art during his long life, have never been set down before. As path breaker, as the head of the new school, as inventor of the symphonic poem, as an innovator in the art of piano playing and literally the creator of the modern concert grand piano—of all these Mr. Huneker will make a close study and exposition. Liszt author, critic, and teacher, the Liszt pupils—these subjects will be considered at length, together with new manuscripts and fresh facts gleaned from the most authentic sources. The author will visit Raiding, Liszt's birthplace, Budapest, and Weimar for the special purpose of securing facts, pictures, and details hitherto unknown.



FRANCES CHARLES.

Frances Charles, whose first novel, "In the Country God Forgot," was published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, this spring, is a new Western writer. Although Miss Charles is a Californian by birth, and has always lived on the Pacific Coast, she is familiar with Arizona, where the scene of her present-day story is laid, and she has woven into it clever bits of philosophy, bright conversations, and condensed character-sketches, together with a series of dramatic scenes.

The hate of a rich old rancher for his only son is the theme of this novel, but there are infinite variations. Although the theme is tragic, there is sunshine and humor throughout the book, and a simplicity which makes the story an unusual one.

The Rambler.

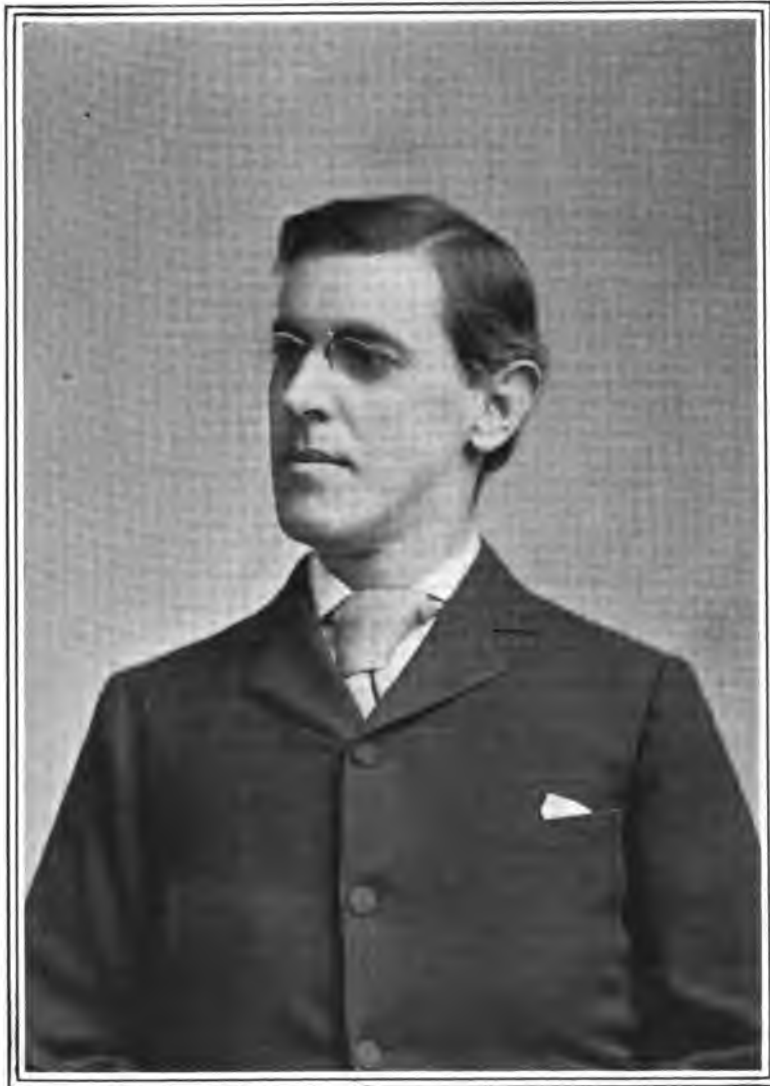
PRINCETON'S NEW PRESIDENT

WHEN Yale University selected eight men from the whole country to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters at its bicentennial celebration, Woodrow Wilson was one of the eight. When Princeton, a few years before, celebrated her one hundred and fiftieth year, the man chosen from the hundreds of eminent alumni to represent them as orator was Woodrow Wilson. When, a few months ago, Johns Hopkins University celebrated its twenty-fifth year, the man who was designated, from the body of picked students who have received degrees at that institution, to present their felicitations to the retiring President Gilman was Woodrow Wilson, and when he had finished his address the whole body of distinguished scholars rose and cheered him to the echo. On June 9th, this year, while Woodrow Wilson was walking across the front campus at Princeton in company with a classmate, who is also member of the Board of Trustees, it became rumored among the groups of students and alumni that he had just been selected as the new president of Princeton University by the unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees, and that he was on his way to accept the honor in the presence of that body. Then ensued an impromptu celebration of the most heartfelt and enthusiastic kind, and, mounting the steps of Old North, Dr. Wilson spoke a few words of sincere appreciation of the great responsibility which had fallen upon him unsought.

The whole career of Dr. Wilson has pointed to a great executive office as its fitting culmination. He has with single-mindedness, from the days when he was a freshman at Princeton, pursued the study of Government, as interpreted in the history of this nation and others.

While still an undergraduate he had accepted, by a leading review, an article on Cabinet Government in the United States. His first book, published when he was twenty-nine years of age, was "Congressional Government"; his second book, a few years later, was "The State"—a study of contemporary constitutional governments in action. His biography of George Washington is the best exposition yet made of that greatest of all executives. Just as he was chosen unexpectedly to succeed to the chair made eminent by that great publicist, John Witherspoon, Professor Wilson was finishing his elaborate "History of the United States."

As a teacher he has been brought in contact with the most diverse bodies of students, and with each he has met unqualified success. For many years, while carrying on his duties at Princeton, he has also lectured before the students of Johns Hopkins, and for a time before the students of the New York Law School. Early in his career he taught at Bryn Mawr, and later at Wesleyan University in New England. Every winter he has lectured, from New York as far west as Colorado, before picked audiences. Wherever he has appeared the charm of his manner, the dignity of his style, the clearness of his thought, and the uplifting moral earnestness of the man have made the deepest impression. Probably there is no man of his years—and he is now forty-five—who has received so many flattering invitations to preside over universities, but his heart has been, and is, in Princeton. There he was graduated in 1879, and there for twelve years he has been a professor, a leading factor in the executive committees of the Faculty, a guide to the students in their athletic affairs; and there



WOODROW WILSON.

he has decided to undertake the supreme responsibility of developing the university along the lines first dreamed of by McCosh, sketched in more detail by Patton, and waiting now, at the right moment, for a man of Wilson's equipment and force to perfect them as an efficient academic organization, in every way in line with the best methods of education

in this and other countries. The large body of enthusiastic Princeton alumni know him personally, and trust him and respect him. He has an opportunity such as comes to few men, and those who know him best have entire confidence in his tact, discernment, and aggressive force to work out the great project with trained judgment and with success. *Robert Bridges.*

THE STOCKTON "PASS-IT-ON" SOCIETY

AN incident which pleased and amused Mr. Stockton was recalled recently in looking over a file of papers.

In 1897 the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* received from Mr. Stockton a letter enclosing a business circular of Mr. J. D. Bartley, of Bradford, Mass.

It is not often that a man, advertising his own business, is generous enough, at the same time, to advertise another man with whom he is not connected and with whom he has no acquaintance. As, in this case, both the *Magazine* and myself are advertised I send this circular to you, asking that you will return it to me, as I wish to keep it as a specimen of disinterested kindness. The red marks are mine.

Very truly yours.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Later Mr. Stockton again referred to the matter in the following:

You may remember J. D. Bartley, of Bradford, Mass., who was so much pleased with "The Bulder-Podington Compact" that he made a very complimentary remark regarding it on his business card. I have just received two other notes from him regarding the same story, in which he appears to be so deeply interested that I think you may like to hear of it.

He writes that he has spoken to three hundred people about the story, and out of these he found that only sixteen had ever heard of it, and out of these sixteen only four had thought it worth while to say anything to others about it. This seems to astonish him very much, and he wants to organize a "pass-it-on society," so that people may be induced to tell others about the good things in literature they have enjoyed. He also states that he is going to write to the Scribners and try to induce them to publish the story as a separate tract, but I have written that the firm, as well as myself, would object to this, and so I suppose he will not write.

I will also mention that a day or two after I received Mr. Bartley's last letter a clergyman in Mount Vernon, New York, wrote inquiring about the story, and asking where he could get it. Perhaps he is one of Bartley's three hundred.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK K. STOCKTON.

The two letters, when reread since Mr. Stockton's death, aroused a curiosity to know Mr. Bartley's side of the episode. THE BOOK BUYER addressed an inquiry to him, and received the pleasant reply here printed. The whole incident is not unlike a possible passage in one of Mr. Stockton's stories, and has something of the pleasant, optimistic note of his own humor.

Editor of THE BOOK BUYER.

MY DEAR SIR: In response to your request, I am happy to tell what I know of the unorganized but really existing "Pass-It-On Society."

I well remember when a cultivated and appreciative ministerial friend many years ago called my attention to "Rudder Grange," one of Mr. Stockton's earliest stories; and how, with many others, I followed Pomona, with her amusing eccentricities, till it seemed that Mr. Stockton had exhausted all the amusing situations in which such a character could be imagined, unless, indeed, his humor was inexhaustible. He by his own confession belonged to the school of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who spoke of himself as one who "never thought it sin to gladden this vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh." Mr. Stockton thought it his mission to make people laugh, and he succeeded, and who shall say how many dull hours have been brightened and cheered by his fanciful tales? It is not necessary that a novel be true to life. The artist shows himself much more in a purely fanciful situation, within certain limits, and Mr. Stockton kept pretty well within the limits of possibility, if not always of probability.

Early in September, 1897, the clerical friend mentioned above, gifted with a fine sense of humor, called my attention to Mr. Stockton's latest story in the August

Scribner, "The Buller-Podington Compact." He told me enough to lead me at the first opportunity to secure a copy. I read it aloud to a few friends. We enjoyed it. Just starting on a somewhat extended tour South and West, it occurred to me to *pass on* such a bright story to the many friends I should meet. There soon came a surprise. I found comparatively few had noticed it; some had glanced at the pictures, but had not had the curiosity to learn what they illustrated. Stranger than this was the fact that few of those who had read and enjoyed it had thought it worth while to mention it to others. In the St. Louis Public Library I found that four of the lady attendants had not read the story; a fifth, who had overheard our conversation, stepped from behind a screen and said: "I have read the story, and do not know when I have read one I enjoyed so much." Upon being asked why she had not mentioned it to her associates, her reply was, "I supposed they all knew about it." Out of the hundreds of whom I inquired, I found less than forty had read it, and only six or seven of this number thought it worth while to pass it on.

Late in 1897 I further spread the knowledge of this story of Mr. Stockton's by referring to it on a little circular I was sending out to make known the *Open Book Holder*, a little invention of my own. I sent to Mr. Stockton a copy of the circular, and received the following reply:

CONVENT STATION, MORRIS CO., N. J.,
December 16th, 1897.

MR. J. D. BARTLEY, Bradford, Mass.

DEAR SIR: When I received your circular containing an allusion to my story in the August *Scribner's*, I thought the statement such an exceptional one that I forwarded the circular to the editor of *Scribner's*.

I enclose you his reply.

Yours very truly, and with thanks for the appreciation,

(signed) FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I here insert the letter to which he alludes:

I have looked at this from every point of view and in all the lights of experience to find a selfish motive, and without success. So that I think you have probably discovered the only truly altruistic man. I return you the circular as the important memorial of the discovery.

FRANK R. STOCKTON, Esq.

About two years later I visited Mr. Stockton's home, Charlestown, W. Va., and of the dozen or more in the town to whom I spoke of the matter not one had ever heard of this fine piece of work of their own townsman. Upon this I wrote a letter to Mr. Stockton, reminding him of his somewhat uncommon fault, excessive modesty, and said if I had been bright enough to write "The Buller-Podington Compact" I should be likely to drop a remark about it occasionally to my friends. He wrote an appreciative reply, expressing his thanks for my "blowing his horn" for him.

By July, 1899, I had found, out of three hundred people, only sixteen who had read this story, and wrote the fact to Mr. Stockton, who replied as follows:

CHARLESTOWN, WEST VA.,
July 27, 1899.

MR. JOSEPH D. BARTLEY,

MY DEAR SIR: I am very glad to hear from you again and to know that you have not forgotten "The Buller-Podington Compact." I believe you are the most valuable reader I ever had, for I have never heard of anyone else who not only appreciated my stories in the way I like them appreciated, but who endeavored to make other people follow his example. If there were more readers such as you are, authors would be happier people.

That sixteen people out of three hundred should have read my stories is not a very good showing, and I should be glad to know how many of the sixteen spoke of the story to anyone else.

I should not wish the *Scribners* to publish the story as a tract, as you suggest. Before long I expect to issue a book of short stories, and "The

Buller-Podington Compact" will be included in the volume. But the Scribners will be very glad to know of your continued interest in the story.

You did not send me one of your open book holders, but, judging from the cuts and descriptions, the invention must be an excellent one.

I am going to send your letter to the Editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. I want him to know what you think of my work.

Yours very truly,
(signed) FRANK R. STOCKTON.

As soon as "Afield and Afloat" was issued Mr. Stockton kindly sent me a copy, with this inscription:

September 30, 1900.

Mr. J. D. Bartley,
with the compliments of Messrs. Buller
& Podington.

In the light of what I have written, it

will appear safe to assume that our friends may not have read all the good things we have discovered, and that there is need of a "Pass-It-On-Society," of which, since the death of my ministerial friend, like Gilbert's "Survivor of the Nancy Brig," as yet

"I am the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy Brig,
And the helmsman tight, and the mid-
shipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Yours very truly,
JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY,
Edmunds High School.

Burlington, Vt.,
June 7, 1902.

F. C. YOHN

THE profession of illustrating may broadly be divided into two fields—that of the realists, like Du Maurier or Charles D. Gibson, who delineate the people of their own age and the types that surround them, and that of the artists, who, like Meissonier, Vierge, and Abbey, deal with bygone periods. Mr. Yohn has illustrated both historical narratives, or novels, and also the modern novel, and he may therefore properly be placed in the ranks of our "all-round" illustrators—a workmanlike, intelligent, sympathetic, "all-around" illustrator. His designs are nicely composed; they never jar upon us because of unrelated parts, or of over-accented details, but tell their story in direct and controlled language that needs no accompanying glossary; they illustrate the text.

One of the problems which present themselves to the illustrator is that of maintaining a character throughout a series. The illustrator, once having decided how nearly his pencil can approx-

imate the author's pen-portrait of the hero, must see to it that every time that that hero appears, no matter what his costume, no matter what his disguise, he must be the same character that was introduced into the first illustrations.

Mr. Yohn has had an opportunity to show his ability in thus sustaining character in illustrating "The Amateur Cracksman Series," by E. W. Hornung, in which the character of Raffles regularly appears. He is a tall man with gray hair, heavy eyebrows, clean-shaven face, mobile mouth, and piercing eyes. Mr. Yohn is thoroughly consistent in his numerous portrayals of him, and especially happy in catching the expression of our hero's eyes.

There is another attribute of artistic craftsmanship, common, it is true, to literary art as well as to the graphic arts, but not always recognized by the public, and particularly little recognized by them in connection with the illustrator's art. We refer to the artist's grasping the op-



ONE OF F. C. YOHN'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "OLIVER CROMWELL," IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1900.



ONE OF F. C. YOHNS ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "THE LEPERS," IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1899.

portunity of adding to the bald facts, in the episode he has in hand, some invention of his own; introducing some probable adjuncts that enforce the realism of the scene, or that bring out in greater relief the main point of the story.

With this privilege, how unlimited is the illustrator's field? And yet how little the general reader realizes that fact. "The primrose-by-the-river's-brim" person thinks that the illustrator once having the subject in hand of one man killing another, there is no further choice; and, moreover, since the subject has been given to him, there is little chance for originality. But the expert knows full well that no two artists would treat such a subject alike. Each would vary it according to his mental abilities and the largeness of his imagination.

In his treatment of environment, or *mise-en-scene*, his mental qualities also come in play. There is in short no subject which the illustrator may not invest with a beauty all his own.

One will readily discover in the illustration Mr. Yohn made for "The Lepers" how capably he has wrought out his scheme of chiaroscuro, and obtained dramatic effect by his stormy, bird-dotted background. Doré used to accomplish similar effects when interpreted by very expensive wood-engraving, but the average illustration of twenty or thirty years ago (made by Darley, Billings, or Hoppin, for example), accompanying a similar text, would contain little more than a wiry outline and cross-hatch presentation of the figures alone. The atmospheric envelopment, which here plays so important a part, would have been wholly missing. Such inclusion of the atmospheric environment as an integral part of the picture is perhaps the most distinguishing trait of the younger group of illustrators to which Mr. Yohn belongs.

Mr. Yohn's pictures are mainly in



F. C. YOHN.

two styles; he has either introduced a conspicuous single figure and placed it a little way from the centre of his panel in a more or less monumental pose, the other figures in the composition or the background accessories made subservient (in his "Lewis's First Glimpse of the Rockies," "Some Day He Will Resume His Place in the Trade," illustrating "The Memphis Packet," and "Winter at Valley Forge," we find the successful treatment of the single figure), or, as in many of the battle-pieces, he has wrought out carefully and successfully various problems of grouping, as in "The Battle of Manila, August 13, 1898—the Regulars Advance from their Trenches," and "The Massacre of Major Dade and his Men by the Indians in the Wahoo Swamp," "The Fight at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1775," and "The Siege of Clonmel."

That the responsibility of illustrating is felt to-day by the draughtsman and the editor more than in earlier times is proved by the fact that to-day, when a historical subject is to be illustrated, whenever it is possible, the artist is sent to the scene of action, that he may obtain his information first hand, and when in 1889 Mr. Yohn was commissioned to make a number of illustrations for Roosevelt's "Cromwell," it was arranged that he should go to England, where he resided for six months visiting battle-fields, and searching in the museums and libraries in order to verify his costumes and other details. He took his own model with him, obtained authentic costumes, and made many of his drawings on the other side, though he brought back a goodly collection of arms and armor, which served him well in his subsequent work. Indeed, his studio is now quite an arsenal of the seventeenth century English and American Revolutionary paraphernalia of war.

Nor is the characterization of a single hero, like that of Raffles, the climax of the illustrator's problems; characterization in a fuller sense comes in play when a national type is to be delineated, or the physiognomy of a sect is to be fixed, or the bearing of the denizens of a certain city to be caught, or the carriage of the peasants of a certain district to be portrayed.

This close attention to minor details is as much the business of the artist as is the attention to "make up" the business of the actor. A bit of local color here or there, immediately places the figures in the "period" to which they belong. In the Raffles series a fine bit of detail is the drawing of "the huge white mustache, like a flying sea-gull," of Count Corbucci.

Conspicuous among Mr. Yohn's abilities is his excellent drawing of eyes (when

Raffles looks at Bunny his eyes certainly are "keen and gray and gleaming, like finely tempered steel"), an all-important qualification for the illustrator of dramatic episodes; his drawing of hands is also noteworthy, and not only does he construct them with anatomical knowledge, but he makes use of gestures with keen discrimination.

Mr. Yohn is a serious student of the art of illustration, and a great admirer of Menzel, Vierge, Meissonier, De Neuville, and Abbey; though, in view of the fact that Howard Pyle chooses such subjects as those Mr. Yohn himself cares the most for, Pyle is probably his favorite illustrator.

A distinguished trait of Mr. Yohn's methods as an illustrator is great accuracy in the delineation of accessories. No chair or table, andiron, or cooking utensil of any kind is introduced into his colonial pictures which has not been verified in form and contour.

Mr. Yohn, like many of the younger illustrators of to-day, studied in the Art Student's League, New York, and made his *débüt* as an illustrator in *Harper's Round Table* about 1898, the time when a number of young men, who to-day are known to the readers of our magazines as full-fledged illustrators, were trying their 'prentice hands in the pages of that periodical.

Mr. Yohn never went through the dispiriting experiences of the proverbial art student, living on bread and water, and having his drawings refused. On the contrary, he, thanks to the League education, might almost claim title to that other proverbial expression of being born, like Minerva, fully armed, for in his very first illustrations we discover a firmness in the drawing that is remarkable.

Ernest Knauff.



ONE OF F. C. YOHNN'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "NO SINECURE," IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY 1901.

INLAYING AND EXTRA ILLUSTRATION

THE art of inlaying and extra illustration has made rapid strides in this country since its introduction, less than fifty years ago. With the passing of Charles I. Bushnell, A. Oakley Hall, Charles Congdon, Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Governor Bell, Curtis Guild, Mayor Courtney, George W. Childs, Ferdinand Dreer, Augustin Daly, and many other collectors who were wont to intrust treasured volumes and costly prints to specialists without restriction as to time, taste, or expense, there has developed a modest army of collectors who make their own print selections, personally illustrate the text, and leave only the actual work of inlaying to the professional.

Increasing are the number of collectors who do their own inlaying. However extra illustration may be decried, its educational value is unquestioned, while it is serving to preserve what otherwise might be lost—much of the best work of the wood, steel, and lithographic arts. Where formerly inlaying was confined almost wholly to the pioneer trio—Messrs. Trent, Toedteberg, and Lawrence—every bookbinder nowadays includes inlaying and extra illustration in his regular business.

That our bindery inlaying is not of uniform excellence, often vastly inferior to that of the specialist, goes without saying, but on the whole it is superior to much of the work that comes to us from the book marts of the Old World. American book-lovers and collectors are largely indebted for their knowledge of the art to Messrs. George Trent, Augustus Toedteberg, and T. W. Lawrence. Ripe in skill and full of years, Messrs. Trent and Toedteberg—the former is eighty-one and the latter seventy-seven years—still leisurely ply their art at their respective homes in Brooklyn. Since the

death of their contemporary, Mr. Lawrence, there have been no exclusive inlayers in New York City save the latter's son and daughters, who continue to work in the original shop in Nassau Street which the family has retained for thirty-five years.

An Englishman by birth, a bookbinder by trade, Mr. Trent never saw an inlaid book until the late well-known lawyer, print and coin collector, Mr. Charles I. Bushnell, brought to the bindery in which he was working an imported volume.

"The work was so badly done," said Mr. Trent, recalling the incident, "that I denounced it, saying that I could have done it better. My criticism so pleased Mr. Bushnell that he brought a book to me to illustrate for him. The result was satisfactory, and he recommended me to other collectors. Patrons increased, and in 1858 I abandoned bookbinding altogether. Since then I have worked exclusively at my home for individual collectors.

Few are the notable libraries of the United States that have not specimens of Mr. Trent's skill, which is also not without recognition on the other side.

He was scarcely established in his new field when Augustus Toedteberg came to New York from Hamelin, Germany. At home Lord Byron had captivated Toedteberg's boyish fancy, and in the New World he began saving pictures and pasting them in a book after the crude manner of the average amateur, with the purpose of illustrating a life of the poet.

"I knew then scarcely enough English to read the titles on the prints," said the veteran inlayer. "While intent on Lord Byron I came across a portrait of Edmund Kean in Elisha Dexter's print-shop



AUGUSTUS TOEDTEBERG, PIONEER INLAYER AND EXTRA ILLUSTRATOR.

in Canal Street. The stage had always interested me, and the print turned me to the collection of stage celebrities, and much of my best work has been identified with the drama."

Mr. Toedteberg first learned of the art of inlaying through Mr. Thomas H. Morrell and Mr. Charles C. Moreau, whom he met while browsing in the print-shops of Old New York. Mr. Moreau was the first American collector that illustrated books and did his own inlaying. Morrell kept a book and print shop in Nassau Street, and there young Toedteberg met John Allan, the first collector of illustrated books especially pertaining to early New York.

"Mr. Allan asked me one day what I did with my prints," said Mr. Toedteberg. "I showed him my scrap-book. I had never seen or heard of inlaying. It was unknown in Germany. Mr. Allan told me how they ought to be preserved, and directed me to Mr. Trent, who subsequently inlaid several books for me—all fine work. From a dabbler in water-color I turned to inlaying for myself, and in 1866 adopted it as a profession. A year later I met Mr. Augustin Daly, who was probably the most extensive illustrator this country has known, and for more than twenty years I did much of the extra illustration of his fine library."

Mr. Toedteberg brings to inlaying the refinement of the artist and the intelligence of the book-lover. So much of himself goes into the books he illustrates that it is with reluctance that he parts with them. A print recalls to him the history of the subject, and the time that produced it. The annals of the English and American stage are at his tongue's end.

The "Book Lover's Enchiridion," by Alexander Ireland, extended from one to six volumes, Mr. Toedteberg considers his finest work, and critics are not wanting

to declare it the finest inlaying ever done in this country.

To his latest work, the illustration of the Grolier Catalogue of the exhibit of Select Works of the Poet Laureates of England, he has brought all the enthusiasm of his younger days.

"I made it for myself," he declares with the jealous ardor of the true book-lover, "and I hope I may be able to keep it. The smaller catalogue I illustrated was carried off to Philadelphia before I had time to enjoy it."

The Grolier Catalogue, now waiting for the binder, has 120 prints, including all the burial-places of the laureates and all the portraits but one—Nahum Tate (1652-1715). In lieu of this portrait is a water-color laurel wreath to inclose the print if ever found, with the poet's name inscribed on a tablet at the base. Mr. Toedteberg has inserted the portrait of Lawrence Eusden (1688-1730), which the Grolier Club was unable to find.

The work-shop of the quaint old inlayer would delight a Holland housewife. Many thousand dollars' worth of prints are stored in the huge wooden bin against the north wall, while everywhere are cases containing pictures and manuscripts in various stages of preparation for inlaying, all carefully classified. Here and there are personal tributes from grateful patrons. Not the least interesting souvenir is a small terra-cotta bust of Henry Irving, which the great actor had made expressly for Mr. George W. Childs, and which the latter presented to Mr. Toedteberg in appreciation of the books he had illustrated for him.

Simple is the inlayer's paraphernalia: A large table of smooth, immaculate surface, scissor, ruler, knives, paste-pot, and drying-press. Much of the success of the art of inlaying depends upon the quality of the paper; not only the paper upon which the cuts are printed, but that which

the inlayer selects for the insertion of the illustrations.

"This sharp knife," says the old gentleman, with a humorous twinkle, "I use upon English paper, which is hard and unyielding. The dull knife I keep for German paper, which by the way is manufactured at Hoboken, and costs about one-fourth the price of English paper, but cannot be used for fine work."

It is the inequality of modern paper that tends to preserve inlaying as a handicraft. It is not probable that it will ever be supplanted by the machine. The value and the beauty of the art lies too largely in the delicacy, the deftness of the inlayer's handling—the personal touch.

"Good wood or steel prints are becoming very scarce," says Mr. Toedteberg. "Since 1880 I find magazine prints almost useless for inlaying. The paper

upon which they are printed crumbles and rubs off in little wads when moistened, so that, in splitting or separating the print from its background, it is almost impossible not to injure, if not totally destroy it."

To split or separate a wood, steel, or lithographic print from its paper background, bevelling the edge one-sixteenth of an inch to fit as perfectly as a mosaic into the one-sixteenth of an inch bevelled edge of the drawing-paper window prepared for it, preserving when the paste is dried a flat surface that leaves no trace of where print begins and margin leaves off, may seem to the uninitiated very simple work.

Only when the unskilled attempts to follow the directions of the skilled does he realize the important part personal touch plays in the inlayer's art.

Lida Rose McCabe.

A TALK WITH MAETERLINCK

THERE is something peculiarly modern in the idea of a Belgian "Shakespeare" riding in an automobile. From his works one would expect rather to see in Maeterlinck a mediæval, unreal sort of person, speaking in monosyllables and repetitions, living apart from the world and interested only in Fate and Destiny. The two pictures published in this number of *THE BOOK BUYER* are most characteristic. They show the poet as he really is, and not as one might easily imagine him, for example, from his "L'Intruse," or "Les Aveugles," or even from his later essays on life and philosophy. Personally, as I have had occasion before to point out in connection with his recent books, Maeterlinck is not at all a mystic. It is the manner only, and of his work—not of the poet himself. For instance, of

his experiences as a *chauffeur* he wrote recently: "But these mighty mysteries—the inexplicable miracle that permits two wheels of the same dimensions, revolving on the same axis and moved by the same motor, to perform an equal number of turns—at present concern me not. Beneath my tremulous hand the monster is docile and ready, and on either side of the road the fields of corn flow peacefully onward, like veritable rivers of green. . . . I conquer the plains, which bow down before me . . . the pace grows faster and faster . . . at first the road comes moving toward me like a bride waving palms, rhythmically keeping time to some melody of gladness. But soon it throws itself madly upon me, rushing under the car like a furious torrent whose foam dashes over my face; it drowns me



MAURICE MAETERLINCK IN HIS GARDEN AT PASSY.

beneath its waves, it blinds me with its breath. It is as though wings, as though myriad wings that one cannot see, transparent wings of great supernatural birds that dwell on invisible mountains swept by eternal snow, have come to encircle my eyes and my brow with their vast freshness." This is the manner—the touch of poetic mysticism—the eternal wonderment in all his work of the inexplicable mystery even of common things and of the simple events of every-day life.

In his "Treasure of the Humble" he carries his manner of mysticism a step farther. "What can this be," he says, "that I speak of here in connection with love only, but which may well take place in the smallest events of life? Is it I know not what sacrifice or inner embrace? Is the profoundest desire to be soul for a soul, or the consciousness ever quickening within us of a presence of a life that is invisible but equal to our own? I know not; but in truth it is then that we feel

that there lurks, somewhere, an unknown force . . . that we are treasures of an unknown God." This is an extreme example of the vague effort to express in phrases of rare beauty the deep, underlying meaning of life. It is when the poet leaves this vague manner of speculation, and, as in "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Life of the Bee," turns to the actual observation of life—every-day life as he knows it and has studied it—that he seems to me to take first stand as a philosopher and as a writer of rare imaginative prose.

I met Maeterlinck for the first time at his old family homestead in Oostacker, near Ghent. It is a quaint little village in Dutch Flanders. The poet himself thus describes the surrounding country: "It is a sweet and pleasant country, whose love for brilliant color rivals that of Zealand even, the concave mirror of Holland; a country that gladly spreads out before us as so many pretty, thoughtful toys her illuminated gables and wagons and towers; her cupboards and clocks, that gleam at the end of the passage; her little trees, marshalled in line along quays and canal-banks, waiting, one might almost think, for some quiet, beneficent ceremony; her boats and her barges, her flower-like doors and windows, immaculate dams, and elaborate, many-colored draw-bridges; and her little varnished houses, bright as new pottery."

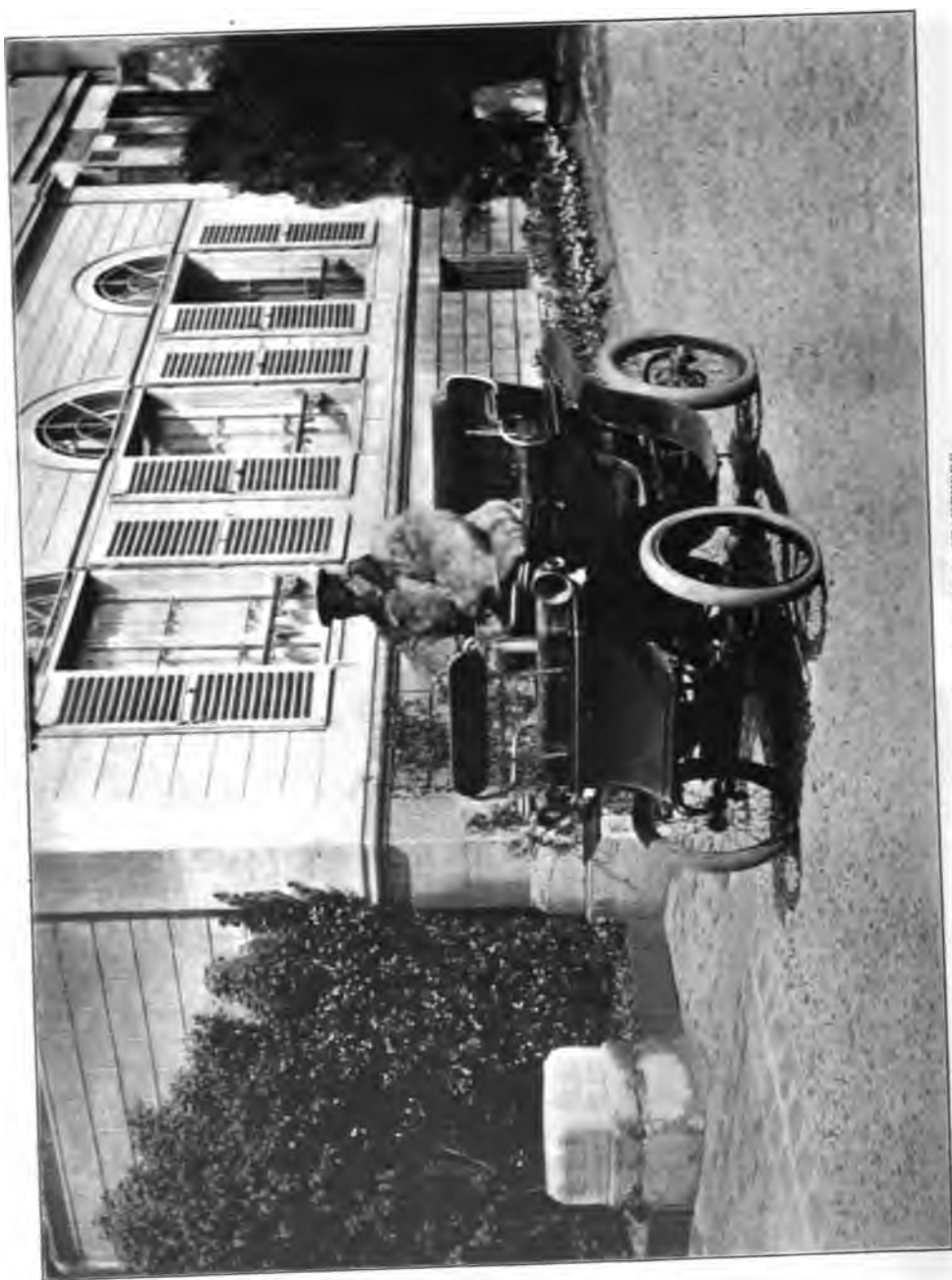
The Maeterlinck homestead is not one of the "little varnished houses," but a spacious, comfortable-looking house in the Flemish style, situated well back from the road, and almost hidden from view by an abundance of shrubs, trees, and flowers of every sort. There was something old-fashioned and home-like even in the appearance of the garden with its profusion of "country" flowers—hollyhocks, roses on climbing vines, bright-colored mimosa,

and so on—the home of Maeterlinck's bees. I happened to ride over from Ghent with the old curate of the village, who pointed out the place with pride as the home of "Monsieur Maurice," where he lived and worked in order to be "far from the crowd." It seemed at first glance that it must have been some such place as this that Maeterlinck has described in his poem called "Home." I found later that the guess was correct; and Maeterlinck, though he has now taken a house in Passy, just outside of Paris, still refers to the place under the old name. It was there he wrote all his early dramatic poems, and many of his more recent essays.

I recall some of the incidents of my first meeting with him. The day happened to be extremely hot—even for midsummer in Flanders. As I arrived at the porter's lodge in front of the old house Maeterlinck appeared in a cloud of dust down the road on his wheel. He looked as little as possible like any preconceived notions anyone could have had of a Belgian Shakespeare or a poet of mysticism. The first impression was that of a young man of about five and thirty, of medium height, light complexion, blond hair, clear blue eyes, rather thick-set in build, recalling rather the type of the French country gentleman than the literary man and poet.

A picturesque-looking servant met us at the door; and Maeterlinck at once put everything at ease by remarking *apropos* of the bottle of old Flemish that was served that, while he undoubtedly preferred French for *writing*, in *drinking* nothing, after all, could compare with the good wine of the country.

The conversation turned presently to the literary life of Paris. In his own words it is a phase of life that actually gives him the "horrors." He avoids it whenever possible. "Brussels," he said,



MAURICE MAETERLINCK AS A CHAUFFEUR.

"is bad enough. As for Paris—literary Paris—log-rolling and lion-hunting—ugh! . . . je la déteste!" The recent experiences of some of Maeterlinck's friends who tried to lionize him in London show how firmly he holds to his most commendable dislike of self-advertising.

In regard to his own work Maeterlinck rarely speaks, as I have often heard from friends of his in Paris, even to those who know him best. I remember, however, one phrase he used when the subject was mentioned that seemed to sum up in a characteristic way his ideas of working methods. His expression was that he "abhorred routine as nature abhors a vacuum." "My whole plan of work," he said, "amounts simply to the development of some central idea selected from what seems to me to be actual and fundamental truth. In 'Palomides,' for instance, the idea is passion; in 'L'Intruse' it is the slow, haunting fear of death, and so on. Beyond that my books and poems speak best for themselves."

In speaking of the theatre he seemed surprised that any attempt should ever be made to give any one of his poems a stage production. In view of the criticisms on the performance in New York

of "Pelléas et Mélisande," by Mrs. Pat Campbell, his ideas on the theatre are most instructive. According to Maeterlinck's views the ideal theatre is the static theatre—the theatre without action, where the rôles are taken not by actors, but by puppets and marionettes. A production of one of his dramatic poems according to modern stage methods is to him an impossibility. "I have grown to believe," he says, "that an old man seated in his arm-chair, waiting, interpreting without comprehending, the silence of the doors and the windows, submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and destiny—I have grown to believe that he, motionless as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captive who conquers in battle, or the husband who avenges his honor." In a word the reality, the tragedy of life, lies not in action, but in silence and contemplation. It is not a theme for the modern theatre; but it is the very essence of the truth that Maeterlinck seeks to express in all his work. It is what has brought him nearer than any other modern poet to the ideals of the early mediæval mysticism.

Roland Phillips.



THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE Coronation of Edward VII., "by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India," has completely filled up the outlook of English people, affecting almost every aspect of their activity. The publishers have made much capital out of the event. Literally, hundreds of publications dealing with the event have appeared, varying from the most searching critical inquiries into the practice of coronations down to books for the nursery. *Good Words*, for instance, offered prizes for a Coronation Ode, and received 1,047 specimens from all parts of the world. The United States sent only one, and France submitted four. The British Museum has prepared a special exhibition of books, prints, and objects connected with Coronations of the past. Much satisfaction has been expressed at the appointment of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley to write an official history of the Coronation. Whatever the merits of the House of Hanover, an appreciation of literature, or, indeed, of any aspect of art with the possible exception of music, has not been a strong point, and its selection of its historians in the past has been discreet, but never distinguished. Mr. Bodley may be accounted really the first first-rate man of letters who has been commanded to write the history of a royal function in modern times. He is just fifty, and comes of a Cheshire family. Educated at Oxford, he joined the bar, but gave up practising at an early period of his varied career. He was secretary of the Local Government Board to Sir Charles Dilke for three years, and came in contact with the King as secretary of the Royal Commission for the housing of the working classes. Mr.

Bodley has resided for many years in France, and the result of his inquiries into the institutions of the country have made him famous with French and English readers alike. The writing of the official book on the historic voyage of the Prince of Wales (as Duke of York) on board the *Ophir* is in the hands of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who accompanied the Prince. Meantime the publishers are pining for peace, and delaying most of their important ventures until the autumn.

The war, of course, has had its value to the publishers, for the imposition of a corn-tax by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to help pay for the long-drawn-out campaign, has given quite a new interest to the economics of the beginning of last century. Mr. Herbert Paul, who has left the *Daily News*, where he was for many years one of the ablest leader-writers, will publish, through Macmillans, a "History of Modern England," beginning with the repeal of the Corn Laws, which will form an interesting companion to Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone"—the most notable landmark in the autumn. The Macmillans have recently scored by some of their sociological publications, especially Mr. B. S. Rowntree's little book, "Studying the Economic Conditions of the Town of York." This essay has been quite an eye-opener, and has run through three editions within six months.

Another book dealing with a similar subject is Prince Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops." A popular interest in economics has been very largely increased by the indefatigable work of Mr. Sidney Webb and his wife. Mr. Webb has had a most important influence on the extension of municipalization in

London life, and it is undoubtedly the lackadaisical attitude of the Liberal and Conservative parties to these economic issues that has robbed Imperial Parliament of much of its old interest of the average citizen.

Every man his own publisher has been partly realized by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, who is issuing his "History of Belgium" from his private residence. Mr. Boulger is a most industrious worker. He helped Sir Lepel Griffin to found the *Asiatic Quarterly*, and has written a great deal about the East. Perhaps he is best known by his books on "Chinese" Gordon.

Some important art books are announced for the autumn. Among these there is a translation of Mr. Arthur Baessler's "Ancient Peruvian Art," which has been translated from the German by Mr. A. H. Keane. Mr. Keane, who is an Irishman, once described himself as a "hard-working literary man," and he has certainly done a great deal of excellent work in anthropology and ethnology. His most recent effort has been a book on ancient Ophir. Only two hundred copies of the book on Peru will be published. Then Mr. Dent will issue a book by Miss Maud Cruttwell on the "Art of Luca and Andrea della Robbia"; and Professor Baldwin Brown, who holds the chair of Fine Art in Edinburgh University, is publishing, through Mr. Murray, an important book on "The Arts in Early England." Professor Brown is a son of the well-known Congregational divine, Baldwin Brown. There is quite a revival of interest in the history of art, while the financial value of pictures, bric-a-brac, and books is being exploited in journalism in a way which we have never done before. All the big dailies now make a practice of reporting the prices at the sales, and the new art publication, the *Connoisseur*, which made a feature of

this, has leapt in one bound into extraordinary popularity.

The new edition of Ruskin, which Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Wedderburn are preparing, will contain many of the deletions which Ruskin made on his final manuscript, in the shape of notes and addenda. This method of resurrection has roused the anger of Mr. Max Beerbohm, and there is certainly a great deal to be said from Mr. Beerbohm's point of view; for surely an enormous amount of damage has been done to Stevenson by the resurrection of every little scrap that he ever wrote; Rossetti is another author who has suffered from the indiscretions of the busy-body. To reprint an author's first thoughts even as notes to his text is on a level with keeping intact the scaffolding from which you have built your house. Ruskin could certainly bear being reprinted in an artistic manner; for, with all his instinct for form, his sense of *format* was quite mediocre.

The life of Lord Dufferin is not to be written yet awhile, although Lady Dufferin announces that she will be glad to receive any letters which may be useful in the writing of such a book. It need hardly be said that the life of Lord Dufferin would make an extraordinary interesting chapter in later Victorian history, for he had many sides to his character. But the biographies of Ambassadors can never be definitive in their own life-time, or for many years afterward, as our Foreign Office keeps its thumb on much that would illuminate an Ambassador's career. Even at the Record Office you may not examine foreign documents, except with special permission, for nearly a hundred years after the time they were written.

The interest in topography to which I have recently referred will be greatly extended by the series of volumes dealing with the counties of England from their

literary point of view, which Dr. Robertson Nicoll has planned. Such a division of literature is not a mere geographical fact, for the number of local peculiarities in this country is quite extraordinary for such a small area. It is not too much to say that the difference between the mental outlook of Mr. Hardy's peasants and that of a north-countryman is almost as great as the varying stand-point of a German and a Frenchman. In the case of all books in dialect, it is very essential to understand local conditions. Dr. Nicoll has long been interested in this side of literature, for his house issued some years ago an interesting little book by Miss Macdonnell on Wessex, the happy hunting-ground of Thomas Hardy.

October will mark the centenary of the *Edinburgh Review*, which still goes on its way, although it may be doubted whether it has anything like the influence it once possessed. Jeffrey, who it may be remembered married as his second wife the sister of Charles Wilkes of New York, who was the nephew of John Wilkes, was just nine-and-twenty when he planned the *Review*, with Sydney Smith, in his own rooms at Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh. Constable published it, and agreed to take the risk, and was allowed to have the first three numbers as a gift. He afterward agreed to pay ten guineas a sheet, "three times what was ever paid before for such work," but the minimum was afterward raised to sixteen guineas, and the average during Jeffrey's reign was from twenty to twenty-five guineas. When one thinks of the enormous influence that the *Review* wielded it is rather curious to know that in its first years the circulation was only 2,500 copies. Jeffrey's wrong-headedness is, of course, notable in the case of Wordsworth. His

"This will never do," has become a classic. A volume of ironic value might be compiled showing the estimates of Jeffrey side by side with the verdicts of posterity. The *Edinburgh Review* prides itself on its anonymity, but, though its glory has largely departed, one wishes the old stager many years of grace.

The visit of the American polo team is creating the keenest interest among sportsmen, and the literature of polo has got quite a fillip in consequence. An industrious compiler in Somersetshire has published by private subscription an International Polo Club Guide, in which it is stated that there are now 180 polo clubs in India, 69 in the United Kingdom, 44 in the United States, 45 in Australasia, and 21 in Argentina. Captain E. D. Miller, a well-known polo player, has issued a new edition of his famous book on the subject. Captain Miller was formerly in the Seventeenth Lancers, and won the Distinguished Service Order in South Africa, where he went out with the Imperial Yeomanry.

The play-houses have exhausted themselves for the season, even though the wintry character of the weather has given them a longer lease of life than is usual in "summer." Happily "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" have done well; but the number of revivals, such as "Caste" at the Haymarket, "Faust" at the Lyceum, "Sapho," "Zaza," "The Gay Lord Quex," and so on indicates a curious dearth of dramatic invention. As I write, people are beginning to get absorbed in the great outdoor play, the Coronation, for, amid a vista of barricades, London is like a city under siege. So far we have nothing to match your beautiful Dewey arch.

J. M. Bulloch.

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT *

NEW YORKERS, when they read in the papers of the death of Benjamin-Constant, at the age of fifty-seven, know that the brilliant career of a great French painter has come to an untimely end; few of them, however, know much about the man.

Upon the long list of his subjects—royal, eminent, wealthy, beautiful, from which he produced those masterpieces of modern art—it is not my purpose to dwell, but to the memory of his magnanimous disposition toward the ambitious young painter I would pay most grateful tribute.

To the average student of the Académie Julian he was a critical and an austere man, whose weekly visit to the atelier, on alternate months, was anticipated with dread and an inward sinking of the heart. He kept the class waiting one, two, or even three hours in excitative, instant expectation of his arrival, and then, with a hurried glance at the week's work, he left it discouraged and tearful.

But he was a different man seen in his sanctum sanctorum, the working atelier of the Rue Pigalle; the most exacting, but at the same time the most inspiring, master.

Descended from a long line of statesmen and scholars, Benjamin-Constant was dignified and friendly in bearing and a brilliant conversationalist. It was my exceptional privilege to be under his private tuition (not tuition in the usual sense, for Benjamin-Constant would never accept any remuneration for such counsel) during seven years of my student life in Paris.

Three qualities in the student were nec-

essary to secure the interest of the *maître*. First, I may place *sincerity*; then *volonté* and *an eye for color*, which latter, he always said, was a gift of the *bon Dieu*, and not something to be imparted by the professor or acquired by the *élève*.

"*Travaillez!*" ("Work!") was his watchword; and *volonté*, the sustained, all-powerful love of work which gives the facility for concentrated application through the years, won from him highest eulogium. Myself trained to careful observance of the Lord's day, I could not join those who came to his atelier on Sunday mornings; therefore I was privileged to come to him any week day for counsel and criticism.

This was a more amazing concession to American principle than, at first, would seem, when we consider the enormous demands upon the time of the painter made by the Beaux Arts, the Académie Julian, the numerous public and social functions for which he was eagerly sought, and then, above all, by the exacting requirements of his own work.

Let us glance at the *maître* on a week day morning before eight o'clock, as he takes an egg and *café au lait* in the atelier, as was his custom. The light meal is rapidly eaten while chatting, then he looks at my work, begins to talk art, and warms into enthusiasm. Words pour forth; relentless criticism spiced with brilliant flashes of wit; words that burn and reproach; words that sink down into the soul to inspire through all the future years, never to be forgotten; comparison to his own portraits, which, one after another, in different stages of progress, he draws to the light; reference to the work or the life and methods of Titian, Rubens, or Rembrandt (the only artist, he said, who has succeeded in painting an eye and

* Benjamin-Constant always wrote his name with the hyphen and strongly wished it written so. Thus (Benjamin-Constant) it is catalogued in France.—J. H.



A man like Darryl Zanuck
Bert. Williams

putting the soul into it without spoiling the eye); graphic illustrations drawn from the Orient, and in his word-picture its glowing color flashes before the eye.

What a magnificent spectacle is the man in his enthusiasm; what superb energy, physical and mental, with a comprehensive knowledge and a grasp of subject that would have made him a power in other walks of life, had he chosen.

Sometimes he talked of America, and one of its happy remembrances to him was meeting George Inness here, a painter he warmly admired.

"I do not go to America now," he would say, "because the Americans do me the honor to come to me, but the women and the skies, how charming they are over there! *Amerique c'est mon amour!*"

Benjamin-Constant did not tolerate the *à la mode* painters. "It is a new disease

of the eyes," he used to say, "and never existed when I was a student." He revered the old masters; he loved his art and worked with all the passionate abandon of his warm, southern nature.

Thinking, across the water, of the studio at 27 Rue Pigalle, wherein the voice of *mon cher maître*, Benjamin-Constant, will never be heard more, the beloved people of his brush—his beautiful wife, his sons, his father-in-law, and that tenderly loved old aunt—seem to look out mournfully from their frames behind the richness of the Oriental stuffs; the oppressive silence of desertion, the unbearable sense of emptiness of fame and distinction, would be overpowering could we not look confidently and joyfully beyond, knowing "that death is the opening of the pearly gate going into life."

Julia Haven.

NEW YORK, June 7, 1902.

AUTOGRAPHS AND MEDITATIONS

IT was Artemus Ward who remarked of Chaucer that "he was a great poet—only he couldn't *spel*." With people who collect things—even autograph letters worth collecting—I fancy there is in the minds of the multitude something similarly wrong. There is a tendency to put even the worthy autograph seeker on a par, as Mr. Joline expresses it in his *Meditations of an Autograph Collector*, with the collectors of "birds' eggs, butterflies, hotel-paper, tea-cups, and Japanese sword-guards." But that is the opinion only of the Philistines and the "profane vulgar." Meanwhile it is undoubtedly true that the best biography is the autobiography of informal letters and correspondence; and of these Mr. Joline in

his new book has served a delightful literary feast.

One of the first letters reproduced is a note from Queen Victoria to her "gay and gallant" Premier Melbourne. Readers of Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Russell will recall the influence attributed to the young queen immediately after her accession to the throne upon English life both of court and society. The entire spirit of the court life of the preceding reign—its coarse freedom of speech and especially its attitude toward women—was changed. A new order was brought about. Chivalry was re-born. In the following letter to Melbourne, written shortly after she had come to the throne, is charmingly illustrated the manner of the young queen toward the favorite minister of the time:

If Lord Melbourne isn't very tired, c'd he come here? He needn't dress, but can come just as he is. I have heard much wh. enrages me and it w'd be such a thing if you c'd come here for a minute unless you are *very* tired; just say yes or no. If you c'dn't get your carriage quickly, I c'd send mine. I hear you spoke so beautifully. The Duke must be in his dotage.

It was this spirit of naturalness and of personal consideration that counted for much in the queen's early popularity at court. As this author suggests, we may well wonder "whether, when the snows of eighty-one winters were on her brow, she could recall distinctly the time of her dashing, showy prime minister and the artless utterance of the young girl who had just assumed the crown which she wore so nobly for more than sixty years."

In the matter of our own history we learn that the paths of the collector, for example, of "Revolutionary Americana," are "far from being paths of peace." Speaking of collecting "signers"—those who on that "warm July afternoon were committing themselves to the famous fallacy that 'all men are created equal'"—the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the author has this to say:

On reflection, I recall that historically they did *not* sign in July, but dribbled along through the summer and autumn of 1776 and even later, so that some signed who were not entitled to sign and others failed to sign who ought to have signed.

But that is a detail. We must, of course, take it for granted that Trumbull's picture of all the "signers" gathered around the table with John Hancock, "clad in black, and several times bigger than any of his fellow-Congressmen, sitting cross-legged in the chair of state," was the correct representation of what actually happened. The main point is that most of the signers of the Declaration were very chary of signing elsewhere. The author reproduces, however, a few of their letters; but they are of in-

terest chiefly to collectors and students of "Americana."

As for the colonial patriots in Congress—"A plague," says the author, "on those mousers who go about finding new and hitherto unsuspected Continental Congressmen. Just when I think I have finished my set some new man turns up who never served . . . and could not write a letter. If he did the man who received it burned it promptly. He usually hails from North Carolina or New Jersey. My study of history tells me that North Carolina devoted most of her energies during the Revolution to choosing Congressmen who were unwilling to write."

The later patriots were more prodigal of their signed letters, and many of their "autographs" are of exceptional interest. I must quote one from the stanch old patriot, Andrew Jackson. The letter was sent in reply to a congratulatory resolution from the New York Legislature regarding the "preservation" of New Orleans. This is the letter:

GEORGETOWN, 18 Nov., 1815.

SIR:—The resolution of the legislature of New York which you were charged to transmit to me was received in due time. . . . For myself and my associates I beg to return the most sincere thanks for the kind manner in which that respectable body has been pleased to speak of our exertions.

Undoubtedly these exertions were attended with very extraordinary success—but no more, I think, than we may always look for when our cause is just and Heaven is on our side. The people in the world are more capable than ours of the "highest military results" when they fight for their independence (*sic*) if a fair opportunity be offered them of displaying the qualities which really belong to them.

I have the honor to be
With great respect
Yr. mo. obt. st.

ANDREW JACKSON

Major Genl Comdg D of the South

Excellency
DANL. D. TOMPKINS
New York.

The discussion of propriety that has usually preceded the publication of the correspondence, say, of the Brownings and of other literary celebrities, the true autograph collector settles off-hand—by printing the letters. There is one letter from Elizabeth Barrett Barrett printed here that I do not remember in the Brownings' published correspondence. It was written to Mr. Mathews, the first American publisher of Mrs. Browning's works. I quote it only in part. Referring to the dedication of one of Poe's books to her she says:

You amuse me when you say that Mr. Poe has dedicated a book to me and abused me in the preface of it. That I should [say was] Roman justice, if it were not American. I know him for a writer of considerable power.

Of Robert Browning, to whom she was married in the year after this letter was written, she says: "Mr. Browning has just published another number of *Bells and Pomegranates*, in which his great, original faculty throws out new colors and expands in new combinations. A great poet he is—a great poet he will be—for to work and to live are one with him. The 'Flight of the Duchess' in his last number has wonderful things in it, and the versification is a study for poets. Walter Savage Landor has lately addressed the following verses to him. They are, I believe, hitherto unpublished.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

There is a delight in singing though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not *our* poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him, no speech; and short for thee.
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man has walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the
breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on

Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song!

It is not generally known that Dickens at one time "threw himself headlong into the doubtful undertaking of the new daily paper, the *Daily News*." Mrs. Browning refers to it in the letter just cited, and also to the fact that Tennyson had just been pensioned—"but for the rest, is said rather to smoke than to make poems." It is an instructive verdict, especially as one reads on and finds that "this England of ours is *behind* other nations in civilization . . . our hands are not clean enough to invite poets across our thresholds."

If it is difficult for the author, as he says, to "tear himself away from the English literature cases," it is still more difficult to resist the temptation of quoting almost at random from the many good things he has collected. One letter from Ruskin is too good to miss. Under date of July 24, 1871, the "master of English prose" writes as follows apropos of his experience with doctors to a friend whom he addresses as "my dearest Tom":

Me docile to doctors! I watched them (I had three) to see what they knew of the matter; did what they advised for two days; found they were utterly ignorant of the illness and were killing me. I had inflammation of the bowels—and they gave me ice! And tried to nourish me with milk. Another twelve hours and I should have been past hope. I stopped in the *middle* of a draught of ice-water, burning with insatiable thirst—and ordered the doctors out of the house. Everybody was in an agony, but I *swore* and raged till they had to give in. . . . In twenty-four hours I had brought the pain under, in twenty-four more I was safe, and here I am, thank God, to all intent and purpose quite well again and I know something of doctors that—well, I thought Molière hard enough on them—but he's complimentary to what I shall be after this. Thanks for all your good love—but *do* try to understand me a little better—indocilist, when I choose, of human creatures, but yours most affectionately,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Most of the "literary" letters reproduced here by Mr. Joline have something of this same unexpected personal touch. One finds Sir Walter Scott mixed up in petty politics and worrying over the outcome of an unimportant election. Alexander Pope, "writer of the *Essay on Criticism* at twenty-three and publisher of the first instalment of the *Iliad* at twenty-seven," is shown as a bargainer in small wine. Pope writes to "Mr. Slingsby Bethel, at his house on Tower Hill":

. . . I am in yr debt for some wine, but what I now write to you upon is that I could very much wish you'd take 800l more of mine. . . . I am adjusting several of my little affairs and am paid in a good deal of money which I do not know what to do with. I must also speedily determine on a purchase with yr brother, wch according as I can, or cannot imploy ye money, I wd settle as soon as possible.

Tennyson seems from one of his letters to be in the same state of affluence, debating whether or not to accept a check that has been sent him for some of his work. Laurence Sterne had no such compunctions. He even goes a step farther and asks, in a letter to David Garrick, for a loan of twenty pounds. One may take it that the application for the loan was successful, for on the strength of what he received Sterne went to France, and world literature was soon richer by the publication of his *Sentimental Journey*.

Of letters of this kind, amusing, entertaining, all intimately personal, the list includes, besides the English literature "cases," many of the best literary names of America—Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, etc., etc. Some of these letters, as of the others throughout the book, are "scribbles," written on some unimportant pretext and of interest chiefly to the enthusiast on autographs. But most of them have at least one or two points of general interest,

or, if they have not, are made interesting by the author's witty "meditations." There is room to quote only one more brief example. As a well-known professor at Cambridge used to say, it is a "delicious exposure of soul" from a present-day English essayist.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your questions—

1. My work being multiform and very pressing, I have no choice between the day and the night. I must use both—the physical clock-work seems to run down about 4 P.M.

2. I make no written skeleton or first draft—I round off my sentences in my head before committing them to paper.

3. I take no stimulants at work. I take wine twice a day, but after dinner I neither eat nor drink—I generally sleep soundly as soon as my head touches the pillow.

4. I can work anywhere if I am not disturbed. . . .

5. I cannot do literary or other brain work for more than 3 hours on a stretch.

6. I am utterly unable to write to order, that is to say on every occasion—I can generally write, but there are occasions when for weeks I am conscious of an invincible disinclination—and this I never force. . . .

7. In the above notes I have been speaking entirely of prose composition. Verse, of course, cannot be submitted to rule. My experience is that the habit of regular application is beneficial.

Yours faithfully,

EDMUND GOSSE.

I spoke in passing of the interest, apart from the autographs, in the author's own "meditations." His witty enthusiasm for his hobby is not the least charm of the book. His fondness for these "relics of the leaders of life and of literature" is infectious. One cannot but share his wish that when these letters come to be "scattered among the bidders at the inevitable auction-sale" they may come into the hands of "no mere bargain-hunter, no 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles,' but one endowed with the capacity to appreciate whatsoever things are worthy of the affection of the lover of letters and of history."



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DRAWING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

MR. DAVIS'S MATURER PERIOD

IN a way Mr. Richard Harding Davis's new volume of novelettes and stories, now appearing under the title of "Ranson's Folly," may be said to celebrate his literary majority. It is at least coincident with the appearance of what may fairly be called his maturer period, a period which, following a time of comparative inactivity, is marked at its beginning by so complete a work as "Captain Macklin." In fact, "Ranson's Folly" is itself a collection of this maturer fiction, showing great advance over his earlier work, good though that was. So finished a tale of sprightly fancy as "The Bar Sinister," or so complete a story of character and action as "The Derelict" would have been quite impossible in the days of Van Bibber. The vigor and humor of the novelette, "Ranson's Folly," are familiarly Mr. Davis's, but its finish and power

belong to this newer period. In the best of his old days he could not have made so long a tale successful on so slender a plot as he has inimitably done with "In the Fog."

Perhaps this significance of the book was not in mind when his publishers determined to distinguish it above the ordinary in the way of illustration and other embellishment. Nevertheless, it has fallen out happily, and the excellent drawings of Frederic Remington, E. M. Ashe, Howard Chandler Christy, Frederic Dorr Steele, and Walter Appleton Clark will serve the double purpose of illustration and celebration. The book is, in fact, extraordinary of its kind in illustration, a fact here emphasized by showing a specimen from the pencil of each of the five artists.

This development in Mr. Davis's art



DRAWING BY E. M. ASHY, IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

could, of course, have been expected of any able man beginning young and sincerely devoted to his work. But Davis has had advantages, beside, that few enjoy, and he has availed of them to the utmost. In the first place he was a newspaper reporter, which makes for experience of life as no other occupation can. Then, successful financially with his early stories—it was the Gallagher-Van Bibber period—he was able to enjoy a time of travel, covering America as well as the conventional European centres. Turning this also to profit, there began a varied experience of some years, in which he saw much of America and Europe, and some of the rest of the world. He was by turns correspondent, editor, story-writer, and man of leisure.

Then came the wars. He stormed San Juan Hill with the Rough Riders. He went to South Africa and watched the conflict from both camps. He has seen the world in peace and in war through

the all-seeing eyes of the correspondent, just as he formerly studied life and death in two cities with the inquisitive eyes of the reporter. His immensely varied experiences, great and small, have invariably been undertaken with one object fully defined. He was always "out for copy," with all the alertness of observation and keenness of inference that the phrase means in its best application.

When such an experience is the lot of an earnest man of saving humor, one of imagination, of alert appreciation of life amounting almost to boyishness, and having a natural knack of story-telling with a disposition to improve it, it is not hard to understand how the greater Davis has developed from the less. Thus, "Ranson's Folly" is the Van Bibber book plus this wealth of experience, observation, and growth, and "Captain Macklin" bears a somewhat similar relation to "Soldiers of Fortune."

Robert Sterling Yard.



DRAWING BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."



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DRAWING BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTIE, IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."



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DRAWING BY F. D. STEELE, IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

THE CHATEAUBRIAND MEMOIRS

FOUR of these six volumes have just appeared, containing 1,134 handsomely printed octavo pages. When the other two volumes are published the English language will be enriched at last with a work which has for more than half a century filled a large place in French literature. There are a few omissions, none of them important except a long account of Napoleon, which is to appear later. The period covered by the first four volumes extends from the birth of Chateaubriand, in 1768, well into the term of his embassy at Rome, in 1829. Considerable skill has been shown by the translator in rendering the numerous phrases of special significance in which the original abounds—political and social catchwords that have passed into history. He has also added to Chateaubriand's notes and to those of M. Edmond Biré, the French editor, a large number of short biographical sketches, which enable a reader to follow the text without too frequent recourse to books of reference.

Chateaubriand was the foremost man of letters in France during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. It is with some surprise that we find ourselves now acknowledging this, for the movements which he inaugurated have had their successors, and these successors themselves have passed away. "Atala" and "René" are dead books, and there is no sign at present that they will ever be resuscitated. But there can be no question of the literary genius that gave them birth, no question that they were congenial to the times in which they lived.

Therefore, when the distinguished author, almost an octogenarian, whose career in literature had received lustre from his eminence in diplomacy and glamour from his relations with charming women—when Chateaubriand, the old literary and social lion, wrote the last words of his memoirs, he knew that not only France, but all Europe, was awaiting eagerly the secrets of his life. It was at one time his desire that the work should not be published until many years after his death, but "sad necessity," he tells us, compelled him to sell his rights, and it appeared in 1848-50, earlier than he designed, yet still a voice from the grave.

It found an echo, this familiar golden voice, in thousands of hearts. Men and women who had lived through the last decade of the eighteenth century and witnessed the disappearance from France of all the muses and of religion, their august mother, and had then hailed with joy a return of pious feeling and poetic beauty with Chateaubriand's "*Le Génie du Christianisme*," listened with reverence to his familiar tones. The less cultured world of politics and fashion was curious about personal revelations. Would there be allusions to old scandals? Would secrets of state be disclosed? Critics and historians, with less chance of being disappointed, were attentive because they realized that the grave of Chateaubriand held not only him and his past, but a France and a form of her literature that had perished forever. His genius had been nourished in feudalism, had stalked gaunt and homeless through revolutions, had embraced and been rejected by despotism, had flourished with artificial vigor under the restored monarchy, and then died of anemia when other spirits were waxing strong on the science and realism of the

THE MEMOIRS OF FRANÇOIS RENÉ VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, SOMETIME AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND: being a translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos of the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, with illustrations from contemporary sources. In six volumes. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. London, Freemantle & Co., 1902.

middle of the nineteenth century. Some of these more discriminating persons maintained that the genius of Chateaubriand had always fed on unsubstantial mists, not to say miasmas, and that sound reason and healthy feeling had never been its food. Of this number was Sainte-Beuve, who relentlessly pursued the splendid apparition of Chateaubriand and endeavored to penetrate his mystery, convinced of his being a sentimentalist, a sensualist, and a sophist.

Undoubtedly some of these favorable expectations were founded on an excessive opinion of Chateaubriand's greatness of character. And yet it would be unfortunate for us if we should underestimate the "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*," because in general we agree with Sainte-Beuve. They possess a not inconsiderable importance as historical material and a very real value as a portion of Chateaubriand's literary product, a narrative highly colored with personality, the autobiography of a poet. Although the human spirit may never again present a phase similar to that age of Werthers and Renés and Childe Harolds, an age which no one would recall, nevertheless there will always be men in whom sensibility merges readily into sentimentalism, and whose noblest qualities are their most imminent danger. As a continuation of Rousseau's *Confessions*, the autobiography of his most celebrated disciple holds a high place in the record of modern thought.

The degree of historical importance which the *Memoirs* possess is due, paradoxically enough, to their qualities of imagination. Continuity, fulness, accuracy, and impartiality are not to be found in them, being precluded by the manner in which they were composed and still more by the character of their author. But the strength of his imagination and his intense personality, while leaving no place for these commonplace but necessary

qualities of a good history, produced pages of narrative which have rarer attributes of truth than any mere chronicles. Certain passages of his life, certain days of joy or sorrow, were seared deep in his memory, and these he reproduced with passionate force of expression, remembering the essentials, the artistic essentials, and creating anew the dead past. The first volume, treating of his father's lonely castle in Brittany, his first poetic emotions, his bleak school-days, his venture into a larger world, is particularly rich in wonderful pages. And all through the work there flash upon us phrases of self-revelation, unguarded confessions, violent charges against other men, vivid reminiscences of things and persons great and small, nuggets of eloquence, the very gold of true writing.

With all this, there is much dross. One is tempted to believe that the genial metal was deposited only when the stream slept. There are marked inequalities in the current of his narrative. He tells us that he began to write his *Memoirs* in 1811, and continued at irregular intervals till 1846. The foreign ambassador, when all his secretaries and lackeys had gone out to enjoy the gayeties of London, or when the quiet of a Berlin winter was disturbed only by the sentinel's tread at the Brandenburg Gate, loved to contrast his luxurious surroundings with his repressed childhood in a sombre tower, with his wanderings among American Indians, with his penury in England during the Emigration. And whenever he took thought in this way the purity of his recollections was vitiated.

We always have to distinguish between Chateaubriand as he regarded himself and would fain persuade us he was, and Chateaubriand as he appears really to have been. He viewed himself as a man of sensibility, as a nobleman with republican breadth of horizon, as a child of

reason converted to Christianity and championing a distressed church, as a very important statesman, as an almost irresistible conqueror of hearts, as the French equivalent of Byron, without the vices, he hastens to tell us, of the English poet. Some of these claims to our interest we cannot allow, or at least they do not interest us. In some respects, his character, even in his own presentation, seems commonplace when not fatuous. That he was the arch-sentimentalist of his time in France and the inventor of the *mal du siècle* is, however, the worst that can be said of him.

There remain two facts upon which his fame still stands, in spite of Sainte-Beuve and the Zeit-Geist. In the first place, he possessed a great literary style, in the broadest sense of the word, a style that was the voice, the distillation rather, of an opulent temperament, where sense and memory, heart and intellect, body and soul, existed for the one purpose of receiving and reproducing the world. And, secondly, he was born opportunely. Strictly speaking, he was not French, but a Breton. He therefore grew to manhood outside of the national life, and was drawn into the swirl of Paris only after a dreamy, introspective youth had established within him a standard wherewith to judge the common kind of men. He travelled as far west as the Mississippi and east to Jerusalem. He met Washington and Napoleon. If his family was nearly extinguished by the guillotine and by Revolutionary proscription, he inherited honors under the restored Bourbons. In the heyday of youth he found France thirsting for sentiment and romance after the dreary realism of Diderot, and he gave her "Atala" and "René." When he was approaching maturity he found her full of yearning for the religion which the Jacobins had proscribed, and he offered her the "Génie du

Christianisme," with its successors. Did any other man of letters ever enjoy such opportunities?

In one respect the Memoirs have not even yet been sufficiently edited. Chateaubriand, either carelessly, or, as a disquieting suspicion whispers, purposely, leaps from incident to incident and seldom gives us a date. Moreover, he is quite capricious in the distribution of space. Months that were crowded with events are sometimes passed over in silence, and again a whole chapter is devoted to an episode. There are disconcerting gaps in the account of his American travels. It must be borne in mind that his whole literary career developed from the material which he gathered in this country. It was with Indian maidens that he seduced Europe. It was an Indian brave into whose mouth he put his own desires and dreams. America, the wilderness, republican simplicity, savage unconventionality, these are the starting-points, the standards of measurement, for all his speculations in after years. Yet his entire sojourn in America lasted only about nine months, and in this brief time he would have us believe that he travelled from Baltimore through Philadelphia and New York to Albany, and thence to Niagara, where he remained long enough to mend a broken bone, and thence to Pittsburg and down the rivers to Natchez, with an excursion (purely imaginary, it seems) to Florida, then back through Ohio, etc. These are only a few of the many points in the Memoirs which might well be subjected to critical investigation.

The interview with Washington is evidently genuine. The classic passage contains this paragraph, which is characteristic of Chateaubriand's *jactance*: "I felt no agitation; greatness of mind or fortune in no way overawe me; I admire the first without being crushed by it; the second

calls forth my pity rather than my respect; no man's countenance will ever disconcert me." He told the stately Washington of his plan to discover the north-west passage, and received a calm, "Well, well, young man."

This was in 1791, at Philadelphia. Before fleeing from France he had received memorable impressions of some of the Revolutionary characters; this, for example: "At the end of a violent discussion, I saw a common-looking deputy ascend the tribune, a man with a gray and impassive face, his hair neatly dressed, decently clad like the steward in a good house, or like a village attorney careful of his appearance. He read a long and tedious report; he was not listened to; I asked his name: it was Robespierre."

It would be easy to quote scores of bombastic passages which illustrate the inflated conceit of the man; we should be glad that he did not shrink from expressing his opinion since he thought so highly of himself. The following has nothing offensive, and even something almost ad-

mirable. He has been narrating his disastrous campaign with the emigrant army, in pages of marvellous freshness and color. Wounded by a fragment of shell; fainting under a knapsack which contained the manuscript of "Atala," and burning with smallpox, he says: "The women of Namur assisted me to climb into the wagon, recommended me to the driver's care, and compelled me to accept a woollen blanket. I noticed that they treated me with a sort of respect and deference; there is something superior, something delicate, in the nature of Frenchmen which other nations recognize."

Something superior, something delicate, there really was in Chateaubriand, even though we tire of having him tell us so himself. We could wish that he did not pose so condescendingly as the champion of Christianity. But even he scarcely overestimated his importance as the principal arch of the literary bridge between old and new France, a land where tradition in literature means so much.

George McLean Harper.

MR. CABLE'S "BYLOW HILL"

MR. CABLE'S romances have heretofore pertained exclusively to the South. Those with which fame first was won had Louisiana for their theme. His most recent success before "Bylow Hill" appeared—indeed with the reading public the greatest of all his successes—was a story of the Civil War, "The Cavalier."

It is now many years since Mr. Cable took up his home in Northampton. He was long unheard from in that retreat. The public knew, however, that he was deeply interested in sociological questions. He was printing a magazine in which, with fine humanity, he was seeking to uplift those who stood in dire need of light

and cheer. A feeling grew up that he might not go on repeating his early successes in writing fiction. Newer writers had reached the front and wide was the acclaim of them. Mr. Howells continued to charm a new generation. Mr. Stockton kept his followers in thrall, as had been his wont since "Rudder Grange." But where was Mr. Cable?

Out of this wondering silence came "The Cavalier." He leaped to a popularity never before known—not even when "The Grandissimes" and "Old Creole Days" were on the applauding tongues of all who read current books.

And now, within six months after that success, comes "Bylow Hill," in which his genius, following late upon his own



DRAWING BY F. C. YOHN IN "BYLOW HILL."

footsteps, comes North. Men who know him have doubtless always felt secure in the faith that New England would in time become at his hands the scene of a new romance. He was merely waiting for the opportune time when he should be able to grasp the life and spirit of the people among whom he had made a new home.

"Bylow Hill" is a story with jealousy for its moving impulse—and a clergyman is the person possessed with that passion; possessed to the point of madness. His wife blameless, the other man in reality his devoted friend, Arthur Winslow, wor-

shipped by his congregation, alike for his power in the pulpit and his personality in social life, wrecks the happiness of his wife and goes to his own death, because of this hallucination. In the opening scenes of the story we have New England pictures as charming as they are restful, with scarcely a note of the tragedy ahead until the book has been half read through.

Isabel Morris, to whom Arthur Winslow is married, had come to Bylow Hill from the South—a woman of deep, strong and yet open nature, a type moreover to which the New England type, with its burden of conscience, its introspection, its narrowness, presents a contrast. Out of Winslow's failure to understand a larger nature than his own, a nature larger indeed than he had been wont to see in the home of his own people, sprang his jealousy. Miss Morris had rejected another suitor. She loved him not, but after she was married to Winslow the two remained friends. Winslow could not discriminate between this and a deeper attachment.

Mr. Cable obviously has sought to show wherein in these matters New England and the South are wide asunder. It was a theme well worth his while. He might indeed have wrought it out on an ample canvass and to broader purposes. As it stands, the story is slight—something between the short story and the novelette. There is power in it and there are passages of good artistic work. It does not stir the blood, save in anger at Winslow's crass stupidity, amounting almost to a crime. Nor does it start a tear. But it is a tale well told.

Francis W. Halsey.

NEW LETTERS OF MARY COWDEN CLARKE

THE occasion for these *Letters to an Enthusiast* was the extreme interest manifested by Mr. Robert Balmanno, of Brooklyn, in Mrs. Clarke, after the publication of her "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare." This work, which occupied her and her husband for sixteen years, appeared to reveal woman in such a new light to her unknown correspondent, that his enthusiasm knew no bounds. In the only letter of his published in this book, his first to her, he tells her that, since the publication of the Concordance in common with thousands, he has considered her one of the most estimable and extraordinary women that ever existed, certainly as exhibiting the most wonderful instincts of female perseverance ever heard of. There is the fervor of Southern gallantry in these statements. But he rises to still nobler heights. "I may say with truth that, next to Shakespeare, I worship you."

Of course a mere woman could not be expected to withstand such adoration. The homage of such an admirer, intellectual though his devotion was, and never rewarded by a sight of her face, must have been as incense to the nostrils of even so modest a woman as Mary Cowden Clarke. The result was this packet of letters, extending over a period of ten years and a half.

The enthusiast wrote to Douglas Jerrold asking him to intercede in his behalf for one of the slips used in the preparation of her work, and promising two ounces of California gold in exchange. Jerrold's correspondence on the subject is given in Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke's "Reminiscences of Writers," but neither there nor in an earlier passage is Balmanno's

name mentioned, except by reference to his wife. The slip was duly posted, "To The American Enthusiast, New York City," reached its destination by a miracle, and the gold was sent in the form of two pens, accompanied by holders and elaborately wrapped. The whole circumstance is as amusing as it is, in one way, trivial (except as the starting point for such a correspondence), especially in view of the fact that when Balmanno offered to restore his pages if Mrs. Clarke should wish to make her manuscript complete, she replied that the housemaid used what she herself regarded as waste paper to kindle fires with every morning. "Enthusiasm amounting to fanaticism," she called it. The enthusiasm of a boy under twenty or a man over seventy, we should say. Mrs. Clarke responded gracefully to his affection, referring to herself as his "darling," his "daughter-in-love," and his "Shakespearean daughter," as he called her, and from her correspondence there is no doubt that she was sincerely fond of him, and greatly mourned his death in 1861.

Her letters, written from Craven Hill Cottage and Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, and from Nice, give pleasant glimpses of Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, and Dickens, three of her "idols," besides all the members of the famous Novello family, and Charles and Mary Lamb, whose namesake she was. There is also a revelation of her happy life with the congenial husband whose junior she was by twenty years, and of the occupations of "the happiest of married lovers for more than forty-eight years, writing together, reading together, working together, enjoying together, the perfection of loving, literary consociation," as she herself wrote after her husband was taken from her.

Carolyn Shipman.

LETTERS TO AN ENTHUSIAST. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Being a Series of Letters addressed to Robert Balmanno, Esq., of New York, 1850-61. Edited by Anne Upton Nettleton. With ten photogravure plates. McClurg & Co., 8vo, \$2.50 net.

THE LIFE OF A HIGHLAND NOVELIST

SIR WEMYSS REID, who has had much practice in the writing of biographies, has rendered a real service to the memory of one who was for many years a dear friend to him in this volume, which is memoir, biography, and appreciation all in one. The name of William Black is still green among us. We still remember vividly those numerous stories which for so long were among the minor literary delights of the rapidly turning years; perhaps they are still read. They deserve to be, for their freshness is perennial, and youth, if but guided to them, will never fail to come under their spell. It may well be that a "revival" is laid away by the gods for the shade of William Black in the decades still to come. Lesser writers than he have thus been favored.

Allowance must be made, of course, in reading this book, for the loving, the generous admiration of the friend. Sir Wemyss Reid's appreciation is hardly critical, but then there is so little to criticise, once one has silently assumed the right attitude toward this novelist's work. In his own sphere he was supreme; it was certainly not unreasonable to expect the reader to remember its limitations. It is but so short a time since, among the minor novelists of England, Black stood first in popularity in his own country and with us. His limitations once tacitly admitted, we can well agree with his biographer in all the praise he gives.

Black, the man, shares Sir Wemyss's attention with Black, the writer. We find him a lovable character, with a boyish exuberance among his friends and an embarrassing constraint among strangers, especially in the gilded halls of the "hupper suckles" which his fame opened

to him. He remained a Bohemian to the end, in the best modern sense of the word, which is so different from the older one that still clings to it. A man of the world he never became, and his love of fun was often embarrassing in its results, as when he pasted poison labels on the champagne bottles at a supper given by Miss Mary Anderson to people whom she knew but slightly. Sir Wemyss Reid prints a great many of his letters, but finds it necessary to explain that "one striking feature of his character was his resolute determination not to use up the impressions he had formed, or the good things that he had seen, in correspondence. His letters, as the reader must long ago have perceived, are very brief and prosaic in form. They do not furnish any real indication of his power as a writer." Why, then, are they printed here?

The way of the English critic with the English author is rare. Sir Walter Besant's equanimity of temper is nowhere ruffled in his *Autobiography* but in his references to the miserable crew, and we find Black in the same state of mind, Sir Wemyss loyally supporting him. Sir Walter complains of the *Spectator*, William Black of the *Saturday Review*. Both agree that critics and book reviewers are incompetent, negligent, and often unfair. Black's rules for the reviewing of novels are printed in this book. He took his art just a little too seriously when, by accident, he read an unfavorable criticism, for, so we are told, he made it a rule not to read the reviews of his works.

This is an entertaining record, which the lovers of Black's novels may well place beside them on the book-shelf. The genesis and development of each and every one of them is told with considerable detail.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM THE WOODS

IN that latest volume of the Sportsman's Library, entitled *The Deer Family*, and in Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's *The Kindred of the Wild*, we have contrasted and excellent examples of the two types of literary treatment of animal life. The former type gives us facts, derived from keen and intelligent observation, and stops there; it treats the matter objectively for the sake of its intrinsic value and interest. The latter type regards its topic subjectively, and, careless of an animal's place in nature, endeavors to make it the hero of its own supposed life-story, constructed along the lines of human psychology. Which will be the more pleasing to the reader depends upon individual temperament.

Mr. Whitney has shown much editorial discretion in assigning subjects to writers in the series of volumes called "The American Sportsman's Library," which the Macmillan Company is bringing out, nowhere more clearly than in the present book on the Deer, where Theodore Roosevelt, T. S. Van Dyke, D. G. Elliott, and A. J. Stone were chosen, since each of them is a man of the fullest practical experience; and here we want the truth—well told, to be sure, but untainted by guesswork.

An introductory chapter gives the President an opportunity for a graceful essay on American big game generally, and the joys and virtues of its pursuit. He declares that proper hunting exceeds anything else devised as a manly exercise, and that it tends to the upbuilding of national character. He places it above any training in barracks or on the

athletic ground, because in it a man must learn to do for himself and face emergencies, as well as to endure hardships and practise self-control. No longer does the life of a soldier, even, develop the "qualities of individual initiative, ability to live and work in the open, and personal skill in the management of horse and weapons which are fostered by a hunter's life." To those who object that modern civilization no longer requires these things, and that men now live calmly and by intellectual rather than muscular competition, Mr. Roosevelt replies that all the more is some corrective needed against the "softening of the fibre" which leads to mental and moral as well as to physical degeneracy. Equally characteristic is the President's earnest warning that moderation in hunting, as well as close seasons, must be observed by all the people, not so much as a matter of sentiment as for economic reasons. Such restrictions are not undemocratic (in spite of the fact that under the different social conditions of Europe game laws have been maintained mainly in the interest of the rich and privileged few), but are most truly democratic, since they tend to preserve for general benefit natural resources that otherwise wealthy men will soon be able to "corral" wholly for themselves. The continuance of game in a region is of greater value to the local population than to anyone else, because the men attracted thither in search of permitted sport take and leave there each year more money, perhaps, than the whole product of hides and meat would be worth were the game to be sacrificed immediately.

Mr. Roosevelt writes special chapters on four prominent species, to wit: the common Eastern deer, which in the West

THE DEER FAMILY. Theodore Roosevelt, F. S. Van Dyke, D. G. Elliott and A. J. Stone. Macmillan. Illustrated. 12mo, \$2.40 net.

THE KINDRED OF THE WILD. Charles G. D. Roberts. J. C. Page & Co. Illustrated. 12mo, \$2.00.

is called white-tail; the mule-deer, or Rocky Mountain black-tail; the great wapiti, and the pronghorn "antelope." With each of these he has had a long and intimate acquaintance, and his essays, though by no means anecdotal, are replete with reminiscences, so that they have not only the authenticity of eyesight knowledge but the charm of personal narrative.

Much the same may be said of the chapters contributed by Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, who describes the behavior of mule-deer and elk in California, a very different environment from that of the Rockies, and treats of the coast black-tail, a species similar to but entirely distinct from the mule-deer, and much less known, with which Van Dyke seems to have had a peculiarly full experience. To praise the writing, as such, of either of these gentlemen would be superfluous, but it is interesting to see how Mr. Van Dyke is constantly alert to the pictorial, humorous aspect of the chase, and less to the chase itself, than is Mr. Roosevelt—a difference not only of personal temperament but due somewhat, no doubt, to the difference between the country where each has hunted most.

The caribou are treated of by Dr. D. G. Elliott, of the Field Museum in Chicago, and the moose by Mr. A. J. Stone, in a somewhat more matter-of-fact style, but with much completeness; and it is interesting to note that the learned Dr. Elliott condemns heartily the species-mongers who at present control our textbooks and encumber our catalogues with useless names and confusing distinctions. Altogether, this volume must be accepted for a long time to come as the reference book in respect to the American deer.

Ever since Mr. Roberts wrote his *Heart of the Ancient Wood* we have had a right to expect something of the kind now given us in *The Kindred of the Wild*.

Yet it is safe to say that these essays would not have been produced had it not been for such predecessors as Rudyard Kipling and the synonymous author of *Krag*, etc. Mr. Roberts discourses in an introductory chapter on the genesis of the animal story, which he traces from the camp-fire yarns of the cave-men to its modern development in what he calls "a psychological romance constructed on a framework of natural science." He tells us that "our chief writers of animal stories at the present day . . . are minutely scrupulous as to their natural history and assiduous contributors to that science. But, above all, are they diligent in their search for the motive beneath the action." Referring to a certain example, he finds that "the interest centres about the personality, individuality, mentality of an animal, as well as its purely physical characteristics," and adds, "The field of animal psychology so admirably opened up is an inexhaustible world of wonder." So it is—to the naturalist!

If these writers would only quit their pretensions to zoology and offer us these tales simply as such, for whatever literary or narrative interest they may possess, one might have some patience with them. Instead of that, they pose as expounders of the inner life of animals whose ordinary externals baffle the rest of us, and set forth with the glibness and confidence of an old-fashioned lecturer on phrenology "the varying elusive personalities which dwell back of the luminous brain-windows," as they express it, before they are able to tell us truly of the visible outer life. Yet it seems often to be less inability than unwillingness—a constant yielding to the temptation to ignore a fact here and assume something there for the sake of making a literary point. The result is that after a while the sincere reader (and very likely the writer

himself) cannot distinguish fact from fancy, and faith in the "scrupulous" accuracy of the "framework of natural science" disappears.

Mr. Roberts seems less of a sinner than others in this respect. Absolute misstatements may be few, but even if there be none a scientific critic will find here, as in other books of this *genre*, all the natural history out of focus, as it were, and the general impression of the woodland life exaggerated, sensational, and misleading. And when they try to explain what they are driving at the authors lose themselves and their readers together in pure fog.

This criticism is invited, as has been

said before, by the loud claims of the animal novelists that their work has scientific value. On the contrary, it is harmful to the cause of true science beyond the fact that it may arouse interest in some persons not otherwise to be attracted to observe and study for themselves.

Considered from the *literary* standpoint alone, Mr. Roberts's book is worthy of all the praise it has had and will get from those who really do not care whether an author is right or wrong, zoological or psychological or what not, so long as he is entertaining; and certainly these tales of the Canadian forest are that, in a highly picturesque way.

Ernest Ingersoll.

THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL

SOMEHOW this illustrated chronicle, prepared by the sub-dean of King Edward VII.'s Chapel Royal, reminds one of the Stuart and the Tudor exhibitions, which, a few years back, were to be seen in London's new gallery on Regent Street. What could be more intimately associated with the practical bread-and-cheese race of Tudors or the luckless, romantic company of the Stuarts than the historic Palace of Whitehall? And just as on the walls of the new gallery you saw those sovereign folk stand forth on canvases—Holbein's; Gwillim Stretes's, with their accurate reporter's conscience; Vandyke's and Lely's, with their "graded grace"—so here, in the course of the 414 pages before us, we come upon many convincing portraits of our old royal nursery friends who lived in that bygone England.

Dean Sheppard points it out as a curious

fact that a complete record of the Palace of Whitehall has never before seen the light in print. Of course, as everyone knows, Inigo Jones's Banqueting House (to-day the Chapel Royal) is all that remains to remind us of the old palace's former glory; and just because this is so, because the story of Whitehall would now seem to have come to an end, the telling of that story ought to be altogether acceptable. It is, we fancy; and an appendix containing a full bibliography of authorities consulted shows the Dean's work to have been of no light order.

In the reign of Henry III. Hubert de Burgh (the "Miles Strenuous" of quaint old Roger) erected a large mansion, which, at his death, he bequeathed to the Black Friars. In the year 1248 the Friars sold this mansion to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, and, for a subsequent period of nearly 300 years, York Place, as it was called, was the London residence of the occupants of the See of York. It was

THE OLD ROYAL PALACE OF WHITEHALL. By Edgar Sheppard, D.D., Sub-Dean of H. M. Chapels Royal, etc. With photogravure plates and other illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, \$7.50 net.

not, however, until the time of Wolsey that those sumptuous improvements were made which fitted it to be called a palace. After the disgrace of the great cardinal the palace was delivered to Henry VIII., by charter, in 1529. Then came the change of name. The *Fidei Defensor*, forsooth, declared that the depth of Wolsey's fall was to be signified by the erasure of the very name of his habitation from the annals of history.

Sir,

You must no more call it York Place; that's past;
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost.
'Tis now the King's and called Whitehall.

Whitehall, at the time the king confiscated it, was largely the work of the fallen cardinal (both Hampton Court and Oxford witness to Wolsey's passion for architecture), and it was distinguished by a magnificence never equalled in the home of any other English subject. Henry VIII. immediately fixed his royal residence there, and, until the disastrous fire of 1698, Whitehall continued to be the residence of his successors. Of course, the cardinal, having incurred the *præmunire*, forfeited his estate to the Crown. But does it not come to one with a shock of surprise to find that the inheritance of his See was treated as though it were part of Wolsey's own private estate? The cardinal, we are told, "objected, on conscientious grounds, to such a surrender of the patrimony of his See." To be sure he did! And it required the bluntness of a King Hal to make the illegitimate exaction. It was not for nothing that the court painter from Augsburg gave the *Fidei Defensor* his full jaw and beady eyes!

During the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth—with the exception of what Stow calls "the rotten, slight-built Banqueting Hall," put up in the days of Queen Bess—nothing was done to im-

prove Whitehall, so that, by the time James I. came to the throne, the palace was in a dilapidated state. King James, however, proposed to rebuild on a sumptuous scale, and for this purpose secured the services of Inigo Jones. It is to be regretted (because the part executed furnishes a proof of the great talents of the architect) that the only portion of Jones's plan to be carried out was the existing Banqueting House; the vastness of the scale of his design was as far beyond the means as beyond the wants of James I. We know how Charles I. planned to restore the palace, how he employed Rubens, assisted by Jordaens, to paint the ceilings; and it is a fact as interesting to learn as it is tantalizing to reflect upon, that the king was in negotiation with Vandyke to portray on the walls of the Banqueting House the history of the Order of the Garter when death carried off the painter. After the Restoration, Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to make sets of designs for the rebuilding of the palace, one set being made in the reign of Charles II., and two sets after the big fire in 1698. The concluding chapter of this book deals with the story of Whitehall's many fires, the palace having been strangely doomed in this respect.

We could wish for Dean Sheppard that he would confine himself more closely to continuity. It is a bit disturbing for one who is not accustomed to deal with time as a juggler deals with balls to have his thought called, on the top of a page, to Tudor times; a little farther down, to the time of the Stuarts; still farther down, to our own days; and, at the bottom of the page, harking back to the Tudors again. But when we have mentioned this modest adverse criticism we have done with picking of flaws. "Noah was once drunk, indeed; but once he built the Ark."

Virginia Leila Wentz.

SUMMER NOVELS

"THE VIRGINIAN"

ALMOST from the beginning of his career as a writer of fiction, Mr. Owen Wister has devoted his talent and his affection to the cowboy, not the least of the picturesque types that helped to build the empire of the West. The cowboy is now an historic figure, with a worthy tome of his own—Mr. Hough's epic "The Cowboy"; Mr. Wister enshrines him in a novel, epitomizing in one individual all the virtues of his class. The portrait is a little idealized, perhaps, but none the less convincing for that reason, the man is so thoroughly the result of his calling and his environment. Technically the book is admirable, finely planned, superbly carried out. A series of incidents in the cowboy's daily life at bottom, it yet possesses the qualities required to make a novel—a well-sustained *leitmotiv*; and never, perhaps, since the days of Bret Harte has the characteristic Western humor found so suggestive and appreciative, so successful an interpreter. Indeed, Mr. Wister does for the cowboy what Harte did for the miner, nor should we, in making the statement, overlook his "Red Men and White" and "Lin McLean" to set by the side of *The Virginian*. Mr. Wister gives us something more than one of the best, if not the best, novel of the season: he has furnished an enduring addition to the gallery of characteristically American types in fiction.

"MYRA OF THE PINES"

IN the consideration of the new American humor, we shall hereafter have to take account of Mr. Herman Knicker-

THE VIRGINIAN. Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

MYRA OF THE PINES. H. K. Vielé. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

bocker Vielé, whose humor is engagingly fresh and spontaneous. He starts this tale of a shiftless family in the Southern pines in an apparently haphazard manner, having the best of "good times," amusing himself and his readers with no discernible serious aim in view, but gradually the simple little story develops, and the more substantial element is found not to be lacking. The inventor-astrologer, his wife, who writes stories for a third-rate women's periodical, which hampers her inventiveness, because she has to puff spot removers and to give household recipes in the course of her narrative, not to speak of the necessity of writing up to a miscellaneous collection of old illustrations which must be utilized; the agent of the Pine Lands Real Estate Company, the gentleman from Sweden, the brutish pig-raising squatter, his wife and two neglected children—all these are characters worth knowing, not merely puppets to serve the author as pegs whereon to drape the woof of his humor. This is a satisfactory story, entertaining enough from first to last to lead its reader to mention it to his friends with a warm word of recommendation, and this, we all know, is the best road to popularity. *Myra of the Pines* should have the success it deserves during this season of light reading, nor will cold weather and a cosey fire detract one iota from its many merits in the days to come.

"THE HINDERERS"

GENTLE Miss Edna Lyall reveals herself in *The Hinderers*, a moral heroine of boldest daring. Successful, popular, she does not hesitate to express in this book her conviction of the injus-

THE HINDERERS. Edna Lyall. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

tice of the Boer War, her fine indignation at the inhumanity with which it has been carried on. In her opening chapter she draws a strong line between the old which died with Queen Victoria and the new that is to see Mr. Chamberlain supreme, then plunges into the midst of the campaign of abuse and persecution waged against the "pro-Boers" and "Little Englanders," upholding the right as she sees it, as a minority of her countrymen have seen it these last thirty months and more. To her the Boer War is but a symptom of the moral disease of her country, not the disease itself. That she finds in the worship of the Golden Calf, the respect paid for the sake of their wealth to shady "cosmopolitan" financiers, aliens waving the British flag as their best "commercial asset," in the loose morals of England's best society, the smashing of its fine, old idols of dignity and probity. There is a deep lesson in this simple tale, lit up by the fire of a noble indignation that commands respect. We all know what it meant to be a "pro-Boer" in England; Miss Edna Lyall, for conscience' sake, has disregarded all considerations of popularity and financial gain: she has registered her protest, which is also a warning, with the courage of conviction.

"HARDWICKE"

THE battle between the old and the new, between intolerant orthodoxy and the spirit of liberalism in the rural churches of this country, has furnished material for many novels, but, if Mr. Henry Edward Rood returns to an old source for the subject-matter of his novel *Hardwicke*, he justifies his choice by his manner of treatment. The scene is central New York, which he knows and loves, and makes his readers see and ap-

preciate; the hero is a young clergyman called to a church in which the obscurantist element has proved too strong for many of his predecessors. The heroine is the daughter of the great man of the place, through whom we come to see the social, financial, and political considerations which may force a man of many interests to suppress his convictions, to act counter to his inclinations, not only passively, by standing apart, but actively as well. The background is well filled in with minor characters, all of them familiar to those who know American rural life, yet each with an original touch that revives interest; and, happily, Mr. Rood does not lack humor. The conditions he describes are fast disappearing before the advance of the modern spirit; the day of their supreme reign—a long one—is almost over.

"THE GATE OF THE KISS"

MR. JOHN W. HARDING'S *Gate of the Kiss* belongs to that class of Biblical fiction of which the "Prince of the House of David" may be said to be the prototype, and for which there has always been, and still is, a large audience. He refrains from the sensationalism of "Quo Vadis," notwithstanding the fact that a priestess of Ashtaroth is the chief actress in the events of the war between Hezekiah, King of Judah, and Sennacherib, King of Babylon, narrated in this book. Sennacherib, it appears, was not over-scrupulous in his politics, fomenting an insurrection in Jerusalem among the worshippers of the heathen deities, suppressed by force, but anxious to return to the abominations of Oriental worship. The priestess, one of the Babylonian agents, by her beauty and wiles draws into her net the Hebrew singer Naphtali, trusted of Hezekiah and the



From "Hearts Courageous."

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"JEFFERSON LOOKED AT HENRY: HENRY AT THE FIRE."

friend of the prophet Isaiah. The priestess has a slave-girl, who falls in love with the poet, but the end of the story is not what one has come to expect from a plot of this kind. After the defeat of the Jews, the poet, whose eyes have been opened to the true character of the woman he loves, proceeds to Babylon to seek vengeance; and the end of the story is tragedy.

"HEARTS COURAGEOUS"

WHEN we say that Miss Hallie Erminie Rives's *Hearts Courageous* is unexpectedly good, we must give warning that the statement implies no reflection upon the author's talent, only pleasure at the discovery that colonial and revolutionary Virginia, a field so assidu-

HEARTS COURAGEOUS. Hallie Erminie Rives. Bowen-Merrill Co. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

ously worked in the last few years, has been found fruitful enough to yield another book of merit, which owes practically nothing to the best-known of its predecessors in plot, characters, or presentation of the life of the time and the place. The story is, perhaps, a little too adventurous in the many escapes of the hero, a mysterious Frenchman suspected of double treachery, but its pictures of the gathering of the storm, of the reluctant transformation of loyalists into patriots, of Patrick Henry, who is Miss Rives's chosen hero, of Jefferson, Washington, Freneau, and Franklin, of the old Baron Fairfax, standing alone, bewildered and hurt, looking sadly upon the birth of a new nation that repudiates the divine right of kings, the whirl of war as it swept over the South, all these were well doing, and are well, very well worth reading. Miss Rives is a conscientious historian, with the gift of bringing life to the past; in the wanton insult offered to Fairfax, avenged by the Frenchman, there is the real thrill. This book well deserves the handsome dress which its publishers have given it, and the illustrations provided by Mr. A. B. Wenzell.

"NOT ON THE CHART"

AFTER several chapters of what looks like a new version of the "Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe," Mr. Charles L. Marsh proceeds to unfold a situation between the woman and the two men shipwrecked on an island which is *Not On the Chart*, sufficiently novel to justify the publication of the book. A skeleton discovered in a cave, and a confession written on the fly-leaf of a New Testament, suggest the beginning: the record of this tragedy repeats itself among the later comers, one

of whom, through much brooding, loses the balance of his mind and develops homicidal mania, with creepy results. The position of the girl between these two men is dealt with throughout in that healthful, unconscious, sane American manner, which only an American can understand, but which he takes as a matter of course. Mr. Marsh has apparently not given a moment's thought to other possibilities of treatment of the situation; his characters are Americans, he is an American, his readers will be Americans. It is all wholesome and simple. But one cannot help wondering what a French psychological novelist could have done with this plot in the way of poisonous ingenuity.

"THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION"

MAMMON and the service of art—this is the choice placed before two young men by Mr. T. R. Sullivan in *The Courage of Conviction*, a tale of New York social life with but the briefest of excursions into Europe. The painter follows his Muse, paying the price of her service; the musician renounces his for the sake of Fortune, who rewards him loyally, but at great cost to his own soul, a turn of the wheel serving in the end to give him back what he has lost. Mr. Sullivan tells his story; he chronicles results, leaving the analysis of psychical processes to the reader, who must believe him, and finds himself doing so without much difficulty when he tells him that the artistic temperament can, by the exertion of the will, be completely silenced and converted into the money-grubbing instinct. The behavior of the girl who, loving the painter, yet married the musician, is also presented as an accomplished fact: the motives the reader must



From "The Spenders"

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"THE FAIR AND SOMETIMES UNCERTAIN DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF MILBREY."

discern. Mr. Sullivan does not hesitate to reproduce in his story the inconsistencies of human action which make real life so much more interesting than mere fiction; and he knows how to write.

"THE SPENDERS"

THE Far West, represented by three generations, the West, and the East as it reveals itself in the huge New York caravansary, where the multitude finds exclusiveness—this is the ambitious field

THE SPENDERS. Harry Leon Wilson. Lothrop Pub. Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's *The Spenders*. American and un-American vulgarity—that of Chicago and of money-hunting, aristocratic New York—are contrasted, but unfortunately also somewhat confused by the occasional unconsciously vulgar note struck by the author himself, who is thus betrayed by the ardor of his satirical intent. Amusing the book is, provided one be not hypercritical; its method is that of the bludgeon rather than of the rapier. It is apparently addressed to an unsophisticated public, which is perceptive only of violent con-

trasts and primary colors; half-tones and *nuances* are not mixed in Mr. Wilson's palette. The best figure in the book is Uncle Peter, the millionaire gold-miner, whose only pleasure in life remains prospecting among his beloved hills; his grandson is too raw a Western man for one who has been at Harvard, and is found at the very beginning of the story on board a yacht off Newport. The New York social atmosphere of the story is that of upper Broadway rather than of upper Fifth Avenue; fortune-hunters like the well-born Milbreds rarely lack breeding.

"MY CAPTIVE"

WHILE its title-page proclaims Mr. J. A. Altsheler's new story to be "a novel," it would have been more correct to call it "an episode," for that is what it really is, a series of adventures of an officer in Morgan's command who, separated from his men after a skirmish with Tarleton's raiders, captures an English girl carrying despatches, comes near to losing her twice, she is so resolute and daring and resourceful in her efforts to escape, and finally starts out with her to find his way back to camp through the Carolina brush. They stumble upon a band of Tory freebooters, the captor becomes captive, his prisoner their rescuer; they entrench themselves in a deserted house, escape again at night, once more stumble upon raiders parading as neutrals; the girl is placed in imminent danger, but, by feminine strategy, foils the enemy—and so on to the end, with great and lavish fertility of inventiveness. The end is, of course, love born of common danger, of loyalty engendered by adversity. In this novelette Mr. Altsheler is content to be the teller of a romantic tale of adventure. Time and place and

circumstance make it historical, like his novels; but its real interest does not lie there.

"AT THE BACK OF BEYOND"

MISS JANE BARLOW'S sketches of Irish life need neither introduction nor praise: her "Irish Idylls" and "Creel of Irish Stories" have already won her both. This new volume consists of a bundle of sketches of "Bogland," of the most remote and lonely regions of Ireland, off away *At the Back of Beyond*, where life is stagnant and nothing happens to enliven a primitive sort of existence. There are tragedies there, no doubt, as everywhere else in this world conscious of its trago-comedy, but only once does Miss Barlow attain to the dignity of drama, while, on the other hand, humor is strangely missing. She tells one Celtic legend, and tells it charmingly, by way of relief in this book of realism, whose virtue lies, so far as other than Irish readers are concerned, in the quality of its art, which is superb. Not a touch, not a detail, not a bit of atmosphere is neglected to make real this bit of the distressful island and its inhabitants, and yet the art is completely hidden: there is no visible effort, not a line of detachable, descriptive writing; the studies are synthetized; we have the benefit of the results of analysis, not analysis itself.

"THE DESERT AND THE SOWN"

THE first impression left by Mary Hallock Foote's new novel upon the mind of the reader is that he has had to work very, very hard, indeed, for the undeniable interest of the story; the second is one of wonder at the enormous

AT THE BACK OF BEYOND. Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN. Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

MY CAPTIVE. J. A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co., \$1.25.

amount of hard writing which this gifted and experienced author has seen fit to bestow upon her work, without quite succeeding in making it easy reading; while his third thought will probably be that it is necessary to read *The Desert and the Sown* a second time to obtain a perfectly clear understanding of characters and plot. Analysis and impressionism are strangely interwoven here, with the result that Mrs. Bogardus is understandable only after much cogitation, and her son—well, it is questionable if he is really quite worth while as a study. But then, there is so much to admire in the book, so much admirable art, so much color and strength, that one willingly accepts the obscurity along with it. That the book is a curiously correct transcript from life there can be no doubt: heredity and the influence of environment and circumstance upon the development of character, their active and inhibitive share in the shaping of action—these are not easy subjects to handle. It were, therefore, perhaps unjust to expect more than an impression from a first reading; a second perusal of the book will bring perfect understanding, and the result is worth the task.

“TWENTY-SIX AND ONE”

Maxim Gorky we must accept as we find him, the first interpreter of those depths of Russian life which even his predecessors have not sounded. His is not the trained art of a Tourgueneff or a Tolstoi; he is often almost formlessly realistic, but he attains his aim. We see his Russians as they are, as he knows them to be. The three “masterpieces” collected in this volume include “Malva,” the most famous of his short stories, and certainly the best one of those from his pen that we have seen. The other two are “Tchelkache”

and “Twenty-six and One,” which the publisher or the translator is pleased to call a “prose poem,” whereas in reality it is anything but that. In fact, this tale might as well have remained untranslated. “Tchelkache” is impressionistic, typically representative of the dreamy Slav temperament, even in degradation. Gorky deserves translation into many tongues, though more as a mirror of the spirit and grade of civilization of the mass of one of the nations to which belongs the future, than as a purely literary figure. One cannot but doubt the stability of a mighty nation whose strength is based on a peasantry with the intelligence of the troglodyte and the moral sense of the gorilla. And that mass will rise some day.

“BEYOND THE GREAT SOUTH WALL”

The antarctic continent is a region about which one can romance without much fear of well-founded contradiction; and if Mr. Savile is pleased to tell us that thither fled a band of Mayas, treasure laden, to escape the extortions and cruelties of the Spaniards, we cannot tell him nay. Quite recently another romancer told of a settlement of Vikings near the North Pole. He, however, drew freely and with appreciation and knowledge upon Norse saga and Norse mythology. Mr. Savile's Mayan lore is less attractive. For the rest, all tales of this kind must of necessity be built on the same pattern—an ancient manuscript, a ship, boon companions, a love affair, the dangers of the deep, strange prehistoric animals, remarkable adventures, and a safe return. They are all here, and if Mr. Savile has not wrought better than his numerous predecessors, he has not, at least, wrought much worse.

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NOTES ON RARE BOOKS

IT may not be generally known that in the summer of 1899 Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, while in London, bought *en bloc* the library formed by Mr. James Toovey, the well-known London bookseller. This was left to his son, Mr. Charles J. Toovey, from whom Mr. Morgan purchased it. The purchase was a notable one, and merits more than passing notice. The collection was formed during the comparatively brief period of twenty years. Evidently Mr. Toovey was a man of rare judgment as well as good taste, as his library indicates both qualities. Many of the books were formerly in the library of the late Earl of Gosford, from whom Mr. Toovey bought them in 1878. The library is exceptionally strong in the productions of the Aldine Press; these were secured largely from the libraries formed by Renouard, Hanrott, Butler, the Bishop of Litchfield, Sir M. M. Sykes, Heber, Hibbert, Libri, Solar, and many other Aldine collectors. Before bringing the collection to this country Mr. Morgan had it carefully catalogued, and beautiful fac-similes of the many rare and unique bindings made to the number of sixty-six. The catalogue itself is in keeping with the sumptuous character of the library, and is privately printed. Part I. is devoted to the Aldines and occupies 68 pages, while Part II. is largely on books in general literature and covers 124 pages. Almost every famous binder is represented by beautiful specimens. No attempt has been made to describe the books in full, but the catalogue is destined to make the mouth of the collector water! Books from the libraries of De Thou, Demetris Canevarius, Earl of Leicester, Dufresnoy, Count Hoym, Marguerite de Valois, Kenelm Digby, and many others are here, while bindings by Derome, Padeloup, Roger Payne, Bedford, Charles Lewis Maoli, Clovis Eve, and many others are here with representative examples.

Just as this issue is going to press comes the rumor that Mr. Morgan has bought *en bloc* thirty-two Caxtons. Whose library was purchased and what was paid we are not informed, but this is a large purchase and will give Mr. Morgan's library a distinction worthy of his reputation in other lines.

When we read the account of the great sales of books in England, like the Ashburnham, Beckford, Sunderland, and others, we are apt to have the feeling that this country has really much to

be desired in that line. A cursory glance, the other day, at a library which was specially well supplied with auction sales catalogues revealed the fact that we ourselves have had some really important sales; and that for a young country, largely engaged in development and money-making, we have had a race of collectors, although not all sons of Anak, certainly not pigmies.

Taken at random, but arranged alphabetically, the following is an interesting list of important sales held in this country:

Adee, N. Y., 1895. Allan, N. Y., 1864. Alexander, N. Y., 1895. Arnold (J. H. V.), N. Y., 1879. Arnold (W. H.), N. Y., 1901. Barlow, N. Y., 1889. Bierstadt, N. Y., 1897. Brinley, 5 vols., N. Y., 1878-1893. Burton, N. Y., 1860. Cist, 4 vols., Boston, 1886-1887. Cole, N. Y., 1890. Deane, Boston, 1898. Foote, N. Y., 1894-1895. Griswold, 2 vols., N. Y., 1880. Harris, N. Y., 1883-1884. Hart, Boston, 1890. Hart (C. H.), Philadelphia, 1893. Hastie-Tracey, N. Y., 1877. Hawkins, N. Y., 1887. Hosmer, Boston, 1861. Hunt, Boston, 1891. Ives, N. Y., 1891. Livermore, Boston, 1894. McKee (6 parts), N. Y., 1900-1902. Matthews, N. Y., 1897. Menzies, N. Y., 1895. Murphy, N. Y., 1884. Odell, 2 vols., N. Y., 1878. Rice, N. Y., 1870. Rich, N. Y., 1872. Sewall, 2 vols., N. Y., 1896-1897. Stone, Philadelphia, 1897. Strong, N. Y., 1878. West, N. Y. White, N. Y., 2 vols., 1870-1885.

So much for auction sales. Among handsome catalogues of private libraries in the same collection may be mentioned those of: G. G. King, 2 vols., Philadelphia, 1888. T. A. Emmet, N. Y., 1868. Henry Probasco, Cincinnati, 1873. Theo. Irwin, N. Y., 1887. Robert L. Stuart, N. Y., 1884. Rev. Thomas Prince, Boston, 1868. J. Montgomery Sears, Boston, 1882. John G. Moore, N. Y., and J. Pierpont Morgan.

In examining these catalogues, both public and private, one is surprised to find how few of them are of great value to the collector. By value we mean containing important notes and above all containing collations, accurate and final. To the collector who buys a fine and rare piece of old English poetry, for example, it is a matter of great importance to prove rather than to guess at perfection. Few catalogues give this important information. The Locker-Lamson, Vol. I., does. The Corser catalogue is excellent. The Huth catalogue is important for the period it covers.

The Grolier catalogue of "English Writers, from Langland to Wither," is most important, as it gives the collation, in most instances, of various copies, and notes their differences. It is only in recent years that the great importance of making careful collections of rare books has become apparent, and we note with joy that more and more attention is being given to this department of bibliography. Infinite pains, unwearying industry, great patience, are the prices paid for success in this department of science. Thomas J. Wise in England and Wilberforce Eames in America are notable examples of great enthusiasm coupled with real merit in this particular branch of bibliography.

It is somewhat difficult amid the flood of privately printed books, inaugurated by the advent of William Morris as a printer, to discriminate between the good and bad, between the imitative reprint of some well-known book and the freak produced by a printer who has not studied the best examples of printing, nor known its best traditions.

"The Service," by Henry David Thoreau, is

only a monograph of thirty-two pages, edited by F. B. Sanborn, published by Charles E. Goodspeed in the city of Boston, printed by D. B. Updike, at the Merrymount Press, but when one has said this, one has said much. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

There is a simplicity and restraint about its *format* that is highly pleasing to the collector as well as to the lover of good printing, paper, type, and binding being in perfect harmony. The MS. of this essay came into Mr. Sanborn's hands some years ago, and its history told briefly is as follows:

When Margaret Fuller was editing "The Dial," in 1840, she read this MS. and refused it! and afterward, when Emerson himself became sole editor, he allowed it to remain unused, although it is said he wrote Miss Fuller that he greatly desired its publication. Slight as it is, it gives us a fresh glimpse of the richness and fulness of Thoreau's mind, and will be read with interest by his admirers. We commend to all students of printing this volume as a sample of perfect simplicity, combined with perfect taste and distinct individuality.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

(TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 163-167 Fifth Avenue, New York.*)

667.—(1) Did Nicholas Rowe write anything published before 1700?

(2) In the imprints of early English plays, what is the meaning of "In the Savoy," in an imprint reading, for instance, "In the Savoy, Printed for Henry Herringman — 1649?" O. J. B.

(1) He wrote poems before that date, but his first play, "The Ambitious Stepmother," a tragedy, written when he was twenty-four years old, was published in that year.

668.—In one of his arguments to a jury the celebrated Irish advocate, John Philpot Curran, alludes to the "opinion of Pope, who, I believe, somewhere says that 'forgetfulness is one of the sciences.'" Can you point out for me where the quoted expression can be found, literally or in substance, in any of Pope's poetical or prose works or correspondence? I would particularly like to know in what connection the statement was made. C. C. M.

In Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard," the 190th line is "Tis sure the hardest science to forget."

669.—Will you or any reader kindly give me the nationality, age, and address of Samuel R. Cook, the journalist, who has been writing under the Chinese pen-name of Dr. Lone Sumy Tookie? Can you reproduce his poem "Ad Libertum," or tell me where I can find some of his latest works? W. G. B.

We do not know the poem.

670.—Lingard, in his "History of England," describing the last days of Charles the First, says: "At Windsor his meat was brought to the table uncovered, and by the hands of the soldiers; no say was given; no cup presented on the knee." I should like to be told what is meant by "no say was given." L. D.

It refers to the custom of having a monarch's food tasted by the attendant that brings it, before the monarch himself partakes of it—a precaution against poisoning. "Say" is an old form of assay, trial, experiment. The attendant gave the food an assay, or say.

671.—(1) Who was called "the Raphael of Cats"?

(2) What was the origin of the term "A nation of shopkeepers"?

(3) I have seen somewhere a record or description of the longest sentence in the English language. Can you or any reader direct me to it?

(4) I should be glad to learn who is the author of a poem entitled "Two," which begins with the lines:

"We two will stand in the shadow here,
To see the bride as she passes by."

H. K.

(1) This was Godfrey Mind, a Swiss painter (1768-1814). He always had several cats in his studio, and he painted cats and bears almost exclusively. Madame Lebrun, who visited his home and bought some of his pictures, gave him the title "Raphael of Cats." It is said that he almost lost his mind when all the cats in Berne were ordered to be killed because of a distemper.

(2) The expression, in this exact form, appeared originally in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" (1775), but the Dean of Gloucester, in a tract published ten years earlier, spoke of "a shop-keeping nation." Barère sneered at the English as a "nation of shopkeepers." It is generally supposed that the phrase gained vogue because Napoleon used it, but during his captivity he explained to O'Meara that he only meant to speak of a nation of merchants, with no offensive intent.

(3) The honor of greatest length has been claimed for a sentence in an act of Parliament (59 George III., 69), relating to foreign enlistments, which sentence has 807 words.

(4) The poem referred to is printed anonymously in Slason Thompson's "Humbler Poets." The question of its authorship would be more interesting were it not for the fact that it bears too close a resemblance to Willis's "Two Women," which begins:

"The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide."

672.—In what work of Harriet Beecher Stowe's can the following sentiment be found: "Let us all resolve, first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all faultfinding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise"?

S. E. S.

ANSWERS

657.—The lines beginning: "This—trial—here I devote your Senate" are from the tragedy of "Catiline," written by George Croly (1780-1860). This author is better known by his story of "Salathiel," since republished under another title.

N. B.

The JULY SCRIBNER

AN article most delightfully in season is Mr. Will H. Low's account of an artist's summer "In an Old French Garden." A year ago Mr. Low and a friend, also an artist, tenanted an old priory in the South of France and spent the summer there together. His description of their life in the old French garden is charmingly poetic and is illustrated with pictures made during his stay there. "The Martinique Pompeii" is a very timely article, telling of impressions of the St. Pierre disaster, by James Robb Church, U. S. Surgeon, who went to Martinique on the relief ship *Dixie*. In an altogether novel article, entitled "The Abitibi Fur Brigade," Mr. Arthur Heming gives an account of the annual expedition of the Hudson Bay Company's fur men down the Canadian rivers. It is full of picturesque characters and interesting adventures, and is illustrated with drawings by the author. Another illustrated descriptive article is "With the Viceroy in Burma," by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Mrs. Cotes accompanied Lord and Lady Curzon on their excursion through Burma, and she lights up the account of the journey by her well-known, picturesque style, accompanying the narrative with a number of illustrations made from photographs.

The two great serial stories, "Captain Macklin," by Richard Harding Davis, and "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," by F. Hopkinson Smith, continue with increasing interest. Both serials are illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark.

In the way of shorter stories, three invite attention at once: a story of the Virginia Mountains in the time of the Civil War, by John Fox, entitled "The Army of the Callahan," illustrated by Ashe; a story of an enterprising young college man, called "Haworth: Yale '98," written by Marguerite Tracy, and illustrated by Jacobs, and an odd tale of the Maine coast by George Wasson, "The Teching of the Vesper," illustrated by A. B. Frost.

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